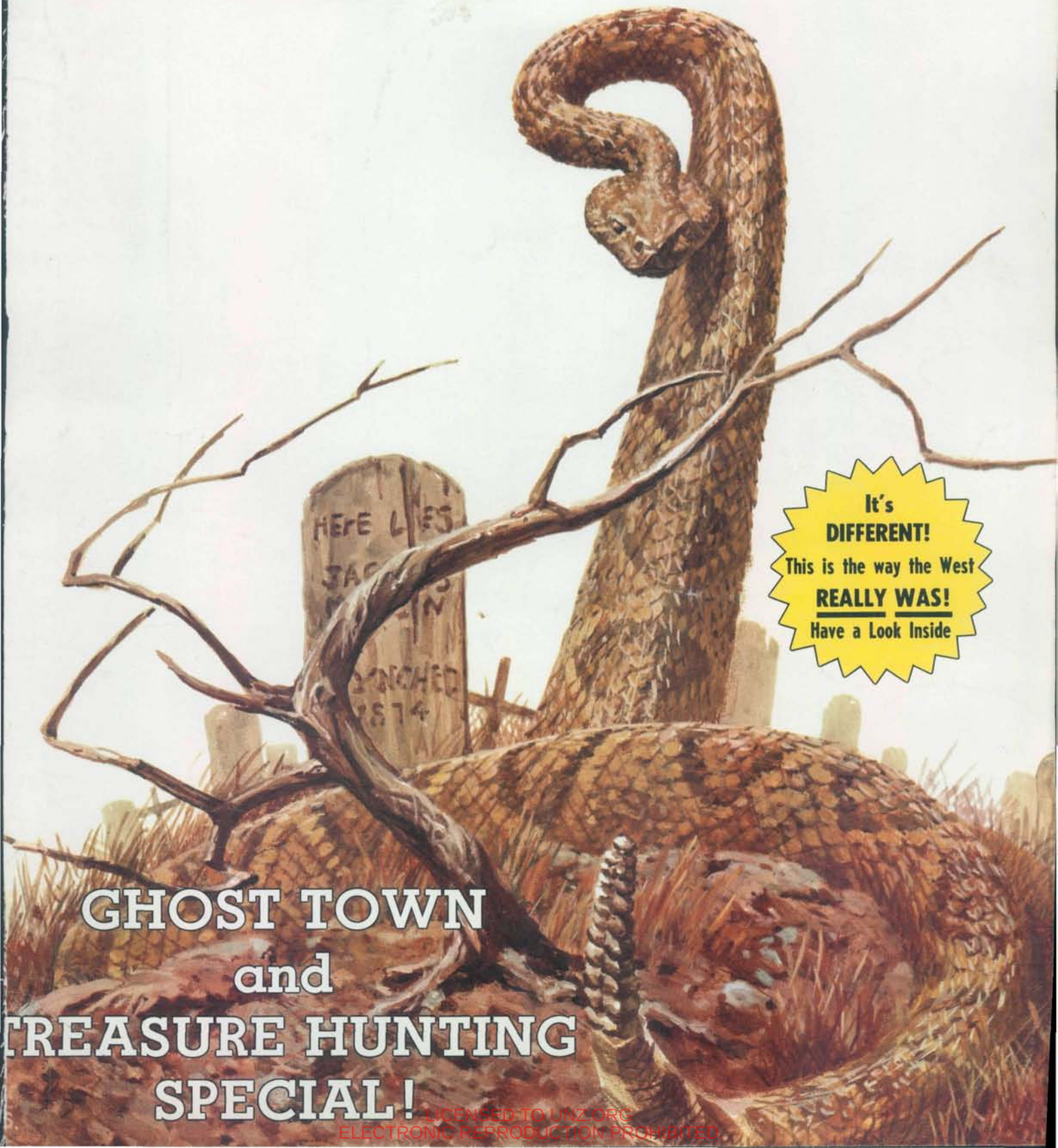
TRUE WEST

August, 1963 35¢



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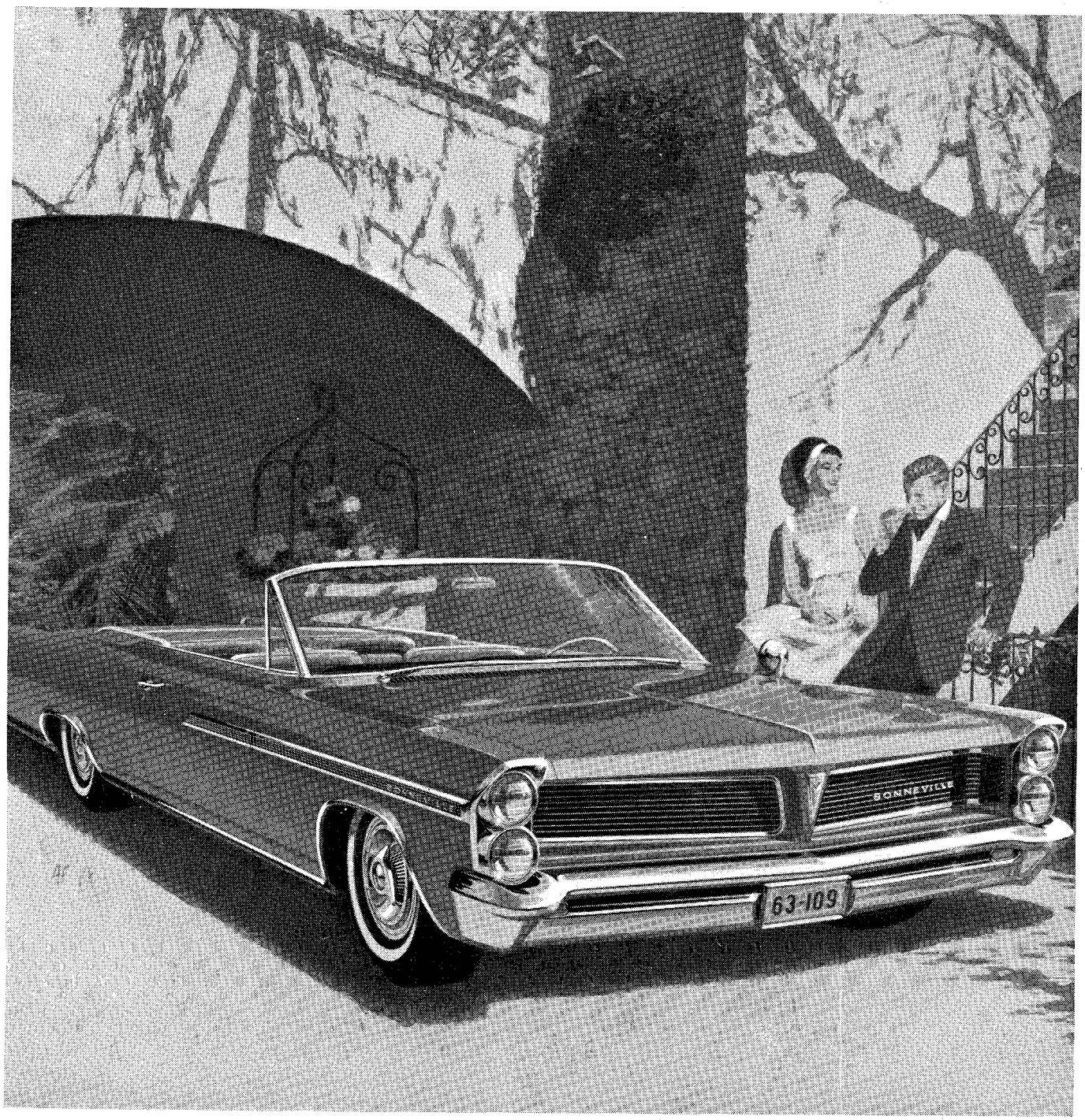

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APPLICATION FOR

Gold Star Total Abstainers' Hospitalization Policy

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Street or RD#_____
City_____ Zone_____ State_____
Date of Birth: Month_____ Day_____ Year_____ Height_____ Weight_____
My occupation is_____ Age_____
My beneficiary is_____ Relationship_____

I also hereby apply for coverage for the members of my family listed below:

NAME (Please Print)	AGE	HGHT.	WGHT.	BENEFICIARY
1.				
2.				
3.				

To the best of your knowledge and belief, do you or any person applying for coverage now have, or have you or they ever had any physical defect or deformity, high or low blood pressure, heart trouble, diabetes, cancer, arthritis, or tuberculosis; or have you or they, within the last 5 years, been disabled by either accident or illness, had medical advice or treatment, taken medication for any condition, or been advised to have a surgical operation? ☐ Yes ☐ No

If so, give details stating person affected, cause, date, name and address of attending physician and whether fully recovered:_____

Neither I nor any other person listed above uses alcoholic beverages, and I hereby do apply for a policy with the understanding that the policy will not cover any conditions existing prior to the issue date, and that it shall be issued solely and entirely in reliance upon the written answers to the above questions.

Date: ..... *Signed:* X .....

Form GS 713-3

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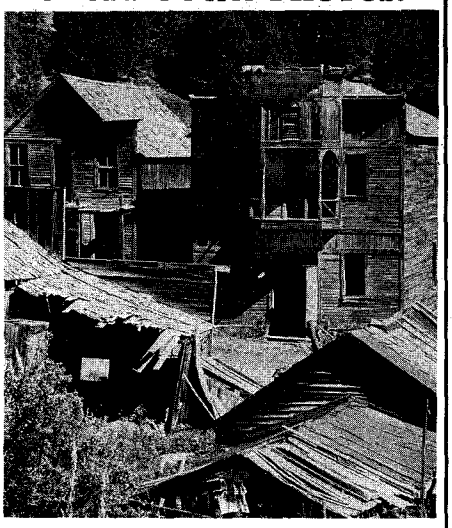
GHOST TOWN PHOTOS!



My negative file of ghost towns and old camps is made up essentially of towns included in my series of books, "Western Ghost Towns," "Ghost Town Album" and "Ghost Town Trails." Most pictures are contemporary; some are copies of old ones. Since the series is a continuing one and field trips constantly being made, new towns are always being added. Prices include packing and postage.

8 x 10, glossy, $7.50. Additional print from same negative, ordered at same time, $1.00; different negatives at same time, $3.00.

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16 x 20, $12.50, same specifications, additional prints, different or not, $10.00 each. 35mm color slides available for most towns listed, $1.50 each.

Delivery will be made promptly in winter; short delays may occur in summer when I'm on field trips. All payments must accompany order, but refund will be made, plus all postage involved in returning print, in case you are not pleased.

Write for a list of towns

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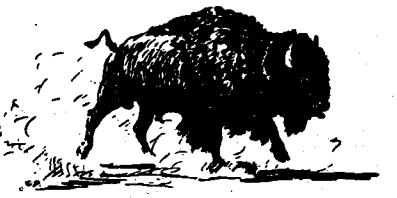

July-August, 1963
Volume 10, No. 6
Whole No. 58

True West

All True—All Fact—Stories of the Real West

PAT WAGNER
Editor

JOE AUSTELL SMALL
Publisher

GAYLE TERBAY
Circulation Manager

DR. WALTER P. WEBB
Historical Consultant

"The files of TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES are going to be of great historical value and should be preserved in all the libraries of the country."—Walter Prescott Webb, former President, American Historical Association.

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Cover: GENE SHORTRIDGE

A "SMALL" PUBLICATION

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NOW DADBURNIT!

YOU DOGGONE COTTON-PICKERS! You've got me jumping like a snake-shy hoss in a den of rattlers! I love every one of your cantankerous little hearts (it couldn't be because you furnish me three fairly square meals a day by purchasing my turrible rags!), but a man needs to do a little fussing now and then even if it doesn't do any more good for him or anybody else than to see if his left ear is still receiving sound!

Actually, I ain't fussing at all (I'm the crying editorial man—remember?) but I am a little irritated at myself for not being able to figure the lay of the land a little better on certain issues. Before I start sounding like a politician, I'll explain.

You folks started writing in about let's have TRUE WEST more often than just once every two months and I asked if bringing out FRONTIER TIMES, which would be the same as TRUE WEST, would do the job. A good percentage of you shouted back from the lea of the mountainside that "hit war shore a good idear." Well, here comes ole Joe out, strutting like a red rooster in the early morning sunshine—and blamednigh loses the last ragged stitch of his pants on that move! As I explained once before, you folks just wouldn't accept FRONTIER TIMES as being the same as TRUE WEST! It took over four years to convince you, and now FRONTIER TIMES is blooming out like a roan filly in a sweep of Indian paintbrush!

Then there was the Index thing. We just got tubs full of mail wanting an Index. Finally, we hocked our Sunday suit, sold the wife's tinware, borrowed the kids' piggy banks and, in a joint effort with Dick House, came out with an Index, wondering if we had printed enough. Well, instead of cereal we are eating chopped Indexes with sugar and cream for breakfast every morning and it sure is a lonesome meal!

I don't really mean it's that bad—you have bought over a thousand already and the orders are still coming in regularly. I believe when all of you realize just how valuable this Index really is, the rest of them will go in a hurry. The contents of both magazines seem to become more valuable as they get older and this Index will be good twenty years from now, for the simple reason that later on we are going to add a supplement to bring it up to date. Also, we are going to reprint all of the old issues of TRUE WEST (under another title so as not to devaluate the collector's copies—some of them have paid $30 or more per copy!) and you can complete any collection you might have started. When you note that collections are selling for from $75 to as high as $200 (according to who you meet and how badly they want them), you will see that it might be a good idea to start a collection or two. If you don't believe these prices, look in the classified section or try to buy a complete set!

Now, we have gone into something else, in response to readers' letters over a period of *eight years!* Nobody can say we aren't prompt in carrying out these requests. However, somebody could say that we ain't exactly loaded when it comes to the green stuff—and probably never will be. But who wants to be rich when he can keep his nose over a desk for the rest of his life getting out two wonderful (?) magazines like TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES?

At any rate, the book is now a reality! Old Norm ate a little loco weed and asked me to do the Foreword and I am going to publish it here to acquaint you folks with the book and then you go look on page 73 for a special "early bird" price. It's really a *tremendous* book—well worth the price it is going to sell for during the next one hundred years—and a heck of a bargain at the price we are offering it for right now!

Crow Chief, Plenty Coups, making his speech at the tomb of the Unknown Soldier in Arlington Cemetery in 1921.

FOREWORD

I first became acquainted with Norm Wiltsey in 1952 when he wrote two articles for *Western Sportsman. True West* was just a dream at the time, a dream that I discussed with this New York writer who wrote with such an authentic touch of the Old West. We exchanged letters on the subject and I was heartened at his enthusiastic reception of my idea of publishing a magazine that, for the first time in literary history, would strive to print the plain, unvarnished truth about the Old West as it really *was.*

Accordingly, when I made the big plunge in the summer of 1953 and brought out Volume One, Number One, of *True West,* the byline on the lead story, "Jim Bridger—King of Mountain Men," was Norman B. Wiltsey.

In corresponding with Norm, I had learned that his primary interest was Indians—*all* Indians! He had grown up in the Iroquois country of northern New York State and had studied their fascinating history back to the days of the Iroquois Confederacy, when their mighty League of Six Nations ruled the eastern forests from the Carolinas to the Canadian line. From the Iroquois of his native region, Norm's interest spread to the warrior tribes of the West—and it was upon learning this fact, that a bell rang insistently in my mind: *Why not a series of double-length, true articles on these fighting tribes in True West?* I wired Norm my idea—the mail was too slow for me in those hectic, fledgling days of my grand adventure—and got his wary consent to try one or two articles and see how they'd go over. Neither of us realized at that time the tremendous amount of research involved nor the fact that five years would elapse between publication of the first of the series in 1953 and the last chapter in 1958!

We decided upon the Cheyennes for the first chapter in the series, and this article appeared in the Fall, 1953, issue of *True West.* Still "doubling in ink" as editor and publisher in those lean times, I prefaced "Fighting Cheyennes" with the following Editor's Note:

"We think this story is terrific! Too little is known about even the major Indian tribes of America by most of us. This series will be dramatic, fast-moving, truthful. Let us know if you want to see it continued indefinitely."

Well, by golly, the readers let us know in no uncertain terms that they *did* want to see it continued indefinitely! Old-timers, both Indian and white, wrote in, praising the Cheyenne article and asking for more articles on the other Plains tribes. One sentence from a letter written by Miles T. Rader, of Denver, Colorado, still sticks in my mind: "Being a Montana man from up on the Little Horn, I sure enjoyed that Cheyenne yarn." Mr. Rader went on: "First time I've heard the Little Horn called the Greasy Grass since I was a kid hunting arrowheads and war-axes on the ridge where the big blowhard Custer got what he was asking for. . . ." And so on, literally by the hundreds of letters. I don't mean to imply that all the letters approved the Indian Series; there were those who accused old Norm of deliberately distorting history to favor the Indian. These critics were well taken care of in a blizzard of letters from angry readers. One Indian-hater went so far as to write: ". . . I might add that if you wish to live, you never argue with an Indian. Just kick him in the teeth until he decides to behave."

This sterling sportsman really caught his pants afire on that one! Letters snowed into our offices in Austin, Texas, ranging from a beautifully written plea for tolerance among red man and white from a twelve-year-old schoolgirl, to a sharply worded invitation from an Indian veteran of World War II to come right along and try to kick *his* teeth out! The invitation was not accepted!

With such reader reaction, the continuation of the Indian Series was a must. Our second choice of tribal histories was the story of the Nez Percé: "Brave Warriors," the title story of the book. We went on from there with the stories of the Modocs, the Crows, the Apaches, the

(Continued on page 60)

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True Western

Some Very Unusual Horses!

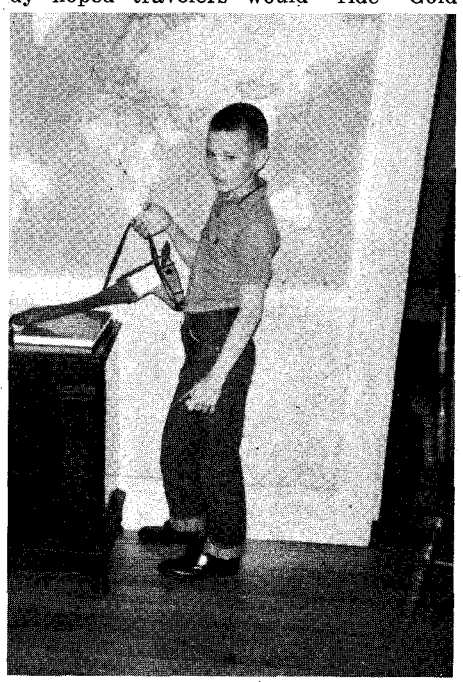
Dear Sir:

Roddy Reynolds, a fourteen-year-old student in Putnam, Texas, owns two of the most unusual steeds in the world—Gold Dust and Gold Dust II. They are stick horses and they haven't been at home very much lately.

Roddy left Gold Dust with a note attached to him at a roadside stop on U. S. Highway 66, east of Albuquerque, back in July, 1960. The note stated that in commemoration of the 100th Anniversary of the Peny Express, Roddy hoped travelers would "ride" Gold Dust on his journey as far as they were going and pass him on to others who would do likewise. Through this "rider-hitching" method, Gold Dust traveled thousands of miles on five continents and got back home in a little over seven months. He was "ridden" by scores of people, many of whom sent Roddy a report.

Four months later Gold Dust II was created and set on the "trail" to continue the "run." By now he has traveled over 100,000 miles and to the sixth continent, which in this case is Australia. The last report on him was a clipping from a Sydney newspaper stating that he had been on television and was headed for Rome via Singapore, Bangkok, Bombay and Karachi.

The unique feature of this project is that every person who has had anything to do with either of the horses has been a complete stranger to the youngster who is not content to let the good old Pony Express die.—R. W. Reynolds, Putnam High School, Putnam, Texas.



Above, Roddy and his famous horse, Gold Dust I, following the horse's return from a five-continent "run" back in 1960. Below, Robert E. Callahan beside Ezra Meeker's twenty-four ox team. This was Ezra's fourth trip across the continent.

The Old Oregon Trail

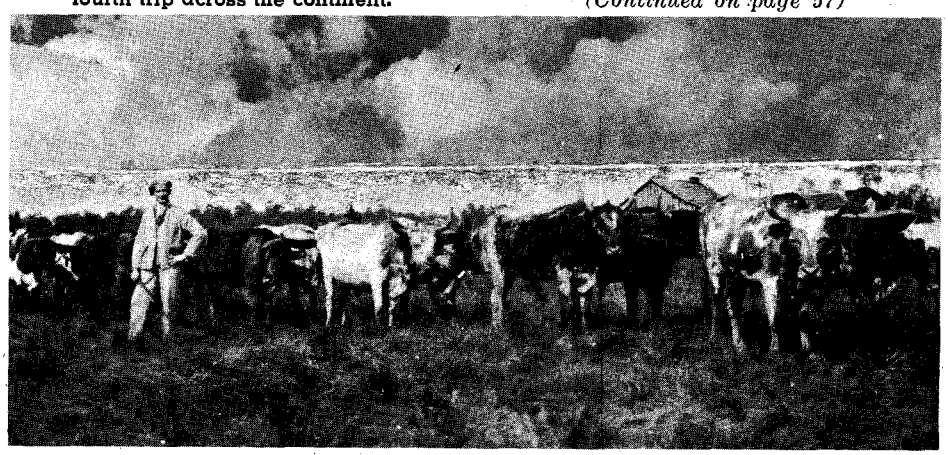
Dear Joe:

May I say that you are improving both magazines with each issue. The enclosed snapshot made by Ezra Meeker of me in my late teens was taken near Pocatello, Idaho, in 1914. I read your account of the trip he made East in 1906, but my picture was made on his fourth trip on the trail. That year he had ten oxen and got as far as Colorado but the heavy snows caused him to rest there until spring, after which he gave up the rest of the journey and returned to Oregon.—Robert E. Callahan, 100 Toluca Lake Avenue, North Hollywood, California.

Editor:

The Thomas McAuley of Ezra Meeker's "Oregon Trail" in your April issue of TRUE WEST, was my father. After 111 years and, thanks to the two women he married, his first family

(Continued on page 57)



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FREIGHTING IN TO DEADWOOD

BY CHARLEY ZABEL

(in collaboration with J. L. Beardsley)

Taken from the book, ROUNDUP YEARS, this is a gripping story of the days when old coaches used to roll into the Black Hills on the gallop—drivers cracking their whips like pistol shots. It was a different world and the men who lived in it were different, too—they had to be!

Also included in this issue:

WOMEN WARRIORS By Bill Judge

An exciting story unfolds of Indian women who fought beside their young braves and battled for honors usually given only to the men of their tribes.

JIM REYNOLDS AND HIS GANG By Luella Shaw

Again we are bringing you a story from a rare old book, "True History of Some of the Pioneers of Colorado." Outlaws who dared to operate while the country was under martial law often took a ride with no return.

BUTTERFIELD'S BACK BREAKERS. Bob Crawford, a hardware dealer, sure had a lot to say about the Butterfield Stage. Even if a man could escape the Indians, he was a hospital case from the bad food, the grime and the bruises!

THREE-STORY TOWN. Auburn, California, was a town full of good-hearted people who always seemed to get into trouble. There was a lot of yellow metal around and the citizens kept busy trying to take it away from each other!

A WAGON ROAD THROUGH CROW COUNTRY. John Bozeman takes the initial step in opening what was to be one of the West's most important trails!

MASSACRE AT SAN TIMOTEO. A soldier of fortune and his band of cut-throats made a stand in a blind canyon. They were stalked by a man who had but one thought—revenge.

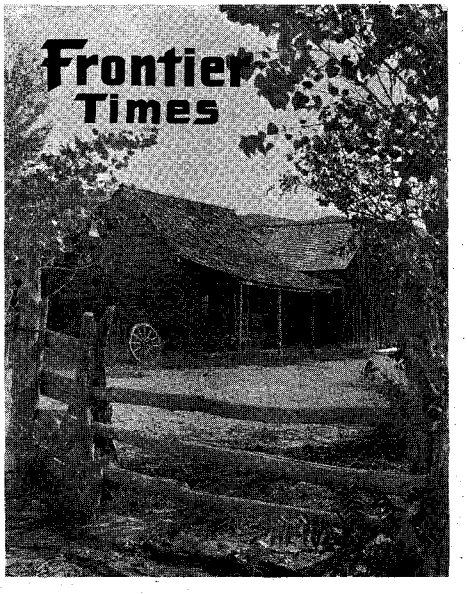
GREATEST OF THE PLAINSMEN. Leading the great Pawnee battalion, Major Frank North was more than a match for the Cheyenne, Arapahoe and Sioux.

Plus 12 additional features, and our usual array of rare photos!

COMING UP! SEPTEMBER ISSUE OF FRONTIER TIMES . . . ON SALE JULY 20! We're leading out with a story on Big Jim Savage —a mountain man who survived the ill-fated Donner expedition and lived through many Indian battles—only to fall at the hands of a white man in 1852. Shot in the back! Our old friend Milt Hinkle is back with his reminiscences of the XIT Ranch and Kansas City, and you don't want to miss the best thing we've ever done on the Lost Shoemaker Mine! All of this and 20 additional features make this an outstanding issue. You're going to like it!

JULY FRONTIER TIMES

On sale at your newsstand now



NOTICE! ! !

You readers have said so many times that we ruin our cover pictures by listing stories—and our experts say we must list them on the cover or our sales will go down. So on July FRONTIER TIMES we tried it your way. Howsomever, neighbors, if sales drop off on this issue, you can bet your bottom dollar that all the rest of our covers will be solid type. It's up to you!

WESTERN PUBLICATIONS, Box 5008, Austin 3, Texas

I am enclosing_____$2.00 for 6 issues (1 year) of FRONTIER TIMES;_____$4.00 for 12 issues (1 year FRONTIER TIMES and 1 year of TRUE WEST);_____$7.00 for our special offer of 24 issues (2 years of both magaines) Check one!

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Our Ghost Towns Today

They looked mighty good to a trail-weary cowboy, a prospector with a poke burning a hole in his pocket, or a pony rider flagging in from an Indian attack— Let's bring them back!

By KENNETH ROE

Photo Courtesy the Author

Above, a section of an abandoned mine in old Ingot, California; below, the old hotel in Goldfield, Nevada, still stands in good condition under lock and key, while other buildings are being scrapped.

Photo by Lambert Florin

"SAVE OUR GHOST TOWNS," the feature article in the August 1962 TRUE WEST, brought a barrage of letters from around the nation, not to mention Alaska, Hawaii, Australia and Canada. Some were skeptical; most were laudatory; all expressed sincere interest and deep concern. In response to Joe Small's appeal to preserve the remaining ghosts, people supplied names of towns, missions, and historical sites. Others offered their time, their talents —even their money.

A few, however, such as author Bob Young, questioned the project's worth. "Emotions must be drained from such an appeal," he writes, "and attention centered on a few ghost towns available, interesting and restorable at a reasonable cost. After all, their histories vary little from town to town. Just because a thing is old, it isn't necessarily valuable or venerable."

Readers may have read Mr. H. N. McElroy's letter in *Truly Western*, which said in part, "I believe it better to let the old towns that have died and gone to hell remain with us only as long as nature will allow, and then to pass in fond memory rather than desecrate them by decorating their dead bones with neon lights, popcorn stands, fast-buck artists, and 'cowboys' who couldn't find their pearl-handled butts with both hands."

Both this author and WESTERN PUBLICATIONS agree that we must not confuse values. Sometimes these old ghosts can and are turned into "carnivals" that exploit the dignity of our Western heritage. The purpose of the original article was to note that, in a few cases, the best and most historically interesting towns are being preserved, while a lesser number are being handled with commercial discretion. It is those few, one here, maybe one there, that are worth the effort and money.

Columbia, California, and Virginia City, Montana, are examples of those that are maintained as proud tributes to the pioneers who built them. As Joe Small says, "All we hope to do is start something—anything is better than just looking on and saying, 'Ain't it a shame?'"

PART of the fun in saving ghost towns is the wonderful people one meets. Some sent ghost town poems, a sign "Keep Smiling," a picture of a bulldog guzzling a mug of beer at a bar, and a card, "Have gun collection. Will travel."

Orpha Collins of Roseburg, Oregon, offered to do ghost town research. The Westerners (or Fast Guns for Hire), a theatrical entertainment group from

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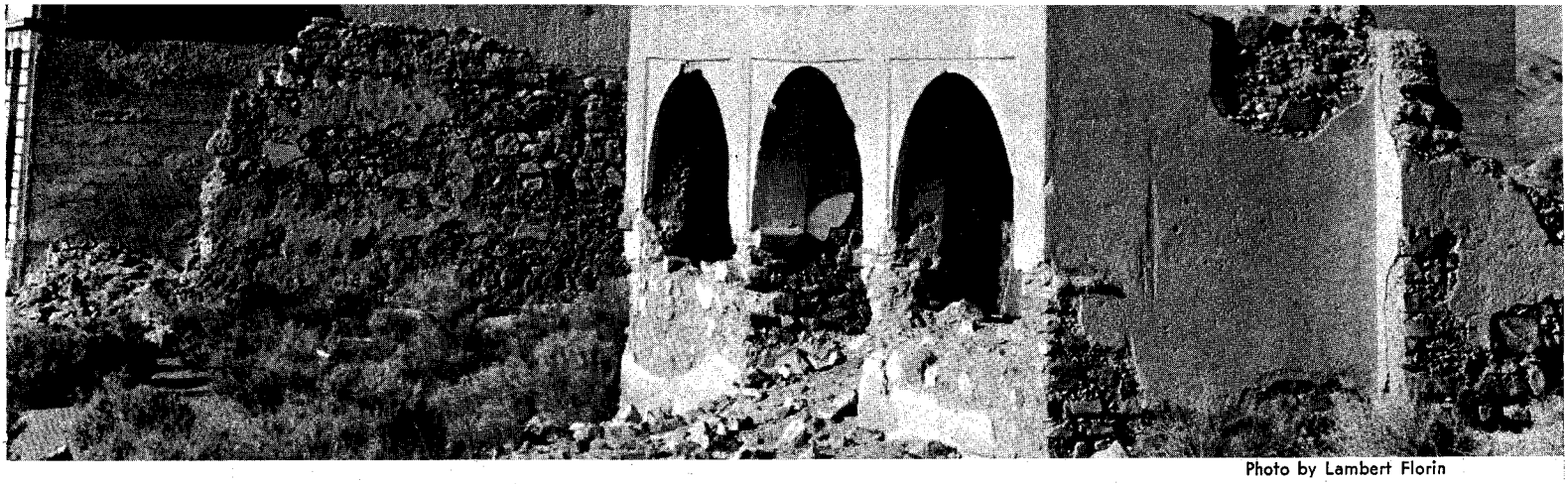

Photo by Lambert Florin

Standing in ruins at the lower end of the main street in Rhyolite, Nevada, is the old schoolhouse. Rhyolite is filled with remains of one of the biggest booms in all history. Below, in Silver City, Idaho, "Silver Slipper Saloon" is to the left; drugstore, center; courthouse and jail on the right. Note the old signs barely visible today.

Photo by Lambert Florin

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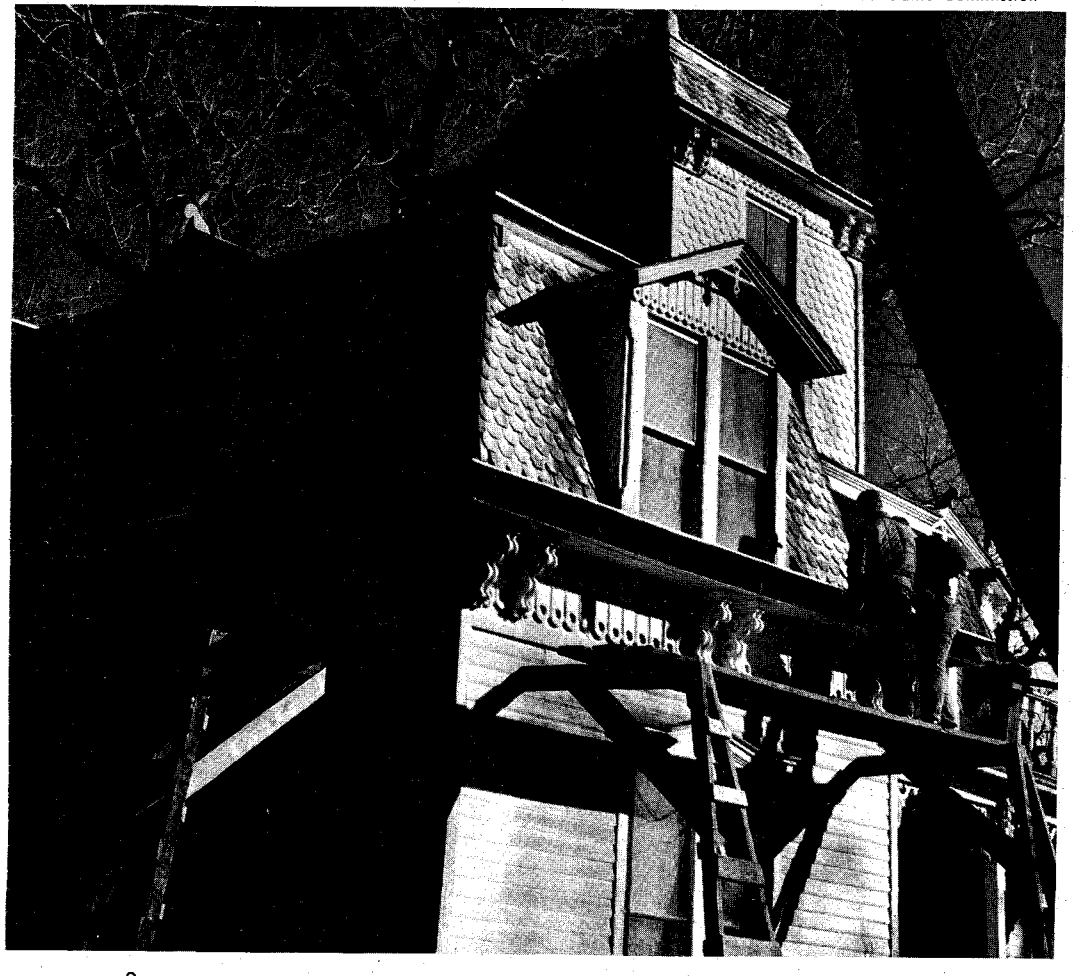
The largest two-story ruin in Hornitos, California, is fading away as vandals carry off souvenirs.

Lambert Florin

Workers restoring the once-plush nineteen-room mansion that Buffalo Bill Cody built. It will soon be a historical park.

Nebraska Game Commission



Spring Valley, California, offered assistance from their entire cast. They are dedicated to dramatizing western tales based on diaries, letters, and historical incidents.

First Mate Gerard Bebeau of Soo, Michigan, wishes to buy a ghost town in Nevada. He writes, "I want some place that John Q. Public hasn't already wrecked. I'm a sailor on the Great Lakes, and sail from April to November. The rest of the year I live in Wisconsin. Right now I'm sick of Wisconsin."

Eugene Hughes, 2nd Battalion, 11th Artillery, Fort Campbell, Kentucky, is starting a ghost town club as soon as he's discharged. The club will have membership fees, bi-monthly travel tips, and a sharing of photos of historical interest, all geared to the saving of ghost towns. Presently Mr. Hughes has over a thousand ghost town photos and hundreds of corresponding articles.

One letter simply said, "If I ever can be of help I'll write you, or if you need any help, you write me." And later the writer did supply helpful information.

Another sent a clipping that the ghost town of Nevada City, Nevada, had burst alive with three days of celebration featuring betting and racing—racing of camels, elephants, zebras and ostriches, all ridden by trained apes!

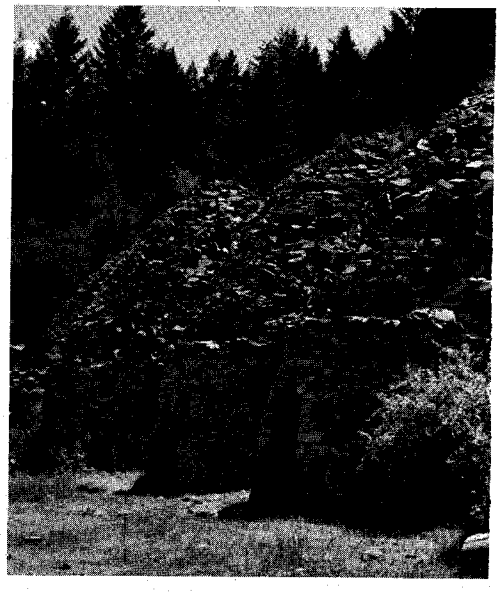
A touching note came from Max Reber of 338½ Grove Avenue, Galion, Ohio, who wishes to join a club or society and donate. "I could not give much to this worthy enterprise," Max writes, "but I would like very much to be a part. I have an incurable disease and cannot travel to see these ghost towns, but would like to see them saved for others who can."

HERE are ghost towns to be considered as supplied by TRUE WEST readers:

Sutro, Nevada Carol Strom of Reno writes that Sutro is one of Nevada's numerous ghosts that needs immediate attention. She states, "Charles McNeil, news commentator of radio station KOH is drawing attention to the old town which was recently given to the state by the Sutro Mining Company. But until the State Legislature preserves it, the Park Commission can do nothing to stop the vandalism."

Old Fort Church-hill Nearby is another victim of the souvenir hunters, Carol

Partially destroyed coke ovens, in Bay Horse, Idaho.



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writes. The fort, built during the Sixties to stop Paiute uprisings, and later used for the Pony Express, is still in good condition.

Goldfield, Nevada George W. Dahlin wonders why this town hasn't become a Calico or a Virginia City, as it is more accessible than either Las Vegas or Los Angeles. He writes, "There are still historical, substantial buildings in a beautiful desert setting. We love the place and hate to see the vandalism taking place each year."

Belmont, Nevada Ghost towner C. L. Kanagy of Los Angeles writes that it was once a county seat. "The old brick courthouse still stands, as well as numerous houses, store buildings, and the old hotel."

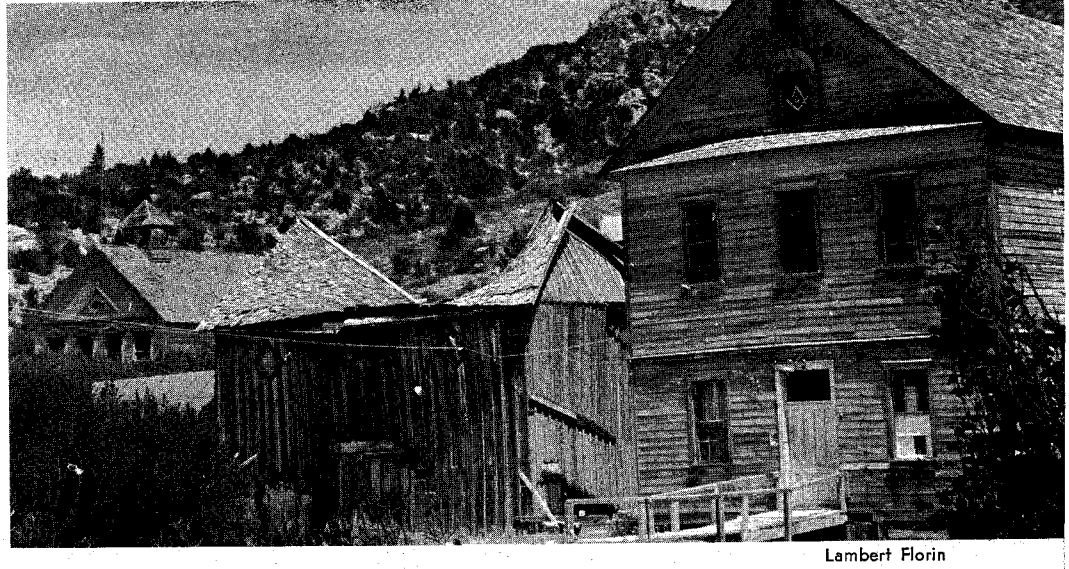
Rhyolite, Nevada Mr. Kanagy continues, "It was founded by Shorty Harris. The railroad station and the bottle house still stand, plus other impressive ruins." Mr. Kanagy lists several semi-ghosts: **Gold Point, Manhattan, Austin,** and **Pioche, Nevada.** "Their citizens won't like it," he writes, "but these one-time bustling, wicked towns have declined until they are near ghosts. Pioche is reputed to have had seventy-five burials before one person died naturally. All are historical and interesting to tourists."

Silver City, Idaho "Near Marshing, Idaho, is a very well preserved ghost town," according to Bill Hesseltine of Box 513, Blanding, Utah. "Although it's off the beaten track," he explains, "it's worth consideration. One man, who calls himself mayor, sheriff, and judge, still lives there." Bill would consider it an honor "to help anyone reach the town who might be interested in searching it out."

Delim Watkins of Council, Idaho, adds, "There are lots of old ghost towns in the Idaho mountains, but the forestry service is destroying them as a fire hazard."

Hardmen, Oregon Bill Sjoberg of Hood River, Oregon, says that "This ghost is isolated in the mountains; it has lots of empty buildings and no sign of life. It's a real ghost town well worth investigating."

Curlew, Washington "This town near the Canadian border has quaint buildings and a colorful hotel," writes Mrs. Wesley Jensen of Star Route, Prescott, Washington. Several people wrote that the Washington area should be studied. Harley Brumbaugh of Port Angeles, for instance, assures us that "There are many ghost towns in the Cascades that are in excellent condition, dating from the 1800s. Most, unfortunately, are removed from the populace. They could offer recreation for the future, but time will doubtless doom them before parks or wilderness areas can save them."



Lambert Florin

The Masonic Hall in Silver City, Idaho. The first lodge was formed in October, 1865. Now only the constable lives in this town.

Loring, Alaska is the site of that land's first salmon cannery, now a ghost in wonderfully scenic country with unlimited recreational potential. Frank and Pat Roppel of Ketchikan are ghost towners believing that Alaska must preserve her wonderful history now. The Panhandle is filled with towns reminiscent of Dan McGrew and Sam McGee.

Pioneer, Montana "Built in 1862 near U.S. Highway 10, it is well worth saving," Mrs. Wesley Jensen writes. She adds a few more Montana favorites: **Belfry, Bearclaw, Castle, Rimini,** and **Ruby.** All have good buildings and charm.

Kerwin, Wyoming Phil Riddle of 1830 North 7th, Abilene, believes this town might make a good park, as it is located just east of Yellowstone National Park. Although difficult to get to now, it is a rare find, Riddle says. "I'll never forget walking to the top of the last rise and seeing Kerwin below in the valley. A stream flowed glittering down the right side of town. The thing that struck me most was the condition of the main buildings. All looked as new as if recently abandoned, yet on close inspection one realized the place had been vacated many years ago." Riddle supplied no history other than the town was within an area of "beautiful recreation potential."

Jay Em, Wyoming Mr. I. M. Benshoof of this town writes that Jay Em is a picturesque, semi-ghost with scenic beauty and an early-day history. Located on Highway 85, it is quiet, offering opportunities for summer activities or boys' camps. "The town owner is growing old and is physically unable to carry on, with no one to take over." Mr. Benshoof hopes some group might be interested. There are nearby trout streams and rolling hills. He concludes, "This town could be turned into summer homes, thus preserving its lovely buildings for future generations."

Near Hemingford, Nebraska, Mr. Daniel Krejci notes, "There are some historical old buildings and a church near here dating from the '70s and '80s that offer good museum possibilities."

Tascosa, Texas Elsie Wills of Tyler, Texas, sadly complains, "Though the lively old town is used by a boys' town, I found many landmarks and the boot hill cemetery uncared for and trampled by cattle." She adds, "The frontier town of **Mobeetie, Texas,** has no signs to mark the once famous streets. Most of the buildings are crumbling away."

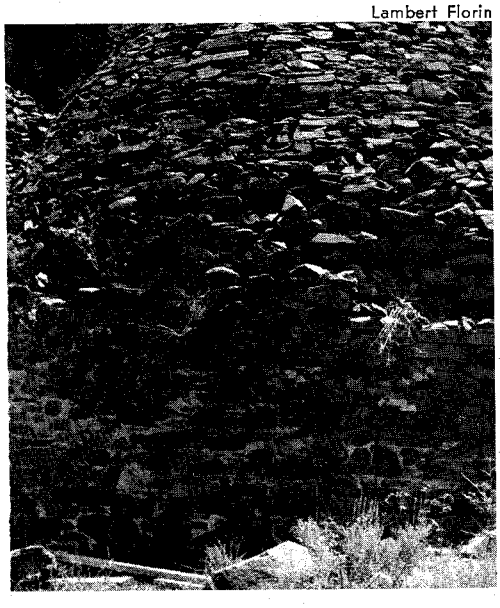
Madrid, New Mexico near Santa Fe is "an old mining town with some thirty abandoned houses, many still with furniture. There is still an old steam locomotive in the town center," writes Lieutenant Theodore Cutler of Fort Hood, Texas. He can find no history, but he believes it a good tourist attraction as it is near a good road between Santa Fe and Albuquerque.

MOST of the ghost town letters came from California! Doubtless the increasing population is forcing a realization that we must act now, if we're to save what is left.

Muletown Norman Lane of Knob Route, Redding, California, a friendly

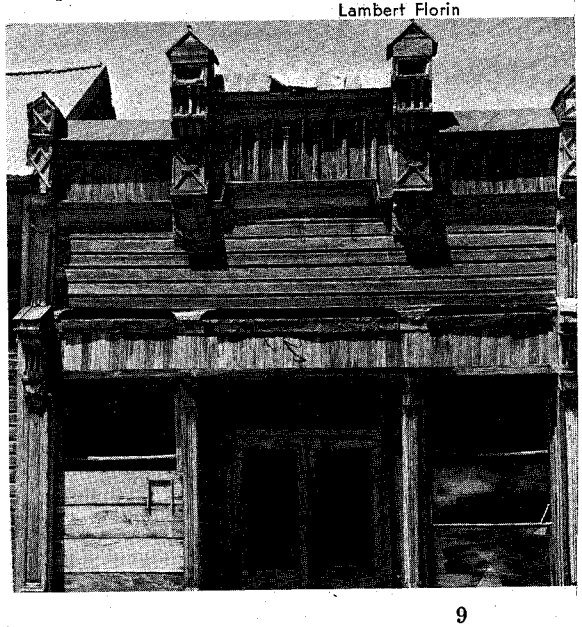
(Continued on page 46)

Lambert Florin



This store in Silver City, Idaho, has some unique ornamentation, achieved by tacking odd-shaped pieces of wood to the false front.

Lambert Florin



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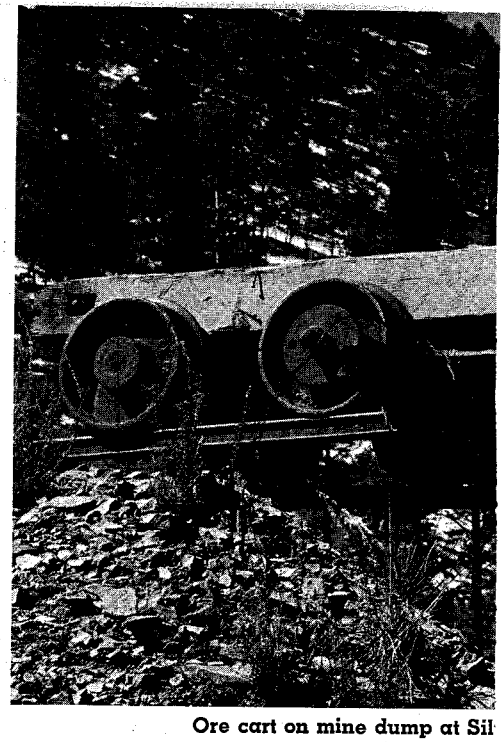
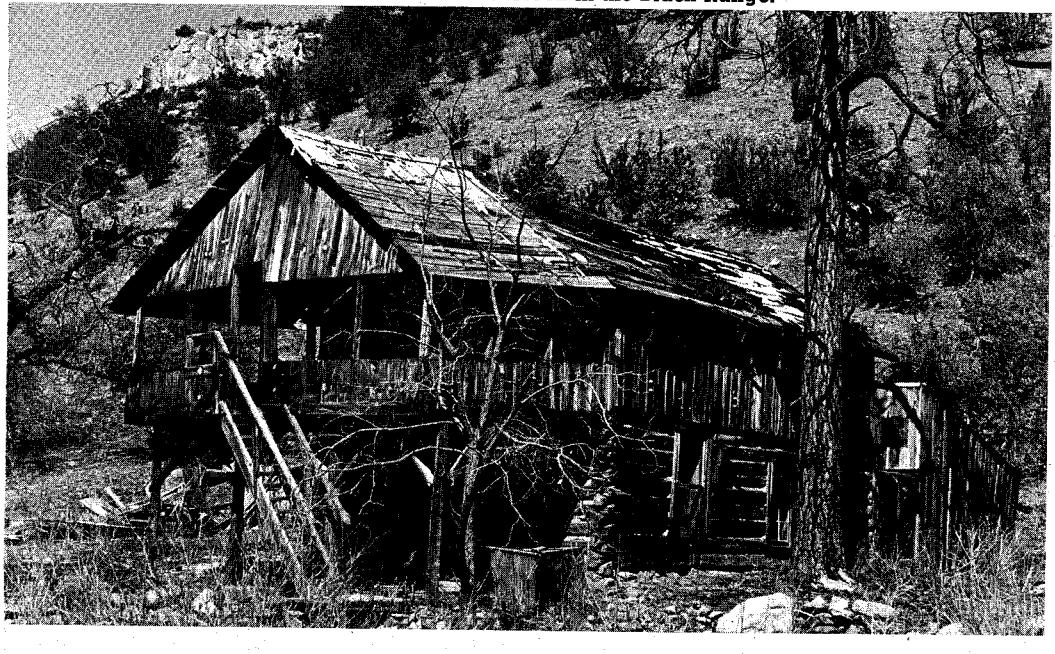
Many fine homes in Chloride now slowly decay.



Ore cart on mine dump at Sil

Two-story structure at the Silver Monument Mine, on Chloride Creek in the Black Range.



CHLORIDE is an abandoned silver mining camp in the foothills of New Mexico's Black Range. Today it is a town of boarded false-fronts and crumbling adobe—but in the 1880s, things were different.

Silver was discovered in the area by Harry Pye, a government freighter, in 1879, and the town soon sprang up.

The Apaches ranged through the Black Range at that time, and on several occasions all the livestock had to be placed in one corral under heavy guard, and women and children gathered in a fortified cabin because of marauding bands. The *Chloride Black Range* of September 19, 1890, carried a triple headline reading:

HELLISH MURDER
RED DEVILS AT THEIR BLOODY WORK
TWO OF CHLORIDE'S MINERS RUTHLESSLY MURDERED BY INDIANS

Indians were not the only danger. Hugh Love, a six-foot two-inch 220-pound miner was attacked by a large bear at his claim. He could not reach his rifle and, as the animal lunged at him, he raised his right arm to protect his face. The bear took his hand in its

Ghost Camp

"Strike it rich quick—and git!"

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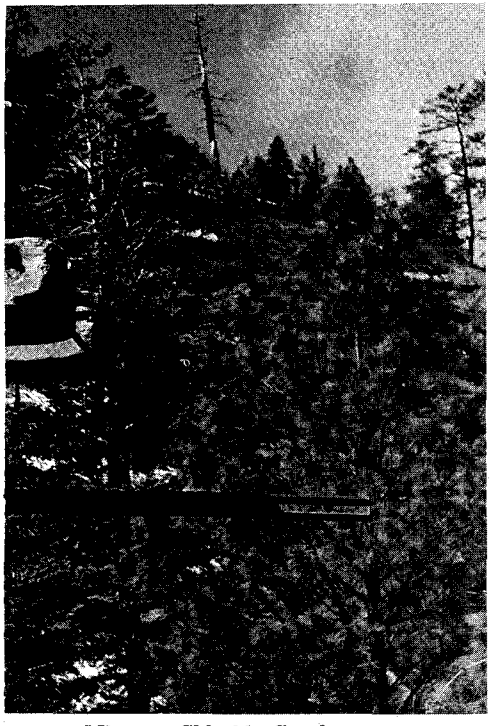


nument Mine on Chloride Creek.

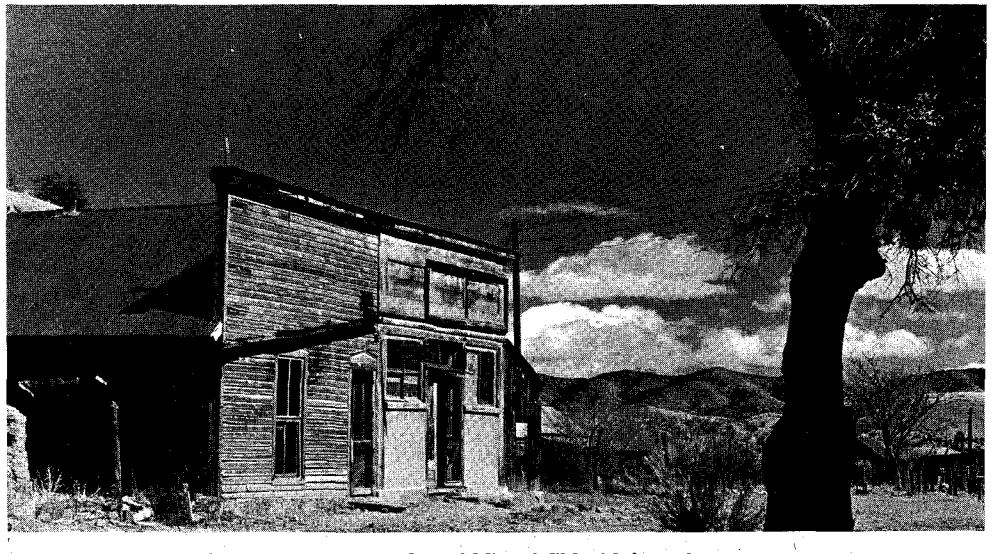
Store front advertisements from a past era.

teeth and Love smashed at the attacker's sensitive nose with his free fist. The bear tore his right hand off. With the bear's claws tearing at his back, Love drove at the enraged monster's throat with his uninjured hand, and the two of them rolled down the slope away from the rifle. The miner was finally able to pull free and run for the gun—one of the few men to ever wrestle a bear outside of a sideshow and live to tell of it.

Raymond Schmidt, one of the few remaining residents of Chloride, is probably the only ghost town astronomer in the world. His home-made telescope, with an impressive twelve and one-half inch lens, has attracted visitors from all parts of the country.

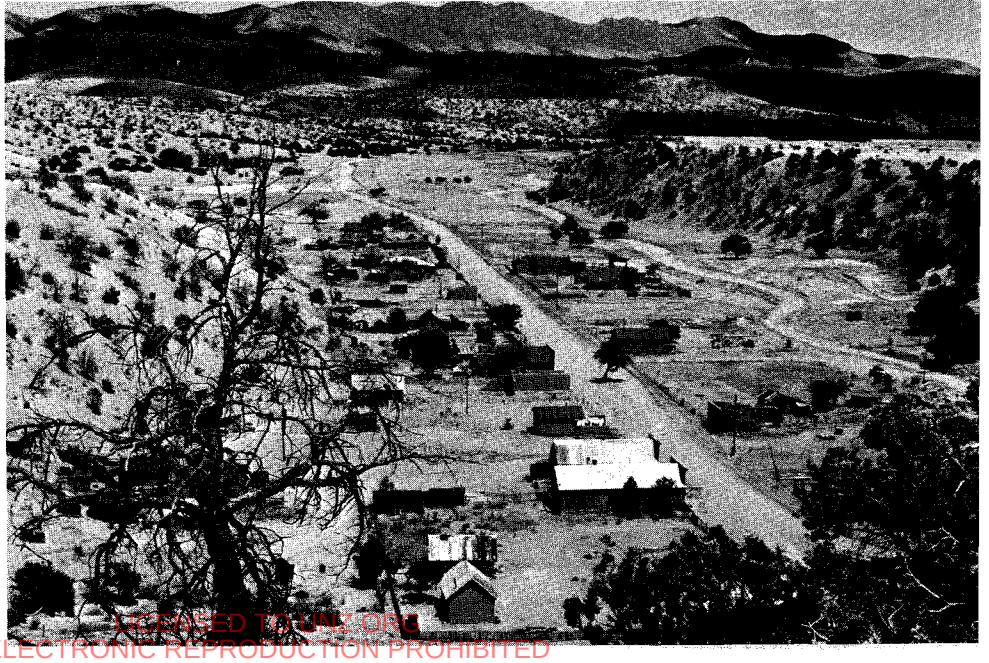
Raymond was born at Chloride during the silver boom and often reminisces about the early days. "Used to have a dance here every Saturday night. Got pretty rough sometimes. Every Sunday morning they would hold court to get things straightened out."

He looked out at the deserted town and up the canyon where the mines were located. "People come here and wonder why we don't work the silver mines hereabouts. Give 'em a pick, shovel and jackhammer and let 'em try it awhile! No one wants to work anymore."



A lone tree grows in the middle of Chloride's main street.

View of the town, looking east to Cuchillo Mountain.



By

J. MICHAEL JENKINSON

Photos by Karl Kernberger

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SAM'S YOUNGEST BOY

By FRANK X. TOLBERT

From the book
AN INFORMAL HISTORY OF TEXAS
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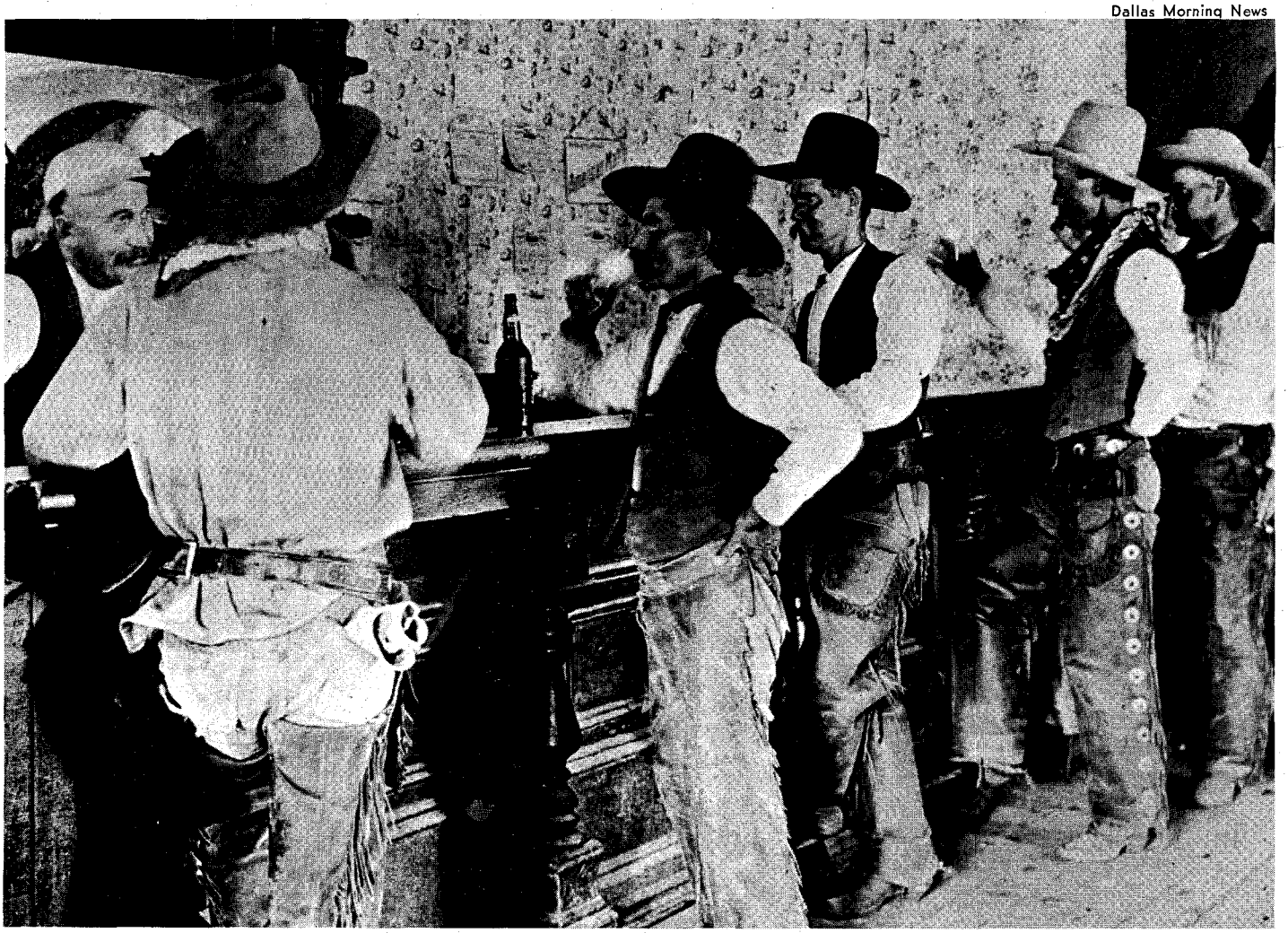
Temple Houston could make his point either way—with words or with a gun!

Cowboys at Jim East's Bar in old Tascosa in 1880, the toughest town in the Texas Panhandle at that time.

Dallas Morning News



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ONE AFTERNOON in 1879 at Old Tascosa, toughest town in the Texas Panhandle, Bat Masterson promoted a pistol marksmanship contest. The only competitors were Billy the Kid and Temple Lea Houston, at nineteen the district attorney for thirty-two of Texas' northernmost counties, called "the Jumbo District."

Billy the Kid and some of his murderous buddies were taking a short vacation from the range wars over in New Mexico Territory. Old Tascosa, with its saloons and sporting houses, was a favorite resting-up place for the rowdies from New Mexico.

Bat Masterson, shrewd and lucky, foresaw that Tascosa would add to its already well-planted Boot Hill cemetery if something wasn't done to discourage Billy and his pals. So Masterson arranged this marksmanship contest. He didn't compete in it. Bat already knew that he couldn't outshoot the handsome, broad-shouldered district attorney. The grinning, adenoidal Kid found out he couldn't either.

They fired behind an adobe saloon near the South Canadian River swales. The match ended abruptly when Houston fired what Masterson called "Temple's cuter." At about twenty yards, and with his gun hand moving with great swiftness, Temple drew and shot the tin star out of a plug of Navy chewing tobacco which Bat had flung into the air. Accident? No one present seemed to think so.

"Quien lo haja mejor? (Who could do better?)" asked Billy the Kid, and he good-naturedly refused to continue the contest.

The New Mexico outlaws returned to Tascosa several times after that. They walked and talked softly, though, and used their guns not at all. For in that pistol marksmanship match, the Kid had met one of the Old West's most formidable and remarkable men.

TEMPLE HOUSTON was the youngest son of Sam Houston. He was born in the troubled year of 1860 in the Governor's Mansion at Austin. Temple died young and in obscurity. He would be almost forgotten if it were not for two things: (1) thousands of lawyers all over the country treasure his flamboyant courtroom speeches and (2) it is fairly well known, at least in Texas and Oklahoma, that Temple was the model for Edna Ferber's character, Yancey Cravat, in a novel twice made into a film, called "Cimarron."

As a courtroom performer, Temple Houston was a true genius. His most famous speech was made at Woodward, Oklahoma Territory, in 1890. He was called on to defend one Minnie Stacey, an accused prostitute whom certain townsfolk were trying to run out of the Territory. Houston had about ten minutes to prepare his defense. Up until his court-appointed defense chore, he knew nothing about Minnie. He laid his case on the conscience of the jury.

"Let us judge her gently. Only a moment ago the prosecutors reproached her for the depths to which she has sunk, the company she has kept, and the life she had led. Now what is left to her? Where can she go that sin does not pursue her? Society has reared relentless walls around her. You know the story of The Prodigal Son. Yet, for The Prodigal Daughter there is no return.

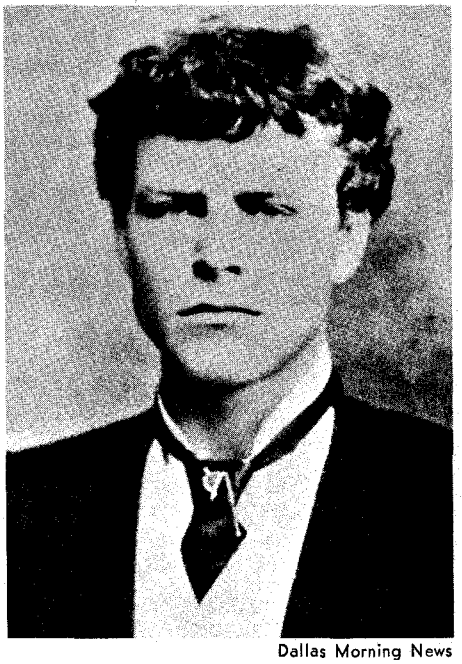
"The Master, while on this earth, spake in wrath and rebuke to kings and rulers. He never reproached a woman such as we see here today. One He forgave. Another He acquitted. You remember both. And now, looking on this friendless outcast, can any of us say to her, 'I am holier than thou!'

"Those who brought the woman before the Saviour have been held up to the contempt of the world for 2,000 years. I have always respected them. Men who yield to the reproaches of conscience, as they did, have elements of good in them. If the prosecutors of this woman, whom this court is trying, had brought her before the Saviour, they would have accepted His challenge, and each would have picked up a rock and stoned her in the twinkling of an eye.

"No, Gentlemen of the Jury, do as your Master did twice in the very same circumstances that now surround you. Tell her to go and sin no more."

Minnie Stacey was acquitted.

TEMPLE HOUSTON was a dandy with a fondness for ties made of rattlesnake skins to match the bands on his Mexican-style hats. In court he usually wore a Prince Albert coat, starched white



Dallas Morning News

Temple Houston

shirt with string tie, and elegant pinstriped trousers stuffed into high, handmade boots. His fair hair hung to his shoulders. The eyes of elderly women who knew him still shine at the mention of this good-looking fellow.

While district attorney both of Brazoria County on the Gulf Coast and of the Jumbo District in the Panhandle, Houston often rode with posses to catch wrongdoers he later prosecuted. However, he was a highly civilized man who fought gun duels only when he was forced into them. By the standards of the frontier, he killed few men, yet he was not above trading in court on his reputation as a deadly gunman.

For example, there was the time he defended a cowhand charged with murder. The evidence and the law were against Houston's client. Soon after the trial began, he discovered that most of the jury had some old prejudices against the defendant. And yet Houston was convinced the cowboy had acted only in self-defense. Temple's only hope was a new trial and a new jury.

He could find no grounds for a new trial. When he began his final argument, he took a stance as far from the jurors as the courtroom would allow, then quietly told of incidents leading up to the killing.

During this description, Houston began to "stalk" the jury with short, catlike steps. Under his Prince Albert coat were slung two Colts. Houston cried out that the defendant had been grievously wronged. (And he took a step toward the jury.) As a poor cowboy without friends, or influence, "he had approached the soon-to-be-slain malefactor in a spirit of charity and forgiveness." (Houston took another step toward the jury.) "Still, the hard-hearted malefactor spurned the defendant's friendly overtures, went into a thunderous rage, and drew a gun on the defendant." (Another step toward the jury.) The nerves of the jurors became more and more taut as the towering, long-haired gunfighter got closer and closer to them. Houston deliberately behaved like a man who had lost his reason.

He took one more menacing step, which brought him almost under the noses of the jurymen. Then he roared: "So, to save his life, the defendant shot the malefactor!" At the same time, with magic speed, the defense attorney drew his .45s and began firing at the ceiling. All members of the jury leaped over the railing around the jury box and joined court spectators in a stampede for the door.

The judge was very angry at Temple Houston and fined him. Yet the judge couldn't deny Temple's request for a new trial on the grounds that the jury "had mingled with the crowd." In a new setting and with an impartial jury, Houston successfully defended the cowboy.

FATHER SAM HOUSTON died when Temple was only three. Yet Temple ever cherished his father's memory. Making a reference to the fact that Old Sam resigned as governor of Tennessee after the trouble with his first wife, and as governor of Texas rather than take the oath of allegiance to the Confederacy, Temple once commented in a speech: "My father resigned as governor of one state because of the love of a woman, and he resigned as the governor of another state because of love for his country."

Temple was big and rawboned, man-sized at thirteen. And at this age he drew top-hand wages as a cowboy and rode up the cattle trails as far north as Montana. At fifteen, through his father's friends in Washington, he got a job as a page in the United States Senate. During his three years in Washington he studied law and read everything he could lay his hands on. After he passed his Texas bar exam at eighteen, he was elected district attorney of Texas coastal counties, where, to use one of Temple's phrases, "the Gulf of Mexico, in vexed magnificence, breaks against the Texas inland chains."

On his way by horseback to take his district attorney job at Tascosa, Temple stopped and asked directions from a cowman.

"Tascosa is two days' hard ride to the northwest," said the rancher. "Just follow a trail of empty whiskey bottles."

The marksmanship test with Billy the Kid got Temple off to a good start in Tascosa. Still, he was compelled to fight two duels, killing one outlaw and wounding another. And he was in several gun fights while riding with the posses.

(Continued on page 52)

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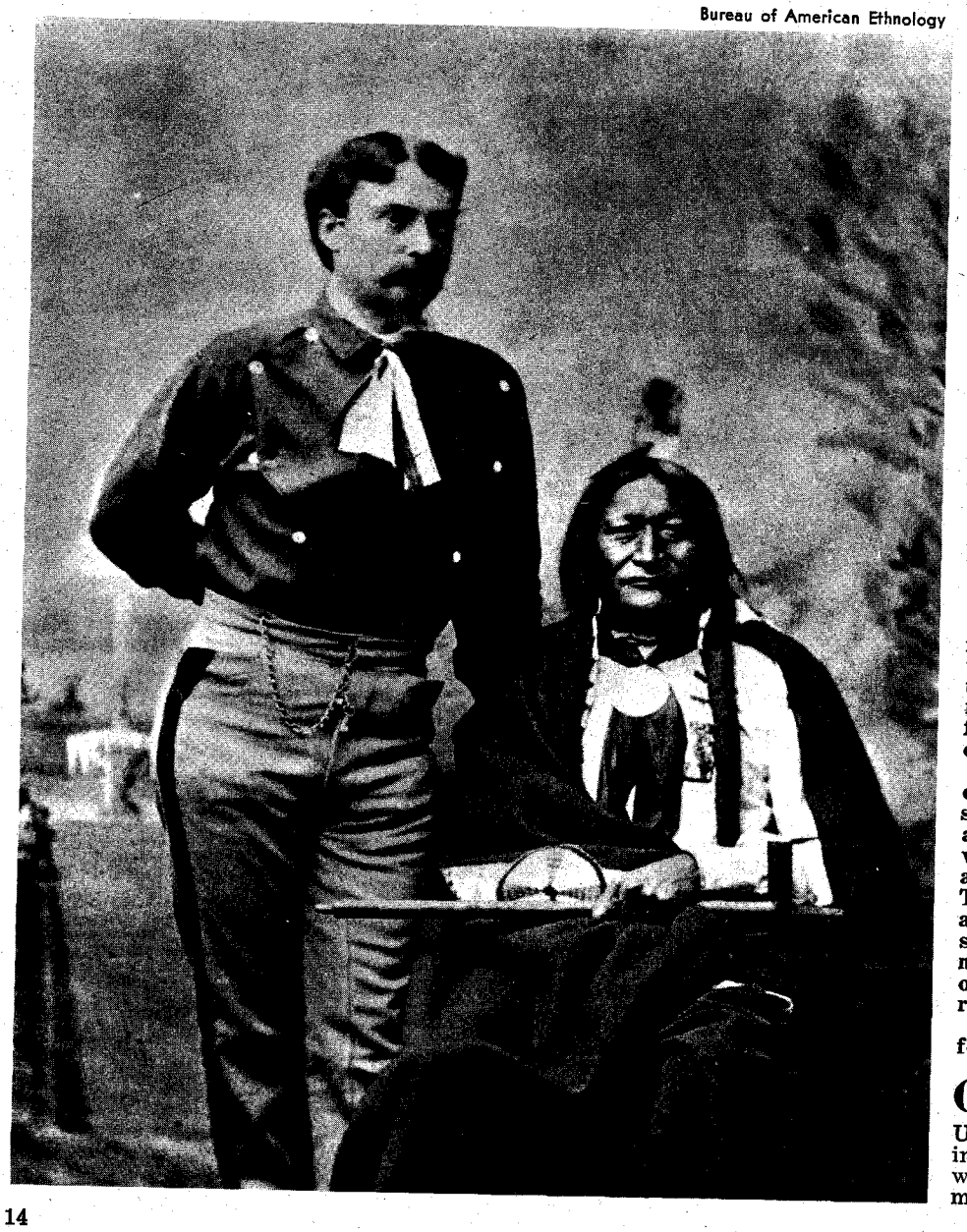
THE WHITE INVADER

By TOM BAILEY

An age-old story. A few men make a mistake—and thousands of innocent people die

Lt. W. P. Clark and Little Hawk

Bureau of American Ethnology



"I have shaken hands with a good many friends, but there are some things I want to know which no one seems able to explain. I cannot understand how the Government sends out a man to fight us, as it did General Miles, and then he breaks his word. Such a Government has something wrong about it. I have talked to the Great Father Chief; the Next Great Chief; the Commissioner Chief, and many other law chiefs and they all say they are my friends and that I shall have justice. . . . I have heard talk and talk but nothing is done. Good words do not last long unless they amount to something. Words do not pay for my dead people. They do not pay for my country now overrun by white men. They do not protect my father's grave. They do not pay for my horses and cattle. Good words do not give me back my children. . . . I have asked some of the Great White Chiefs where they get their authority to say to the Indian that he shall stay in one place, while he sees white men going where they please. They cannot tell me.

"Let me be a free man, free to travel, free to stop, free to work, free to trade where I choose, free to choose my own teachers, free to follow the religion of my fathers, free to talk, think and act for myself—and I will obey every law or submit to the penalty.

"When the white man treats the Indian as they treat each other, then we shall have no more wars. We shall be alike—brothers of one father and mother, with one sky above us and one country around us and one Government for all. Then the Great Spirit Chief who rules above will smile upon this land and send rain to wash out the bloody spots made by brothers' hands upon the face of the earth. For this time the Indian race is waiting and praying. . . .

"Hin-mah-too-yah-lat-kekht has spoken for his people."

CHIEF JOSEPH of the Nez Percé, his tribe decimated by long wars with the U.S. Army, made the speech quoted above in 1878. Though a few more Indian wars would be fought, the conquest of the red man was by this time almost complete.

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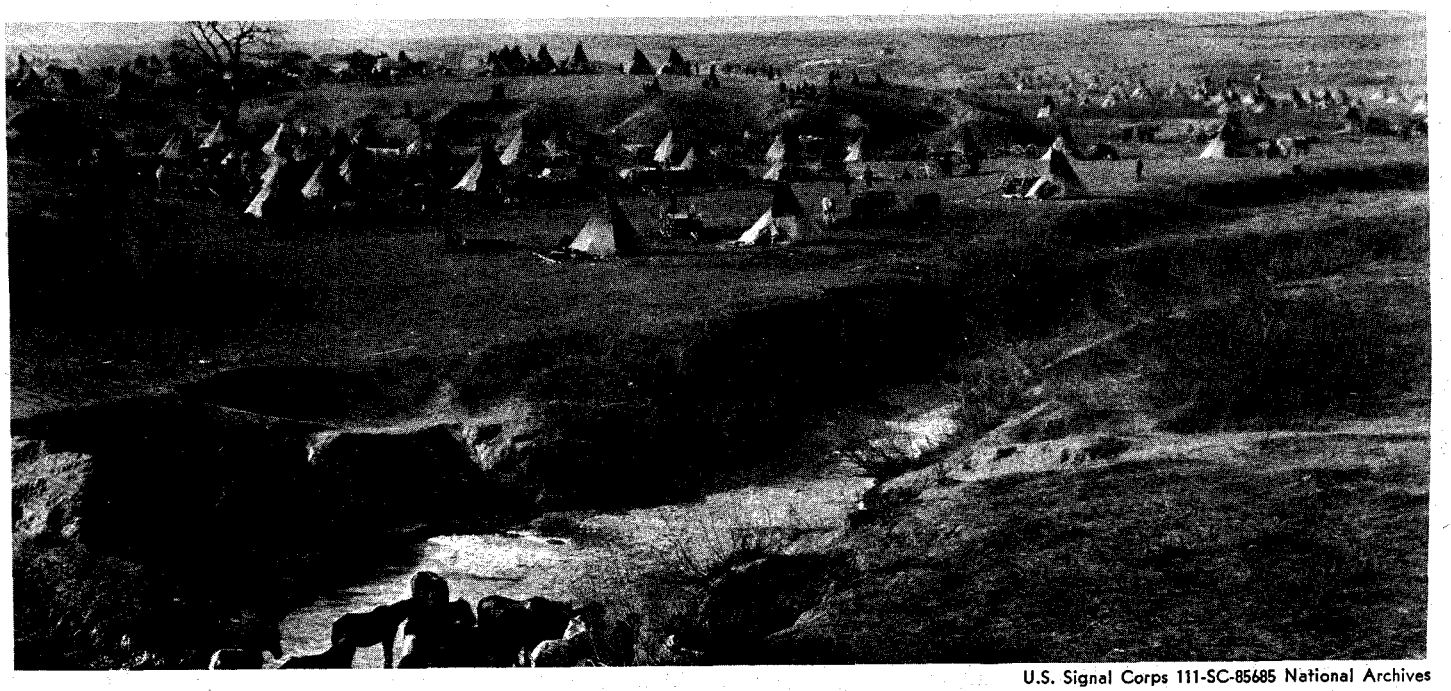

U.S. Signal Corps 111-SC-85685 National Archives

The great hostile Indian camp on River Brulé, near Pine Ridge, South Dakota, 1891.

Making hostiles of the American Indian tribes was a job finally accomplished by such men as George Armstrong Custer, Scott Anthony, J. M. Chivington and a score of other glory-seekers. Had it not been for such men, many just out of West Point and eager to impress their superiors, the great loss of human life suffered by westward-bound emigrants could have been cut to a minimum. It is even possible that, with fair treatment of the Indian, the entire West could have been taken over peacefully.

Up to 1841 little trouble occurred between the whites and the red man. The Cheyennes saw the first wagontrain of emigrants go up the Oregon Trail and did not molest them. Even then the wiser ones among them recognized that a new civilization was in the making and they talked of peace between the tribes and the white invaders.

But the white men poured across the land without displaying any consideration whatever for the Indians' rights. They killed not only the buffalo they needed for meat, but enjoyed slaughtering them for sport. They started grass fires that swept over the land, destroying pastures and timber. The woods along the creeks disappeared and great heaps of trash were left in the wake of the wagons.

Young warriors, not content to sit idly by and see their natural resources destroyed, complained but the older chiefs desperately held them in check, promising there would be a treaty protecting all the tribes.

The Cheyennes were patient, but distrust of the white man was growing with the Kiowas, Apaches, Comanches, Arapahoes, Sioux and Pawnees.

When Forts Kearny and Laramie were established in 1849, Colonel Kearny sent a note to Washington saying there would be no trouble from the Indians. The Cheyennes were particularly anxious for peace, it stated. It *did not* say that the Army was beginning to harass the Indians and that the emigrants, encouraged by the officers, were running over them roughshod.

THINGS went along until 1851 when all of the tribes sent representatives to a peace meeting. Though traditional enemies, the Crows and the Ho-hes met in solemn conclave, as did the Cheyennes and Arapahoes, the Comanches and the Pawnees. They agreed in a treaty with the United State Government, signed in 1852, to accept an annual payment in goods from Washington.

A few weeks later Asiatic cholera, a terrible disease brought west by the emigrants, broke out and hundreds of Indians died. The Sioux claimed they had been poisoned by the whites, and the word spread. Though attempting to curb the disease among their own people, the Army high brass did nothing to check it among the Sioux. "Let them die," was the general attitude of the Army authorities.

In 1853, Bordeaux's Trading Post east of Laramie became the gathering place for representatives of the Sioux, Arapahoes and Cheyennes to receive the annuity goods they had been promised. With them was a man destined to become the greatest figure in all Cheyenne history. Already having distinguished himself as a Dog Soldier, he was called Two Tails. Later he would be called Coyote. Still later, white men would know him as Little Wolf.

During this meeting a Minneconjou Sioux had a few drinks and wandered down to the Arkansas River where a raw Army recruit, fresh out from the East to be trained in western warfare, was about to row a boat across the stream. This soldier had inferred that Indians were animals and should be treated as such.

The Indian asked the soldier to take him across the river.

"Why should I bother to take a dog like you across?" he demanded and pushed the man into the stream.

The Minneconjou was armed with a Hudson Bay trade musket. He raised it and fired but the ball missed. The soldier

General George A. Custer and his staff in the Black Hills, 1874.

N. H. Rose Collection

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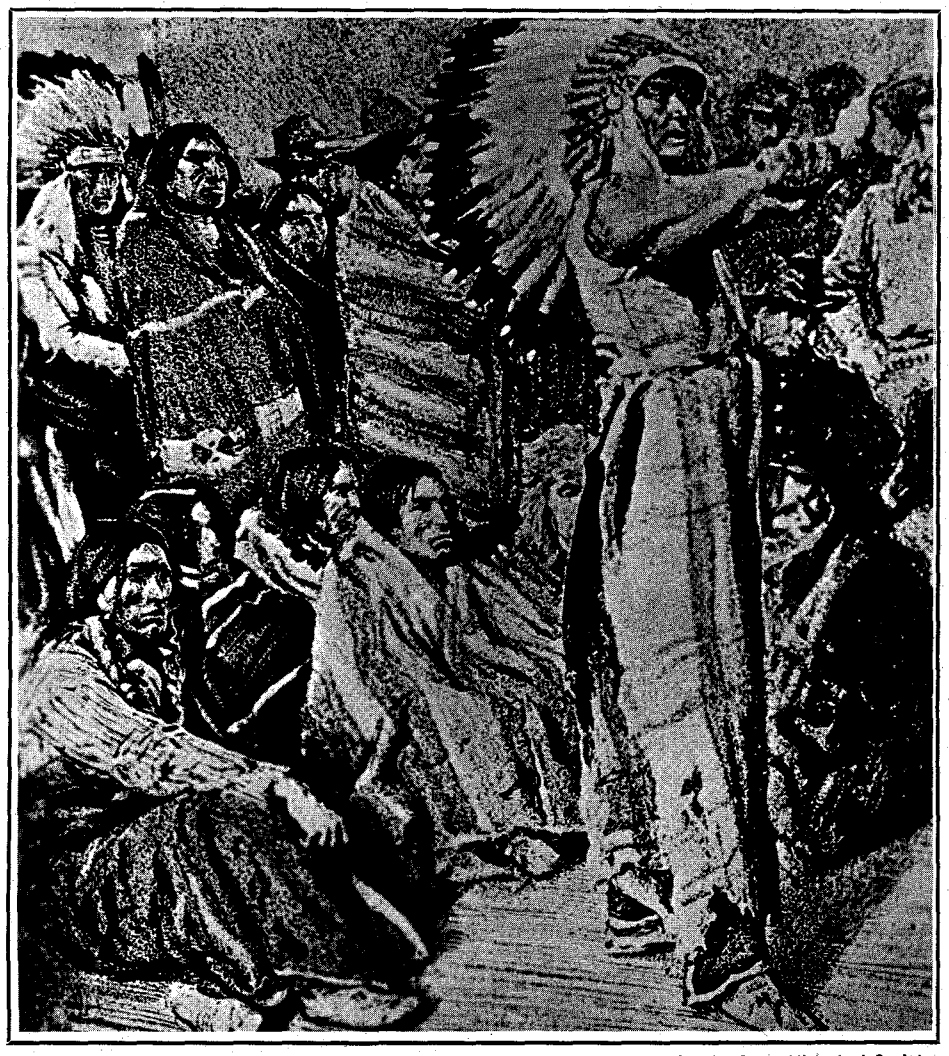

Nebraska State Historical Society

Dull Knife in Cheyenne, January 5, 1879 replying to the commanding officer when told to return to the Indian Territory.

streaked across the river to report that he had been shot at for no reason.

There were only twenty men at the fort and they were all frightened. Lieutenant Ira Flemming selected five men and rode for the Minneconjou camp.

The braves had all gone hunting; only women and children and old men were in camp that day. When they saw the soldiers coming, they ran for safety. The soldiers fired, killing two Indian adults and three teen-age children. Then they hurried back to the fort where Flemming reported that he had put down an impending attack.

Some of the older Indian counselors came to the fort to protest the shooting and to assure the commander that no hostilities were intended. Some members of a wagontrain that had witnessed the affair even backed up the Indians, claiming the soldiers were to blame.

The Army brass, doing their utmost to protect the young officer who had gone off half-cocked, heard the complaints but did not act to settle the dispute.

"The soldiers have been the first to spill blood," said Little Wolf. "We can not sit idly by and approve what has been done."

THE WHOLE THING might have ended there had it not been for another young West Point graduate—truculent, cocky Lieutenant J. L. Grattan. He put in a request to be the first to lead a detachment in the event of trouble with the Indians.

To make things worse, the fort interpreter improperly translated the Sioux and Cheyenne tongues. He so provoked the Indians that they ran off his horses. This was taken as an act of war and Flemming, who was then in charge of the fort, gave Grattan full power to do as he pleased.

Little Wolf was anxious to leave to avoid trouble, but the annuity had not yet been delivered and he had to wait.

Meanwhile, Grattan was abusing every Indian he came across, cursing them and slapping them around. He swore that if he had a hundred good men he could clean up the whole Cheyenne tribe, a rather lofty ambition even for a fool.

The Indians were in need of meat. A Mormon train had left behind a sick cow which had been killed by a hungry warrior. When one of the chiefs, Bear That Scatters His Enemies, heard about it, he went to the fort and offered to pay for the animal.

Fleming was inclined to pass the matter over as too trivial to quarrel about, but Grattan insisted on arresting the Sioux responsible for killing the cow. This was a flagrant violation of the treaty the Indians had made with the Government, but Flemming took no consideration of this.

Grattan, showing great excitement, lined up his men and called for volunteers to "perform a grave undertaking."

Twenty-nine men volunteered and in mid-afternoon set off for the Indian camp. "I'm on my way to glory!" Grattan called out to a friend as the detail departed. "I'll come back wearing medals."

Bear That Scatters His Enemies was at the fort at the time. When he heard that the detail was headed for the Indian camp, he caught up with it and begged Grattan to turn back.

The lieutenant halted his detail in the camp and demanded the surrender of the men who had killed the cow. Bear That Scatters His Enemies rode up and, together with other chiefs, urged Grattan to let the matter be settled peacefully, according to custom.

Losing his patience, Grattan called out an order and his men fired a volley that killed Bear That Scatters His Enemies instantly and wounded several others.

The Indians retaliated. Grattan and half his detail fell. The others tried to flee but were pursued and killed. Not a man got back to the fort alive. Grattan had died instantly.

After the massacre the Indians cleared out and returned to their respective hunting grounds, believing their retaliation fully justified. But Washington didn't think so, and Colonel Harney was sent to subdue the "hostile savages." He surprised a camp of peaceful Brulés, surrounding them and demanding that they surrender the man who had shot Lieutenant Grattan.

The Brulés had not been involved in the shooting of Grattan. Sensing that this was a ruse to create an excuse for a fight, the Brulés took to their heels. The soldiers opened fire on them, killing eighty-six, most of them women and children. Not an Indian had fired back or tried to resist. The camp was looted and burned.

Instead of facing a court-martial on a charge of wholesale slaughter, Harney was deemed a hero, and the newspapers of the East, having no way of getting the truth, hailed him as such.

So frightened was the Sioux Nation over this affair that it sent five young Brulés to surrender as the slayers of Grattan. There is no record of what happened to them. Some say they were shot; others claimed they escaped.

SOON AFTER, Sioux and Cheyenne representatives met Harney at Fort Pierre. The Sioux readily agreed to pay for any wrongs they had done and were very humble; the Cheyennes, not having been involved, saw no reason to be humble, but they were willing to negotiate toward a settlement.

Because the Cheyennes did not bow to him, Harney flew into a rage. He told the Indians through an interpreter that when spring came, he would lead an expedition against them unless they settled down and obeyed his orders.

The Cheyennes broke off negotiations and went back to their hunting grounds. They felt that the Sioux were drawing them into open conflict with the whites and decided to go it alone for a while.

Among them were some chiefs who saw the handwriting on the wall; these wise chiefs included Little Wolf and Dull Knife.

The Upper Platte army post heard that spring that the Cheyennes had stolen several horses. The commandant ordered the animals brought in and offered a nominal reward.

Little Wolf rode in with the horses and said they had been mistaken for strays and had not been stolen. He apologized.

"What about that one you're riding?"

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asked a civilian bystander. "That's my horse. Give him up."

Little Wolf said the man lied. "I have owned this horse many moons and have ridden him into the post many times."

During the argument over the horses, the post commander lost his patience and ordered Little Wolf arrested. Little Wolf and three of his companions set their heels to their horses and sped away, but one brave, Wolf Fire, was captured and lodged in the guardhouse. A few days later he was found half-beaten to death, presumably by one of his keepers. He was removed to a shed and left there. The next day he died.

Later that year Captain G. H. Stewart, at the head of the First Cavalry, rode into a Cheyenne camp and ruthlessly killed ten Indians and wounded eight others as a reprisal for the slaying of a wagon driver who had fired at the Cheyennes. Driven into the desert, the refugees from this camp fell in turn upon a wagontrain and looted it. And so it continued into 1862. The United State Government was too busy fighting the Civil War to bother much with the Indians.

MOST of the trouble during this period came from the Apaches of the Southwest and, as before, a fool stunt by some outfit known as Irwin, Jackman & Company, government beef contractors, triggered the trouble.

Herders had carelessly let a band of cattle stray into the headwaters of Big Sandy. In an effort to escape the blame, they reported that Cheyennes had run off the cattle. Actually, the Indians had found about twenty head and had driven them into a crude corral to await delivery to the owners (as facts later disclosed).

Detailed to investigate the theft, Lieutenant George Eayre, instead of riding into the main Cheyenne camp to inquire about the cattle, began attacking every Cheyenne hunting party he could find. Armed with a howitzer, his soldiers blazed away without warning, burning and looting.

Eayre approached a buffalo-hunting party headed by Lean Bear, a Cheyenne chief, who had been in Washington and had talked with the President.

"Don't be afraid," Lean Bear told his men. "Let them approach and I will show them the medals and papers I have from the Great White Father."

Lean Bear rode out with two others to meet the troops. Eayre gave the order to fire. Twenty-six Indians were killed and that many more wounded by howitzer grape shot, including Chief Lean Bear, whose body was cut to shreds.

In another instance, Chief Left Hand, a friendly Arapahoe, was coming into Fort Larned on a trading trip with several of his tribesmen. Captain Ben Parmeter was drunk. When he saw them approaching, he called to his adjutant to open fire. Six Arapahoes were killed and four wounded. One historian wrote, "What could you expect when fools were placed in command of nitwits with guns?"

Before the summer of 1864 had passed, nearly every Plains tribe was on the warpath. It cost the Government some thirty million dollars and the loss of hundreds of lives. The Cheyennes and Sioux directed their assaults on the Platte Road, the main artery of western travel. The Overland Stage was forced to suspend operations because of hostilities, and even the freight lines gave up.

William Bent, the famous trader, was an advocate of peace and was joined in this endeavor by two Cheyenne chiefs, Black Kettle and Yellow Wolf. This caused the war element of the Cheyennes to break away from the conservatives and move farther west. A real and lasting peace could probably have been forged between the white and red man at this time, because the latter realized that the whites were too strong and too numerous to be driven from the land. But the Indian was proud and wanted an honorable peace, something the white man did not elect to give him.

ONE OF THOSE who made an honorable peace impossible was Colonel Chivington, an ex-preacher who commanded the military district of Colorado. Chivington's shortcomings were numerous, yet he was placed in charge of a large district that was home to many Indians.

Another who contributed to the constant stirring up of hatreds was Major Scott Anthony, who frequently lectured his soldiers on the savagery of the red man. The only good Indian, he said, was a dead Indian. Anthony was in command of Fort Lyon and persuaded Black Kettle and his band to come in and camp in the Big Bend of Sand Creek in order to be handy for peace negotiations. As soon as the camp was established, Anthony sent word to Chivington that he had a band of Cheyennes nearby ready to attack, and needed reinforcements. Chivington himself responded with 660 soldiers from the First and Third Colorado Cavalry.

Two mornings later the Indians saw what they believed to be a herd of buffaloes moving up the bed of the creek. Tumbling out in the murky dawn, the men made ready for the kill only to discover that the objects were men on horses —cavalry!

"Do not be alarmed," Black Kettle told them. "Bring the American flag."

He had been given a large American flag when he signed the treaty of 1860

U.S. Signal Corps 111-B-4990 National Archives

General George A. Custer

and this he raised over the camp. His people crowded together, seeking whatever protection the flag might give them.

Without warning the troops opened fire on the camp, mowing women and children down at point-blank range. After the first paralyzing effect of the volley, the Indians took to their heels and ran toward the surrounding sand hills and up the creek. Riflemen cut them down.

Black Kettle with his wife had been standing before their tent, the chief's arms folded. He remained in that position throughout the firing, only to have

(Continued on page 49)

Spotted Tail, a Sioux Chief, with his wife and daughter

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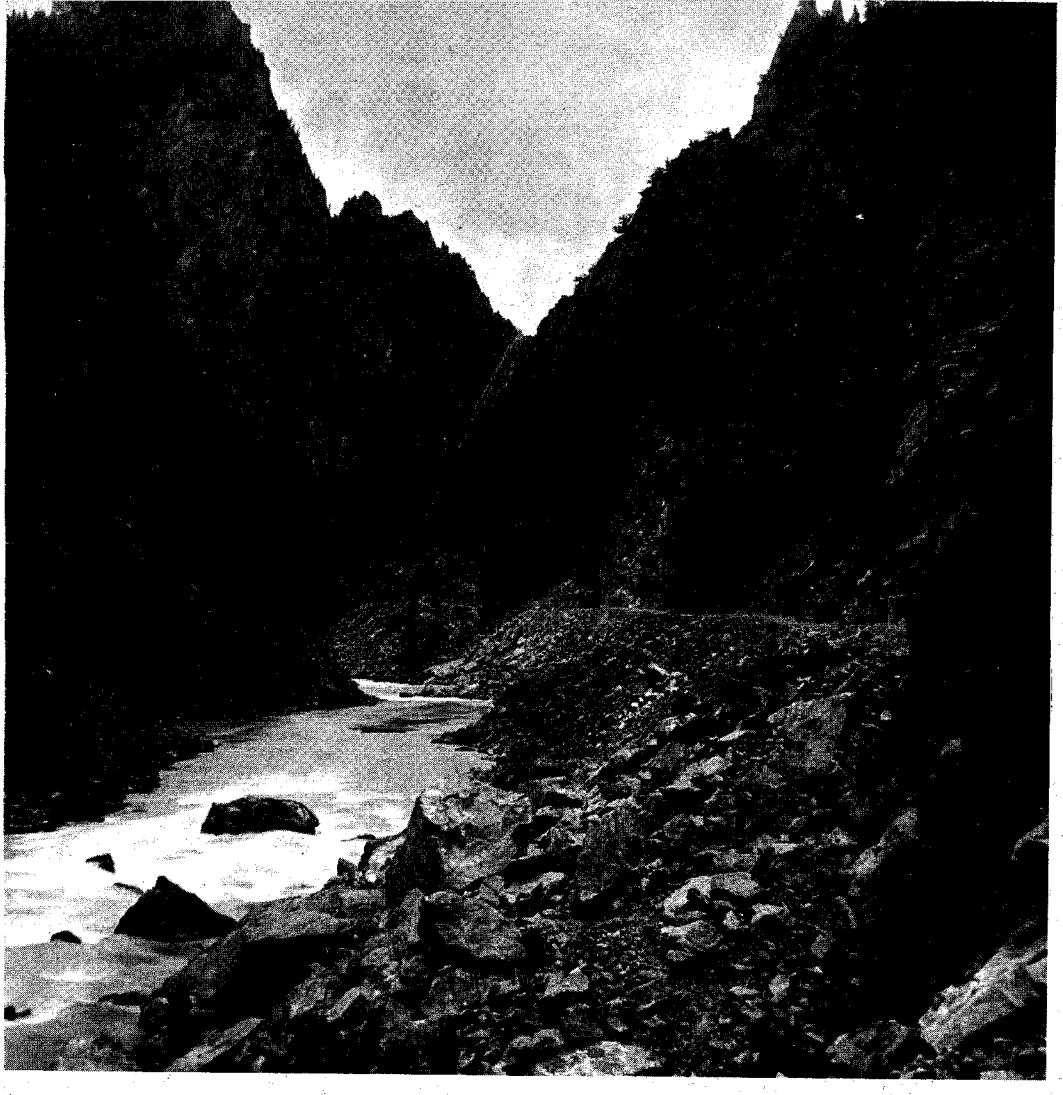


Gore Canyon during the 1890s.

Ornery and Low-down

By JAMES E. HARVEY

We had our troubles before the Welsh brothers showed up. Then they added to the misery

Photos Courtesy Denver Public Library Western Collection

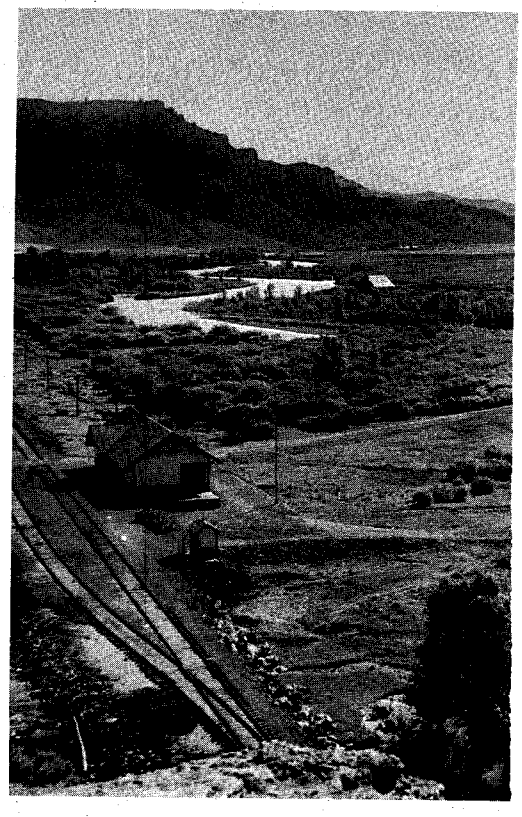
MY EARLIEST recollection was of a wild, rugged land where the howl of the wolf and coyote was a familiar sound. I loved to hear them. Somehow it broke the deadly silence and made me feel less lonely.

I was born in Knoxville, Iowa. My folks came to Grand County, Colorado, when I was six months old. My dad took up a homestead in Hills Hole with the Gore Canyon of the Colorado to the north, the Red Gorge Canyon to the south, towering sagebrush and cedar-covered mountains all around. It was indeed a hole.

We lived among danger all the way from the little wolverine with his big, bad temper to the grizzly bear. The range was alive with long-horned Texas steers and gun-toting cowboys. Most of the cowboys were all right, but, as is always the case, there were a few real toughs among them, men that had to be put in their place.

The Hartman boys, John, Lutsie and Martin, lived east of the river and owned most of the steers. They did well for awhile, then in 1893, winter set in early—a winter none of the old-timers ever forgot. Snowed in and short of hay, the Hartmans saved only a small fraction of their herd. The rangelands were strewn with dead cattle; every place affording a little shelter among the cedars or bluffs was strewn with dead cattle.

That summer, a couple of arrogant fellows came in from the East, George and Ed Welsh. They thought everyone should dance to their tune, but couldn't seem to sell the idea to the old Westerners. Both were big tall fellows, with black hair. George wore a black beard; Ed was always clean-shaven and his face was scarred. Dad once remarked that they were "fighting birds." I didn't savvy that kind of talk—couldn't figure how a guy could be a man and also be a bird!



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THEY TALKED Martin Hartman into going into the cattle business with them and went down to Texas and brought in a large drove of steers. By the time they got back, Martin wanted to dissolve partnership with them but they wouldn't sell or wouldn't buy, so Martin was stuck with a bad deal. He told Dad that they were abusive. Martin was around forty-five, and had lost one eye.

"Just give them a little rope," Dad told Martin, "and they will hang themselves."

I was always sticking around getting an earful of everything that was going on. I thought Dad was just about right, but I couldn't figure what made Dad think those guys would hang themselves.

None of the old-timers liked the Welsh boys. A little black dog Dad had gotten me didn't like them, either. A dog was a prized possession in our part of the country. No one would go into the hills to stay overnight without a dog, as it would warn them of approaching danger. You might as well have slapped one of those old-timers in the face as to strike or kick his dog.

There is something strange about how a dog can sense it, if there's something wrong with a guy's makeup. My little pup wouldn't let those Welsh boys touch her. If one came near her, she'd growl and move away.

One day George Welsh came by our place, got down off his horse, and let it drink where a spring ran from a pipe into a barrel in front of our house. Dad stood talking to him. I didn't like the looks of that guy with his face all covered with long black whiskers. My little dog went toward him, growling.

When he stepped forward and kicked her, Dad's fist shot out and George went sprawling on the ground. He reached for the gun at his hip.

"Hold it," Dad warned, and he leveled a .45 on him. "Now get up and get going," he said, "before we really tangle."

George rose to his feet, walked over to his horse, mounted, and as he rode away, shouted, "I'll get you for this."

"I'll be at the getting," Dad shouted back.

I was glad to see George get tramped on. He was a big-talk, know-it-all guy.

IN THE SUMMER, the big game moved back into the forest country above the surrounding mountains. By the time I was eight years old, Dad was taking me along on hunting trips over on Morison Creek. The first time I went, a neighbor of ours, an old fellow by the name of Bennett, went with us. In the summer he never wore underwear or a shirt. He had some bullet scars. I once asked him how he got them. He smiled and said, "That's what happens when you get too big for your britches, kid."

We camped beside Morison Creek on a little meadow at the edge of a forest. The next day, the Welsh boys with a couple of other fellows pulled in and camped near us.

Dad was frying some meat. He looked up at Bennett and asked, "How do you like this situation?"

Bennett shook his head. "I don't," he said, "but things will be just dandy as long as they leave us alone."

"Yeh," Dad agreed, "they better do that."

The two guys that were with them were strangers to us, but we figured they were no better than the Welshes or they wouldn't have been with them.

The next day I was hunting with Dad when he shot a big buck. It ran into the brush and over a hill but we tracked it down. George Welsh was already dressing it out when we got there.

"That's my deer," Dad informed him.

George straightened up and stood scowling at Dad, his long black whiskers and hair tousled. "I'm getting damn well tired of you pushing me around," he muttered. "I've got this deer and I'm keeping it."

Dad set his Sharps rifle against a tree, leaped over the deer and gave George a shove that sent him sprawling backwards over a log. He leaped to his feet and came charging back.

He really put up a fight. Over fallen logs and brush they went. The fight ended a hundred yards from where it started. I thought for awhile he was going to whip Dad. George took a terrible beating, too. He lay on the ground, his face a sight to behold.

"Keep your hand away from your gun," Dad warned, "unless you want to die. Get up and get out of here. I've no use for you or your kind. You're not taking anything away from me."

George rose to his feet, walked back to the deer, took his rifle that was set against a tree and disappeared in the timber.

That night as we sat by the campfire, we saw the Welsh boys and the two other fellows leave their campfire and come walking toward us. "Looking for trouble," Bennett said.

They stopped beside our fire, and George stood scowling at Dad. His eyes were swollen nearly shut. "We came to work you over," he announced. "It might take all four of us to do it, but we're going to do it."

Bennett leaped to his feet, his .45 leveled on them. "Not so fast," he warned. "Get going and don't come back. We don't like your company."

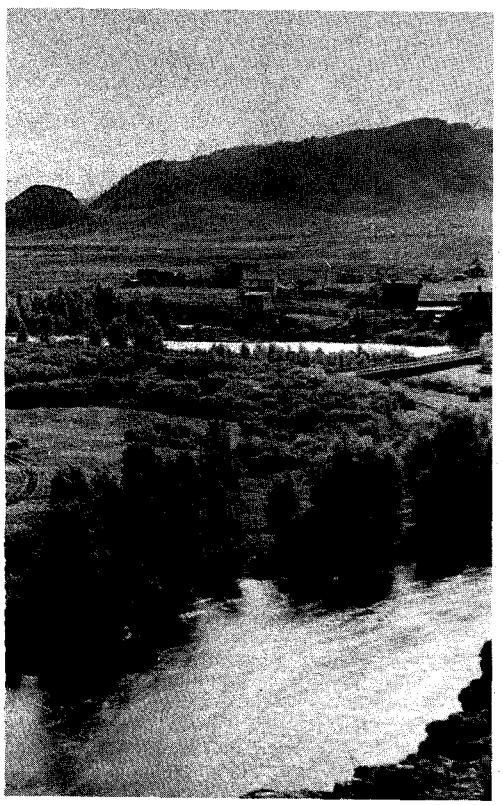
"I'll catch you in the hills and leave you there," George shouted at Dad as they turned to leave.

The next morning they packed up and left. Dad watched till they disappeared, then turned to Bennett, who sat on a log cleaning his rifle. "I hate to see them go," Dad smiled wryly.

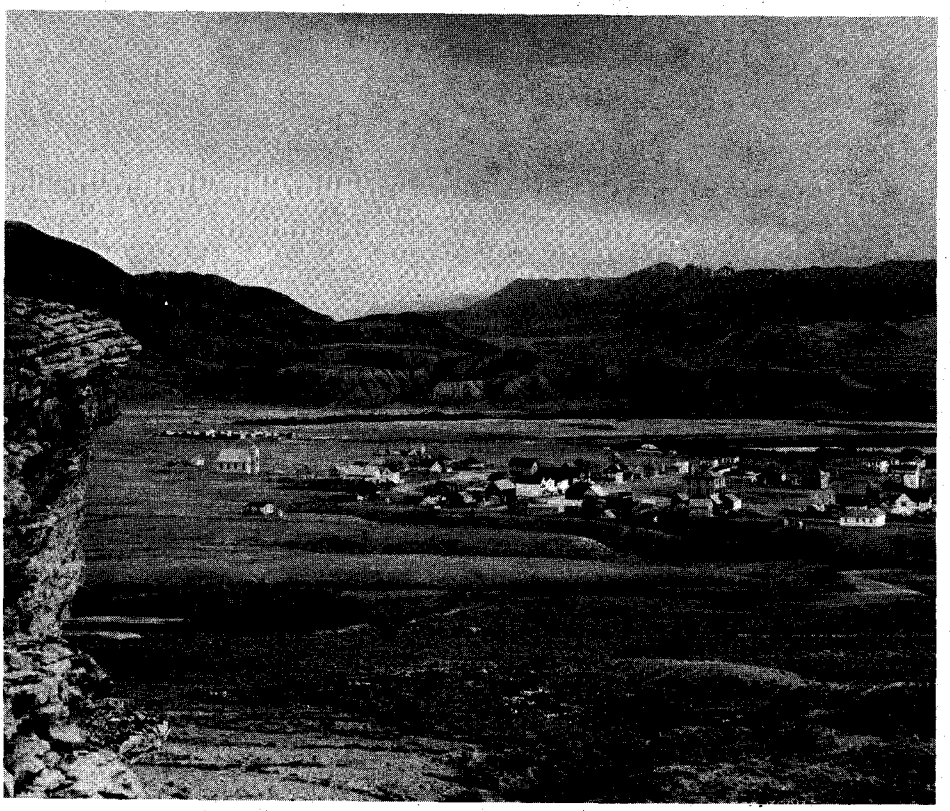
Bennett looked up. "Me, too," he said.

(Continued on page 54)

Grand County, Colorado, 1890s.



Kremmling in Grand County, Colorado, during the 1890s.



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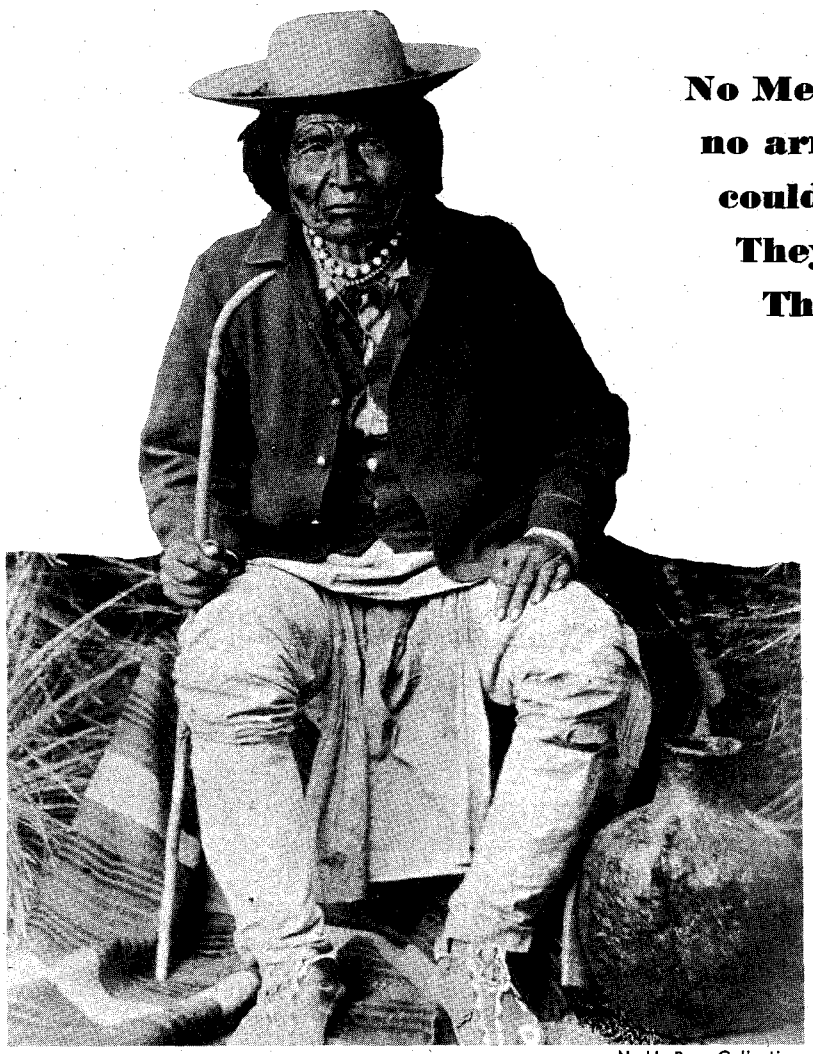

N. H. Rose Collection

Nana, successor to Victorio

No Mexican prison—
no army reservation—
could hold them forever.
They were Apaches!
They were—

NANA'S PEOPLE

By JAMES KAYWAYKLA

as told to

EVE BALL

About the Narrator: Kaywaykla (meaning "His Enemies Lie Dead in Heaps" is the nephew of Victorio and grand-nephew of Nana. He was born at Ojo Caliente. From the time of the attack on his people's camp on the Canada Alamosa until Geronimo's surrender, he was on the warpath with his tribe. Kaywaykla was prisoner of war for twenty-seven years, eleven of which he spent at Carlisle.

IN LESS than three years after our Warm Springs Apache chief, Victorio, had been promised that if he would quit fighting, a reservation near Ojo Caliente would be guaranteed to him and his band in perpetuity, his people were attacked and driven out, and the land returned to public domain. He took refuge in Mexico.

We were in northern Chihuahua, and en route to the Sierra Madre when the Mexican cavalry surprised us.

Victorio had sent a few men on a hunting trip, and nearly all of his warriors were on a raid for ammunition, with orders to join him at Tres Castillos. With a few men, nine, I believe, he led the long line of march toward the little lake on the east side of Three Castles.

His sub-chief, Grandfather Nana, guarded the rear with a few men. At sunset we rode into an ambush, and out of the more than 400, Nana rescued seventeen. I was about four years old at the time, and my mother and I were among the fortunate few.

He concealed us in an arroyo awaiting the return of the warriors, and he sent Kaytennae, later my step-father, and others to the lake to bury the dead. No Apache abandoned his dead without making every possible effort to inter the bodies. Kaytennae found that many had been burned. The advance guard had fought as long as one bullet remained.

The three men remaining with Victorio had followed the example of their chief and died by their own knives. Their bodies had not been mutilated so identification was sure. They piled rocks upon those four bodies, but were unable to render a like service to the others. After all, their obligation to the living was more compulsory.

When the hunters returned, Grandfather led his remnant of people westward to the Sierra Madre, the Blue Mountains of the Apaches. During the years that followed I saw hundreds of people killed—far more than I had seen when we were led by Victorio.

And this I wish to amphasize: *I never saw one scalped!*

EVENTUALLY Nana met Geronimo and his band, and the two joined forces. Both were encumbered with women and children and it is estimated that at times there were 7,000 troops in the field against us. Our enemies were provided with ammunition, horses, and food —necessities which Nana and Geronimo had to procure any way they could. Grandfather was adept at robbing ammunition trains. He had The Power for that—and over rattlesnakes, as well. They fought for their families, their bands, and their land. What man could do otherwise?

When General Crook sought to put them on a reservation, they refused to go to San Carlos. They had been there. So then Crook promised they should live in the mountainous area about Fort Apache and be furnished food and blankets. And to this Grandfather, Geronimo, and Naiche agreed.

I knew Naiche well. Later he was my father-in-law. All knew that they would be far better off under the Department of War than that of the Interior. They had tried both.

We lived peaceably along the little streams near Fort Apache. There was good water, plenty of wood, grass for the horses, and an abundance of game to supplement the rations given by the Government, as General Crook had promised. Nearly every family had a little patch of corn and pumpkins. We learned to raise and use vegetables, among them potatoes.

The men seldom went to the fort unless ordered to do so. Once a week Mother rode there and she usually took me, for I was nine years old and could lead a pack horse. When she took her place in the line filing past the tables where the rations were issued, I kept the horses.

One time at the fort, a small cloud of

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dust in the east warned me of the approach of horsemen. I watched it increase in size until the men came in sight, cavalrymen followed by a wagon, then four more Blue Coats. The driver was in uniform, and seated beside him was an old woman in Apache dress. When the vehicle stopped, four other women descended from the back of it. There was something familiar in the movements of the one who, with her back to me, stepped down to the hub of the front axle. When she got to the ground, she turned and started toward me.

"Grandmother!" I called.

She stopped and looked at me.

"I'm Kaywaykla!"

"He was little more than a baby."

"It's been a long time. I've grown!"

In the Apache way she greeted me with an embrace. The others crowded about us, and she had to tell me which was Siki. My mother came and helped two of them find their relatives. The third, Huera, we took to our camp several miles away. Later she married Chihuahua.

BY Nana's fire Grandmother and Siki told of their experiences that terrible night at the lake, and of the years that followed. Grandmother knew that Mexicans usually killed the older women, and she pulled her blanket over her head to conceal her white hair. She saw Siki dragged from her horse and tied to a bush near the water. With her eyes she warned the girl not to give any sign of recognition. Then she, too, was tied. At intervals women and children, including several young boys, were confined near them.

For some time the firing was concentrated about the spot where the advance guard dismounted. It continued from time to time until almost morning. When it ceased, Grandmother knew that her people were out of ammunition, and that all were dead. She had no hopes of being rescued by Nana, for Apaches did not sacrifice their lives uselessly.

Throughout the night the Mexicans hunted down and killed the defenseless people. The butchery continued until mid-morning with soldiers beating the brush and dragging women and children from their hiding places.

The soldiers brought a wounded comrade to the lake. With them was a Lipan Apache—Big Water. He told an officer that Grandmother was a Medicine Woman, and she was ordered to dress the wound. A bullet had passed through the man's arm but had not broken the bone. She asked Big Water to bring her the leaf of a prickly pear. After burning the thorns from the plant, it was split and the fleshy sides applied to the wound.

During the operation Grandmother reproached Big Water for betraying his people. He denied that such had been his intention. He and another Lipan had been captured and forced to lead the cavalry. They thought Victorio's band was safe in the Sierra Madre until they saw the line of mounted people approaching—too late to warn them. Even then, he said, had they not dismounted but spurred their horses, they could have outridden the cavalry, whose horses were also exhausted.

The officer suddenly gave orders that there was to be no more talking between them. Grandmother was to be kept to dress wounds. She, like most Apaches, understood Spanish, though she could not speak it well. She heard the order given to march the captive boys down the lake and shoot them. The young prisoners understood it, too, and the oldest said to the others, "Remember that you are Apaches, and show these dogs how men can die!" They disappeared in the vegetation, and seconds later came the shots.

While she dressed more wounds, messengers arrived with orders from Chihuahua to kill no prisoners. The boys, she thought, were more fortunate than they whose lives were spared.

THE NEXT MORNING, driving nearly 100 helpless ones like cattle, the cavalry started to the City of Mules. Those who fell were shot and left. Siki was weak and Grandmother feared she might falter; she walked beside the girl and kept her on her feet.

In Chihuahua they were put into prison until they could be sold. Men examined them as they would have horses. Both were so weak that they were rejected, as were three other women. No food was provided for them, but late at night Big Water brought it. He cautioned them to be silent.

(Continued on page 66)

This rare photograph belongs to the author. Top row: fourth from left, Jason Betzinez, fifth from left, Sam Haousus, sixth from left, Gudelkon and seventh from left, Mithlow. Second row, seated, James Kaywaykla and next to him, Dorothy Naiche Kaywaykla.

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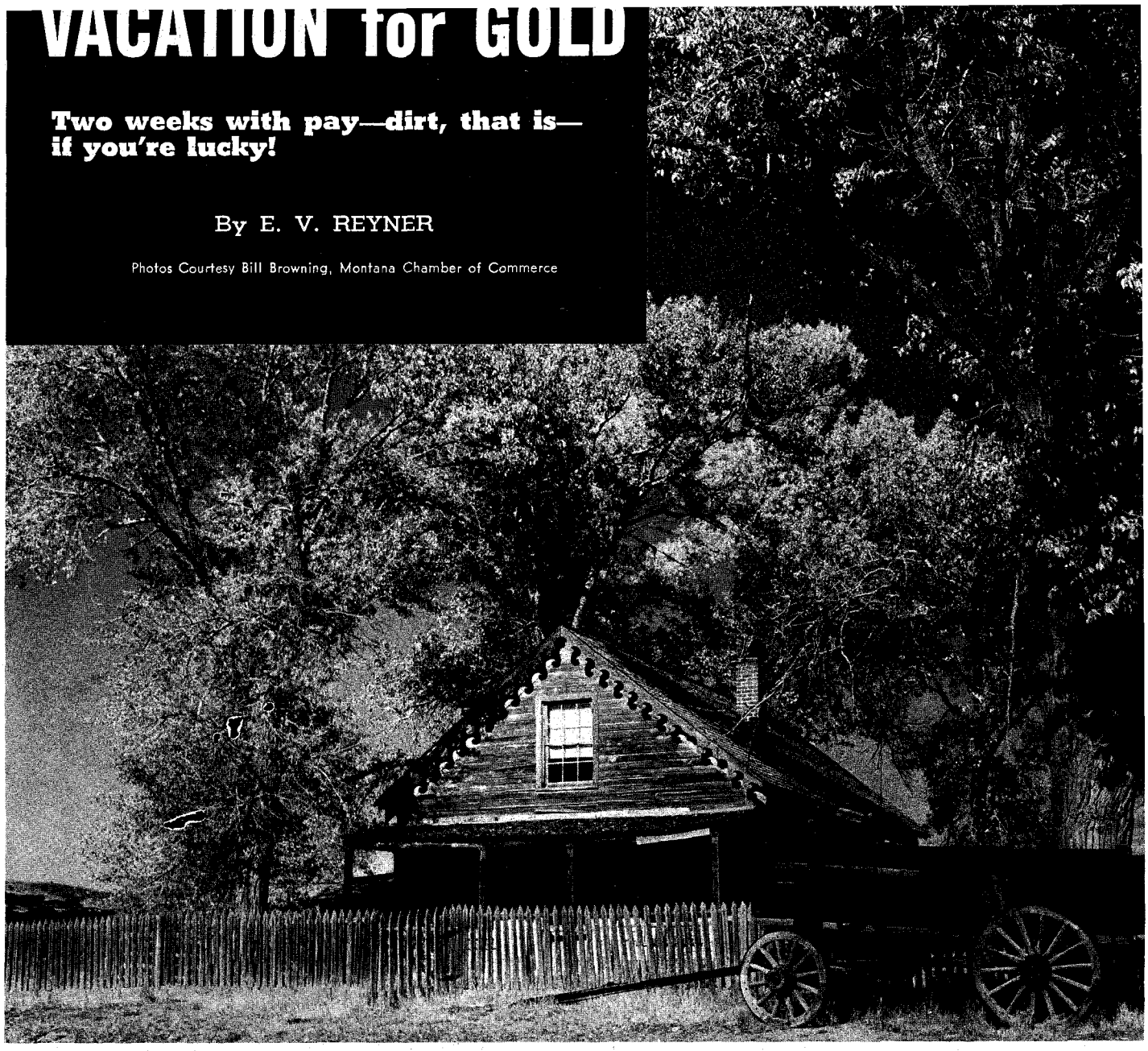
VACATION for GOLD

Two weeks with pay—dirt, that is—if you're lucky!

By E. V. REYNER

Photos Courtesy Bill Browning, Montana Chamber of Commerce



THE STORIES that follow are true "to the best of my knowledge and belief," as the lawyers say. Maybe one of them will excite you. Maybe you will spend your next vacation chasing golden rainbows. The leads to possible treasure that I am about to give you were part of my growing up in the mining country of southwestern Montana. They are still exciting to me, but at present I must forego my desire to seek out treasure. I cannot afford to add gambling—even gambling for high stakes with relatively little investment—to my list of activities. But I would like to see someone else take a chance and win—it would justify my opinion in each case and provide immense satisfaction to me.

There is a small stream, just a trickle of water, in a gulch in the foothills just to the west of Silver Star, Montana. I found three nuggets there (each about the size of a grain of wheat) several years ago in a matter of fifteen minutes working with a gold pan. All nuggets and colors found were coarse, indicating that they had not traveled far from their source. Ten feet up or down the stream bed, traces of color faded out. The steeply sloping banks of the little gulch likely hold a nice pocket of gold. I have often considered using a small tractor and shovel to dig into the banks, washing the gravel at nearby Jefferson River. A boy with a crudely made rocker found roughly $100 worth of gold in the same spot as a result of three weeks work. He had no mining experience.

Maybe there is a quick $5,000 or more to be made there—maybe nothing. One hundred dollars should be sufficient to find out. Or it may be that patience and no cash outlay would do the job. You could drive to the spot with a jeep or close with a car. Walking from the oil highway below would take about half an hour. I would be happy to show you the spot or tell you someone who will.

Farther up the highway, a mile or two, is Nugget Gulch. One old-timer used to pan in the gulch after every heavy rain or cloudburst. It was said—I have heard the story many times—that he would usually recover in the neighborhood of $30 for his efforts. The gold evidently washes out of the soft sloping gravel banks along the gulch. A small outfit once tried some hydraulic mining there. The best they did was to find a pocket worth about $800. Anyone in the vicinity will be glad to show you the gulch and tell you its history.

Thousands of dollars may be recovered for a negligible investment—or maybe not even enough to cover the cost of grub. The gulch is not a small spot such as the one where I made my discovery. The payoff, if there is one, would likely be much larger. You just walk or drive a jeep or pickup up the gulch from the oil highway.

ON CHERRY CREEK, a little to the north and a few miles west of Silver Star is what remains of an arrastre. An arrastre was a crude milling device in which large stones were dragged around a circular track, also built of stones, imbedded in the ground. The ore was finely ground between the revolving stones and those forming the track. The device was

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powered by a water wheel. I found mercury in the tailings of the old mill. Mercury was used in recovery of the gold from the finely ground ore. I dug down and failed to find the track rocks in place, so assumed the mill had been thoroughly cleaned up.

Since, I have wondered about two points regarding the site. First, there was no evidence that the area had been dug into in recent years—many such sites were carefully and very profitably worked during depression years—and it was at that time that I investigated the location. Second, I wonder if the five-foot depth to which I dug while searching for the bed stones was deep enough. If the stones are in place, there is likely a sizable amount waiting to be recovered by an enterprising searcher. Three hours' work with shovel and pan should indicate possibilities. The ore was hauled by ox team eight miles for treating. About three miles of the distance was uphill. An arrastre in good working order saved about forty per cent of the gold. The ore must have been rich to make such a venture pay.

The site of the arrastre is easily reached in half an hour's time from Silver Star by jeep or pickup. Better not count on a car. If you find no gold, there are fine mountain trout in Cherry Creek and plenty of fresh mountain air scented with sage and pine. The place is somewhat more than moderately infested with rattlesnakes. I will probably manage to look at this site again but you are welcome. Inquire of old-timers around Silver Star.

Just over the "high ridge" of the foothills west of Silver Star is a territory which I knew in boyhood days as "Siberia." It was here that a rancher picked up a piece of float about ten pounds in weight and assaying $80,000 per ton. The land is rocky but tillable—or, at least, plowable. It has since reverted to rangeland. Ruben Edwards, the finder, hitched up a team and plowed strips up and down the area patiently examining rocks plowed out. Weeks of frantic search found no trace of more float or a vein from which it might have come.

As one Silver Star resident put it, "Rube about went nuts for a month or so up there hunting for more of that rock." The location is easy to reach by jeep or pickup. Even walking from Silver Star would not be a great problem. As a boy I looked the place over but found nothing of interest. Now I keep wondering what a few swipes with a bulldozer or light shovel-equipped tractor might uncover. Old-timers finally concluded that the float was probably brought in by a glacier, perhaps from a long distance away. I have never heard of any geologic evidence to support their theory.

You might make a try at solving this mystery a project for your vacation. I can guarantee fresh air and a smell of sage. And you could make your fortune in a large way. I don't know about fishing in reasonably near Hell's Canyon Creek. It used to be excellent but there is a road into there now. The lower end of the creek has a medium population of rattlesnakes. High up there are none.

I saw a piece of rock, mostly quartz, about six inches long and perhaps four inches in thickness. It was no ordinary rock. Considerable gold was visible with the unaided eye and much with a mineral glass. The specimen was shown to me by James Flint, a lawyer at Pony, Montana. He told me that it assayed $5,000 per ton and that a sheepherder had picked it up on a sidehill in a gulch just above town. The location was well known by many people but search after search had failed to reveal even a hint as to its origin. Another piece of float—another mystery. Pony is almost free of mosquitoes and is located in the mountains on the lower end and west side of the famed Madison Valley.

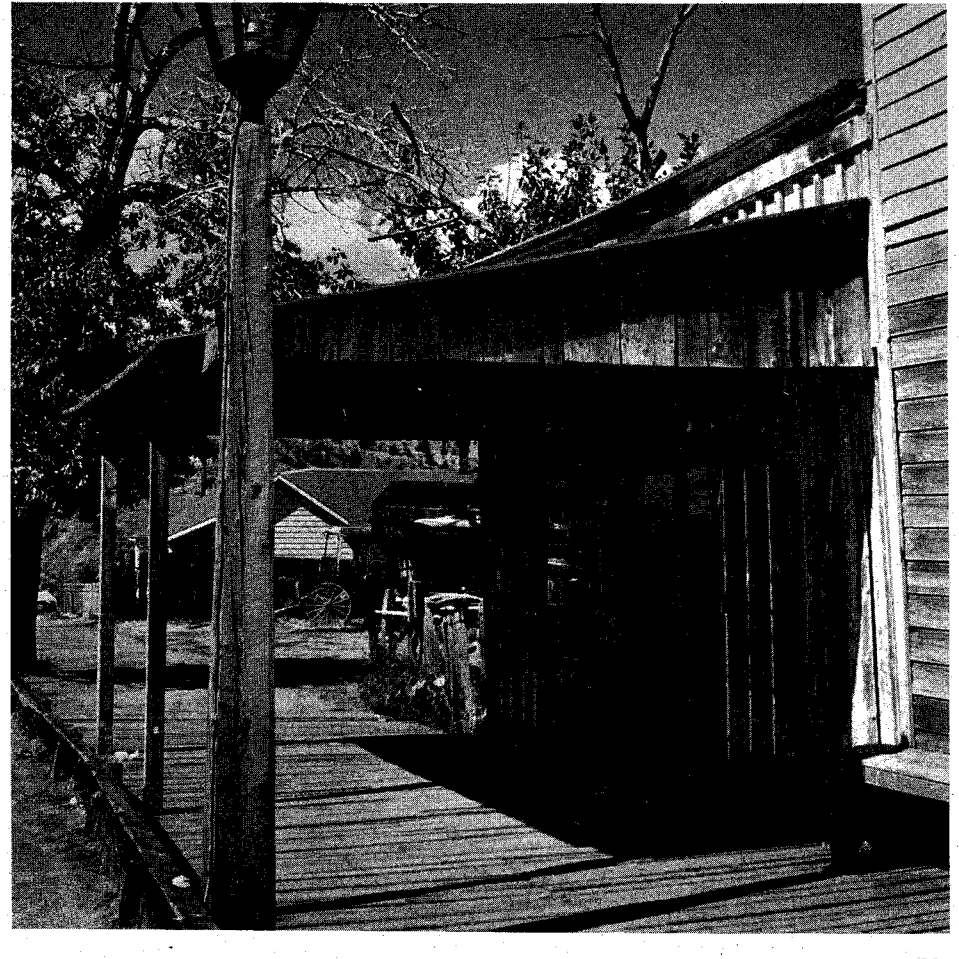
It would be a nice place to spend the summer even without treasure. You could camp out, and fishing, hiking and baths in the carbonate springs "hot box" at nearby Potosi are still available as in days of yore.

Virginia City, Montana—note the signs on the walls.

MAYBE you are looking for a good hard-rock prospect and don't mind spending a considerable sum of money—or some money and a year of back-breaking labor. In Pony, ask people what mines—there are hundreds of prospects in the area—are good ones. Each person you ask will extoll the virtues of some hole in the ground (a mine is "a hole in the ground owned by a damn fool" according to an ancient saying) of which he is the owner. But you will

(Continued on page 70)

A typical sidewalk of days gone by.



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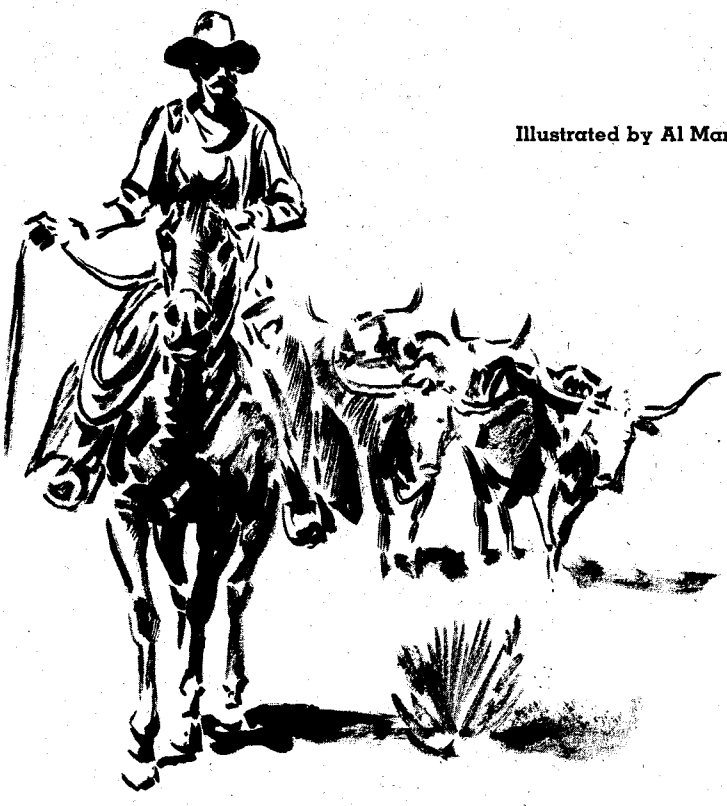

Illustrated by Al Martin Napoletano

Rainbow Cattle

By GLENN R. VERNAM

Old-time cattlemen are fond of saying that without them, Chicago and Kansas City would have never been built—nor the desert West ever settled

IF THE theory of self-sufficiency didn't originate with the old Texas longhorn, then he was at least a charter member in the lodge. When the chips were down, he could deliver—if not by force, then by wit, cunning or plain old guts.

But that was a long time ago. Mention of the longhorn now usually brings to mind a caricature of scrawny hide stretched over an angular, bony frame, the whole serving as sort of a kite-like tail to a pair of fantastically long horns. What little meat might be secreted under the nondescript hide is dismissed as something akin to a slab of cardboard or a weather-seasoned boot top.

Such opinions, unfortunately, do a great injustice to the old longhorns. They did make good beef and plenty of it. It was the length of time it took them to make it that contributed so heavily to their demise. In contrast to the quick growth of modern improved cattle, longhorns did not mature until they were four or five years old, or reach their maximum weight of 1,200 to 1,800 pounds until the age of eight or ten years.

On maturity, however, they took on suitable fat and furnished beef comparable to the quality of any other cattle.

Their sagacity, toughness and ability to take care of themselves enabled them to survive the rigors of the Southwest in the early 1800s. Predators, storms and searing droughts took their toll, but the longhorns increased in Texas to over six million by 1865. That called for the utmost in durability and brains. The longhorn had both.

That dean of Western raconteurs, J. Frank Dobie, tells of one such animal which ranged over in New Mexico. He was a red bull about six years old. A couple of cowboys came across him out on the range one day. Previous associations had made both men well acquainted with the critter.

As they rode up on him, they saw he had one eye gone and a big chunk of hide hanging down from his back just behind the shoulders. He had been badly clawed, and his horns were covered with freshly dried blood. Everything indicated a recent encounter of great savagery.

The men found the battle site a few minutes later. A half acre of shin-oaks had been uprooted and smashed into kindling on a little bench around a bend in the canyon. The place looked like someone had tackled it with a bull-tongue plow. And there, lying across a log, they found the carcass of a grizzly bear. The beast's entrails were strung out across the ground and its hair was matted with dried blood. The bull made a complete recovery.

Creatures of such nature don't sidestep difficulties; they surmount them. For the longhorns, this was an honest heritage. Their ancestors were the fierce and crafty black Andalusian cattle Don Gregorio Villalobos brought from Spain to Mexico in 1521. Villalobos needed something as tough as the country he was trying to settle. He made a good choice. The sharp-horned, hardy Andalusians not only put him in the cattle business, but went on to spread north across the Mexican deserts with each advancing colony of settlers.

Some historians think these animals reached Texas soon after Luis de Carabajal started his settlement south of the Rio Grande in 1583. Their descendants were still roaming the Texas brush country, wild as deer and dangerous as Comanches, when the first American settlers arrived.

The new arrivals from Missouri, Kentucky and Tennessee brought a smattering of cattle from their homelands which crossed with the wild, black Andalusians to some extent during the ensuing years. The result was the multi-colored longhorns. The Indians and early ranchers called them "rainbow cattle."

DROUGHTS frequently compelled them to range far from any watering place in search of the scanty feed. This, in turn, would often necessitate a ten to twenty-mile hike for a drink; the longhorns would make the trip only every other day. Old-time cattlemen agree that it was not uncommon, at such times, to see one or two cows take over the care of the entire calf herd while the rest of the adult cattle went to water.

On occasions when the only feed was at a prohibitive distance from water, these cattle might go for almost unbelievable periods with the succulent cactus as their only source of moisture.

During one extended drought in west Texas, a well-known rancher missed one of his big steers. As all his cattle were bone-poor and the range was practically denuded, he concluded the steer had crawled off and given up the ghost. Several weeks later, however, he happened to come upon the animal some twenty-five miles from the home ranch. And the steer was rolling fat. This was in Spanish dagger country and the plants were in bloom. All the moisture the beast had been getting was from the dagger flowers. The man took him home and butchered him. Upon dressing the carcass out, he found the animal's bladder shrunk up to the size of a goose egg. Otherwise, he was normal.

Andy Adams wrote about one desert

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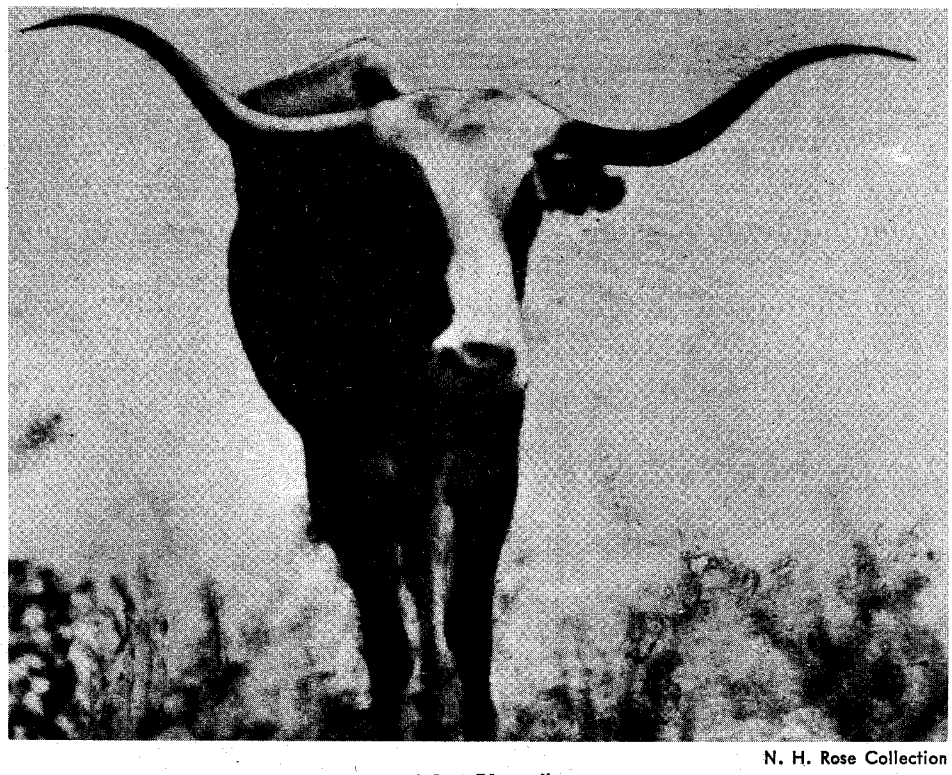
trail drive in the 1880s, during which the herd traveled a waterless stretch for five or six days. The lowing of the brutes became pitiful in the final stages, and some of them went blind, but the herd kept in motion until a stream was finally reached. There, unlike most cattle who would have drunk themseves to death, the longhorns simply stood in the deeper water all night, drinking very little. Their intelligence paid off in that the entire herd recovered from the ordeal.

As might be expected of such salty characters, this toughness wasn't confined to animals in the prime of life. Age only added to their hardiness and cunning. Like the buffalo, a resting longhorn would spring from the bedground to its feet with a single move. One instant, they would be lying down; the next, they would be on their feet and running.

And how they could run! A herd stampeded near Dodge City in 1883. Fifteen hours later, some of them were seen following the back trail across the Cimarron River, over sixty miles away. Another herd of over 5,000 steers stampeded north of the Platte River, in Nebraska, the following year. They left their bedground at 10 o'clock one Friday night. At 11 o'clock the following Sunday morning, the leaders made their appearance 120 miles to the south.



N. H. Rose Collection

"Old Alamo"

A FULL life-span of a longhorn would run to twenty-five or thirty years. Old Geronimo, that famous Texas steer who had been an outlaw most of his life and wore the brands of six different owners, was reputed to have been over thirty-six years old when he died.

These animals often grew to sixteen or seventeen hands in height. There is record of a steer in Live Oak County, Texas, which, standing normally, measured eight feet from his hoofs to the top of his horns. His horns, which curved upward, measured seven feet and nine inches from tip to tip, or approximately nine feet by following the curves.

Such horns, however, were unusual. Five to six-foot spreads were fairly common, but longer than that were considered exceptional. The ever recurrent accounts of twelve to sixteen-foot spreads are somewhat akin to stories of the hoop snake and Rocky Mountain Hodag; it is always something someone has heard about, but no one has ever actually seen. A set of horns with a nine-foot spread from the Texas Coast was presented to President Grant, and there were said to have been two pairs of similar length at the 1893 exposition in Chicago.

These exceptionally big spreads were the product of the older animals, as the horns kept on growing for twelve or fifteen years. They started growing wrinkles out from the base at the age of three. The well wrinkled horn bases of big steers was a pretty good age calendar, winning them the title of old "mossy horns."

These extraordinary horns were found only on steers. Bull and cow horns were over-large, but never acquired fantastic shapes or excessive lengths. But regardless of what they wore on their heads, it was what the longhorns carried under their hides that lifted Texas from financial prostration to leadership in the cattle industry.

It was in the middle '80s that the Texan took a long, serious look at his longhorns. Much experience had impressed him with their ability to travel. If markets wouldn't come to them, why couldn't they use some of that ability in going to market? The idea had possibilities.

IN 1842 the experiment of driving a trail herd to New Orleans was tried. Its success launched one of the greatest epics in bovine history. If cattle could walk to New Orleans, the Texans saw no reason why they couldn't walk anywhere between the two oceans. Time proved him to be right.

Edward Piper trailed 1,000 head to Ohio in 1846. W. H. Snyder spent two years, 1849-50, driving a herd to the California gold fields, going up the Rio Grande to cross the Continental Divide in Colorado and continue out through Utah and Nevada to the Golden State. Captain Jack Cureton made a similar drive with 1,100 steers, following the old Butterfield Stage Route through southern New Mexico and Arizona to California, and dodging Apaches most of the way. Oliver Loving reached Illinois with a herd in 1855, and Chicago received its first contingent in 1856.

These longhorn herds had the unique ability to put on weight and fatten themselves as they grazed their way across the prairies at ten to fifteen miles a day, crossing deserts and swimming streams in their stride.

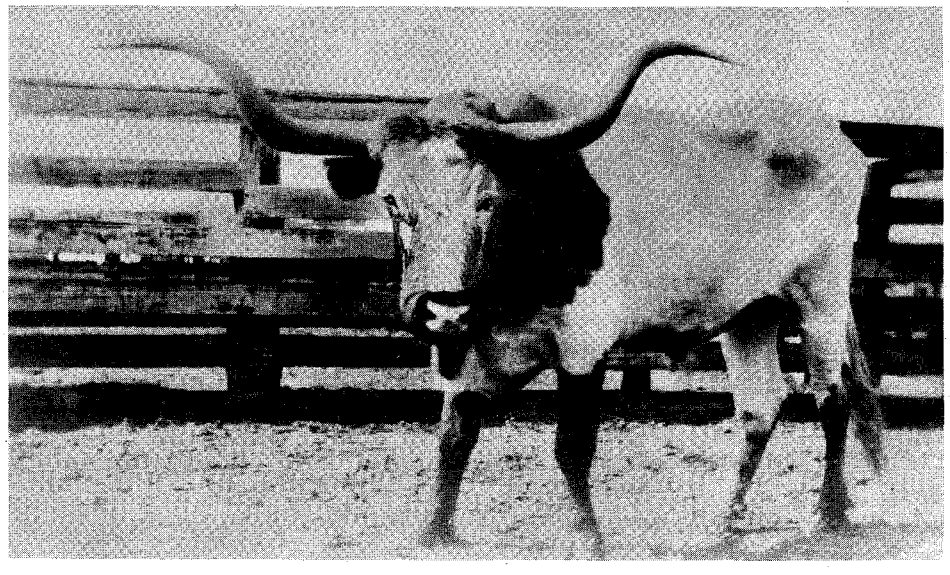
But the Civil War put a halt to this budding enterprise. Aside from a few herds driven east to help feed the Confederacy, the longhorns were allowed to roam and multiply at will during the troubled years.

When Texans returned home after the lamentable unpleasantness, it was to find itself with millions of cattle, mostly unbranded and long untended, and as wild

(Continued on page 60)

A sure-enough old Texas Longhorn

N. H. Rose Collection



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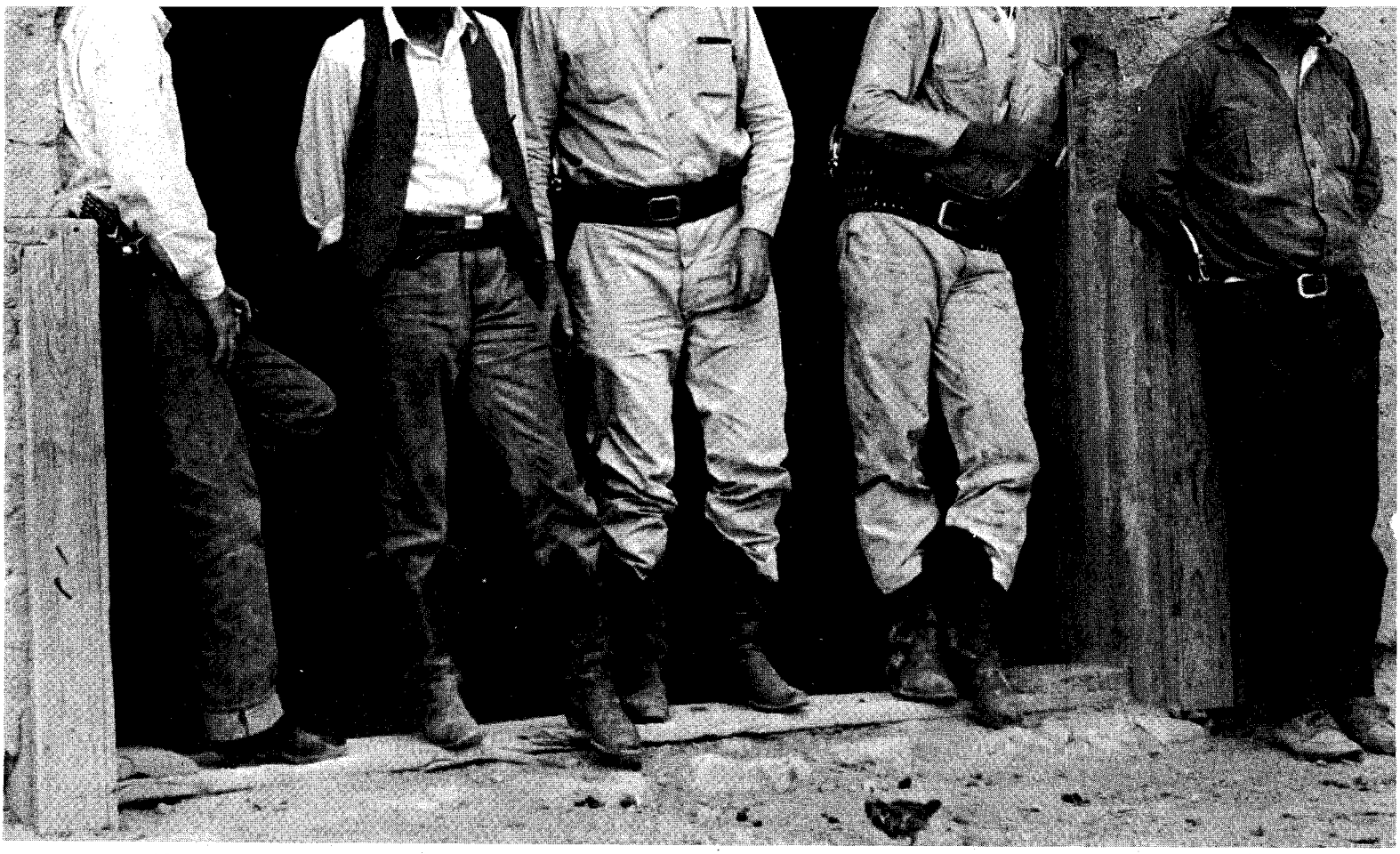

This was "The Law" in the lower Big Bend in 1928. Left to right: Game Warden (later Texas Ranger) Pete Crawford; Ray Miller, Justice of the Peace; Ranger Bob Pool; Ranger Arch Miller; and Steve Bennet, Constable. The Rangers were in Captain Herbert Maizes Company.

The Long Rio Grande

Photos Courtesy the Author

By W. D. SMITHERS

By the turn of the century, red tape was catching up with the Texas Rangers, but once in a while they still dared to act without orders. This episode caused a whole company to be busted!

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OLD FRONTIER BATTALION tactics were used by the Texas Rangers who were assigned to trouble spots along the Texas-Mexico border from 1911 to 1930. Most of the Mexican bandits soon learned to avoid the areas where the Rangers might be, but some were bold enough to challenge them.

The Mexican revolutions that created unrest along the Texas border began in 1910 in the southern part of Mexico but it was not long before the northern part was also thrown into turmoil. The Rangers, as well as the Army, began to evaluate their strength along the international line and both were handicapped by insufficient funds. Not until trouble actually began were they allowed to enlarge their forces on the border.

In 1910 and for quite a while thereafter, Rangers were paid salaries that today are unbelievable. Operating as a semi-military organization, with grades comparable to the Army, privates earned $40.00 per month, sergeants, $50.00, and captains, $100.00. Each man had to furnish his own horse, saddle, bed roll, rifle, pistol—and supply his own food and feed for his horse!

The State did allow him $1.50 a day to help pay for the grub and feed. Also, if his horse got killed in action, the State paid him a fair price for it. Rangers had no uniform but wore western boots and clothes bought from their own funds. Had it not been for the many meals eaten at ranches or with the soldiers, they would have had a hard time getting by.

In 1910, there were only four Ranger companies, four captains, four sergeants and nineteen privates. Captain Frank Johnson of Company A and six men were at Harlingen, near the border; Company B with Captain Tom M. Ross and seven men were at Ysleta, near El Paso; at Austin headquarters were Captain J. H. Rogers and five men; and Captain J. R. Hughes and five men were at Amarillo—a total of twenty-seven men. Captains were appointed by the governor for a term of two years and were under the direction of the adjutant general.

By 1917, Rangers were paid $50.00 a month and had increased their number to seventy-five. There were four companies on or near the border, each with a captain, a sergeant and fifteen privates. At Austin there was a captain and six men.

Texas Rangers, just the same as the Army or the Custom and Immigration river guards, were under orders from their superiors, but officers often made decisions to fit the circumstances. Most of the time their actions were approved and praised, but, in one instance, an entire company of them was disbanded, even though ninety per cent of the people living in the area thought that they were justified in doing what they did. Many even thought that they should have been promoted and given medals.

In the Big Bend district, across the Rio Grande in the remote parts of the Mexican State of Chihuahua, were several bands of the worst and most treacherous bandits terrorizing our border from 1916-18. The many depredations that those bandits inflicted on settlements on the Texas side were climaxed with the raid they made on Brite's Ranch on Christmas Day, 1917.

AT DAYLIGHT, about forty-five Mexican bandits surrounded the ranch headquarters. An old Texas Ranger, Sam H. Neill, was there to spend Christmas with his son Van and his family. No one was awake except Sam and the cook. Sam was in the kitchen drinking coffee when he saw six heavily armed Mexicans riding toward the ranch house.

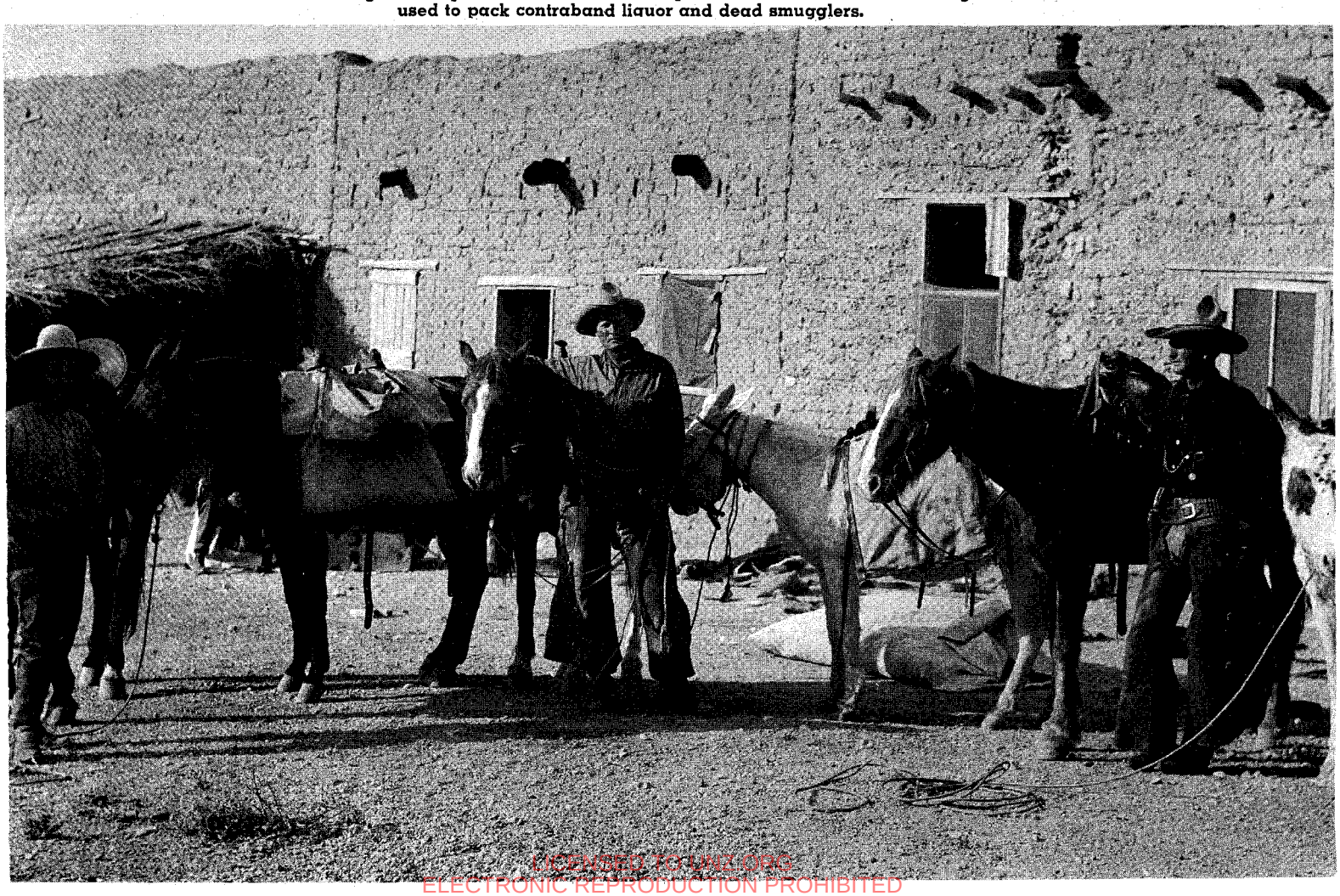
He ran to his son's room, told him that the ranch was surrounded by bandits, and stationed himself at one corner of the house. As one of the mounted raiders yelled to his men to kill all the Americans, Sam shot him off his horse. The bandits who had surrounded the house began firing from all directions.

During a lull in the shooting, one of the two Mexican ranch boys (they had been captured at the corral while they were milking) was sent to the house to demand the keys to the store and to be allowed to get supplies and saddle horses from the corral without being fired upon. At first the request was denied, but after considering how outnumbered they were, Van surrendered the keys to the store.

The bandits had loaded most of the supplies on the horses and were just about to leave when the old mail driver, Mickey Welch, drove up in his Model-T Ford with two Mexican passengers. The bandits shot the two Mexicans, took Mickey into the store, hung him by his feet, and cut his throat.

The telephone line on the ranch had

Three Rangers in Captain C. J. Backwell's Company stationed in the lower Big Bend in 1924. Left to right are: John Holis, Arch Miller and Bob Summerall. Arch Miller lost an arm while in the service but was retained. He was capable of shooting his rifle, saddling his horse, loading the pack mules, and doing any of his work as well with one arm as any man could with two. He became known as the One-Armed Texas Ranger. This picture was made at Boquillas on the Rio Grande during Prohibition. The mules were used to pack contraband liquor and dead smugglers.



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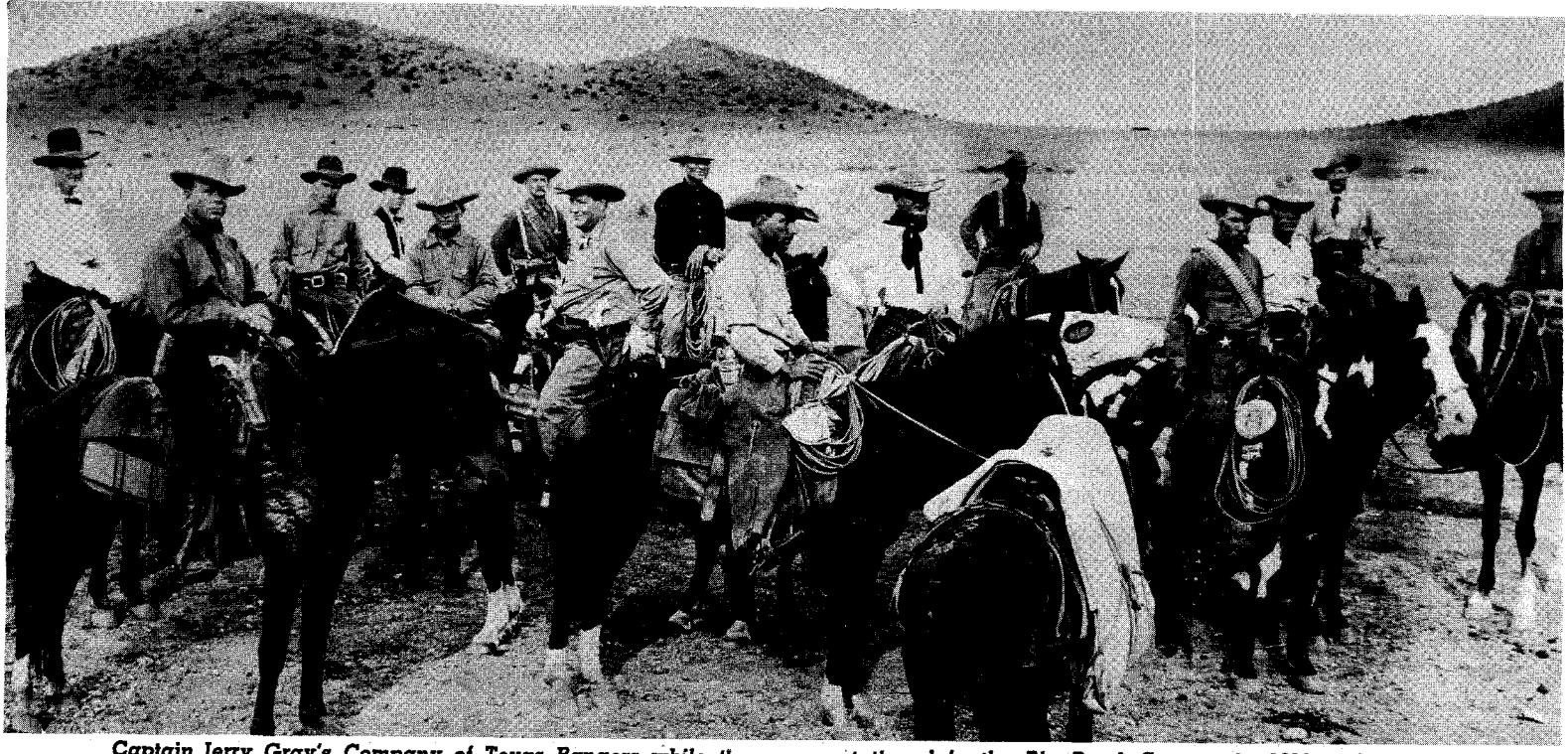

Captain Jerry Gray's Company of Texas Rangers while they were stationed in the Big Bend Country in 1918. Left to right are: Arthur Miles, Captain Jerry Gray, Charlie Heaglar, Bug Barnett, Jack Murdock, Sam Neil, A. G. Beard, Marcus Langford, Frank Hillbolt, Cox, Harold King, N. M. Fuller, Frank Crittington, Sgt. A. H. Woelber, (Buffalo Bill) Sherman. This Company replaced the Captain Fox Company that was "busted" for taking part in that invasion of Pilares, Mexico.

been cut, so the first news of the raid was when a nearby ranchman, James L. Cobb, drove to Brite's post office to get the mail that Mickey Welch was to have brought that morning. He arrived while the bandits were loading the loot from the store on the pack horses. Cobb grasped the situation at once and rushed to the nearest ranch having a telephone. He called Marfa, and troops from Ruidosa and Candelaria were ordered to go after the bandits.

Of all the atrocities that had been committed in other raids, none aroused the people in the Big Bend as did the brutal murder of Mickey. Posses came from Sierra Blanca, Van Horn, Valentine and Marfa; another troop from Candelaria and one from Ruidosa were on their heels; the Rangers and Custom and Immigration river guards were there.

The trail led to the Rio Grande and across—exactly where they knew that it would, to a village in Mexico called Pilares. Every officer, soldier and ranchman of the Big Bend knew that the Mexicans on the Texas side at the town of Pouvenir acted as informers for the bandits—and that Pilares was where the raids were planned and where the bandits fled after they had carried them out.

By December 27, there was a good-sized little army gathered, composed of Rangers and posse members. There were many of the cavalry troopers still around there. The men left out about dark and at two A.M. were in Pilares, going from house to house. They were fired upon by Mexicans in the brush and there was quite a battle. They found many items that had been taken from the Brite store and also recovered the saddle that had belonged to Custom Inspector Joe Sitter who had been murdered. The best estimate was that there were thirty-five Mexicans killed, and several American soldiers wounded.

How many soldiers and civilians made this invasion was never told, but there were eight Rangers according to the report made by one of them, Bud Weaver. These men were in Captain Fox's company and when the Captain's report reached the adjutant general's office, Captain Sanders was sent from Austin to make a thorough investigation.

THE OUTCOME was the complete busting up of Captain Fox's company. Fox tried to get the State to discharge him but leave his company intact. He was not successful. Colonel Langhorne appealed on the Rangers' behalf but it did no good. He told of all the crimes that the Mexican bandits had committed on the Texas side, crossing later back into Mexico where they thought that they were safe.

Had Bud Weaver not made that report to his captain, there might not have been any investigation. The invasion of Pilares was what had been needed for over a year and if it had been backed up by headquarters, no doubt other raids that took place later would not have happened and many American lives would have been saved.

When Captain Fox's company was disbanded, he was ordered to Austin and tried to resign, but evidently he was held in service for awhile. I have a copy of a warrant that he issued to a Ranger who enlisted May 9, 1918, at Austin. It was signed "J. M. Fox, Captain Ranger Force," but below in the Commanding Company line, he shows no company.

Captain Fox's unit was replaced by one with Captain Jerry Gray in command. He made his headquarters at Presidio, with some of his men up the river in the area of Pilares and the others below Presidio at Lajitas. There was another company with headquarters at Del Rio, under Captain Barlowe, who took care of the lower part of the Big Bend.

The entire border gave the Rangers plenty of trouble, just as it did the Army, but those who worked in the Big Bend had the worst duty. The country was so vast, rough and isolated, that the four Rangers working out of Glen Springs were eighty miles from the nearest town, Marathon. They had one telephone line that the Army Signal Corps had put in and it was kept up by a mining company in Terlingua.

During the early Twenties there were killings and murders, theft of cattle and horses, smuggling of liquor, dope and other contraband into the country, and an influx of rum-runners who came into the border country to buy liquor from the smugglers. It is not known how many Rangers were killed on the border but up to September 30, 1919, there were 125 soldiers, Rangers, Custom and Immigration guards and civilian volunteers known dead. Prohibition Law, in effect from 1920 to 1933, added to the toll.

An idea of the affection Texas people had for the Rangers is exemplified in the old story told about a group who rode up to an isolated home in Mason County in the 1880s. It was midwinter, a bad one, and for several days the Rangers had only eaten what game they could kill. After a joyous welcome by the family, the hostess started preparing some food.

In that warm room—the first the Rangers had been in for more than a week—they were relaxed and prepared to enjoy a good meal, when they all heard the same sound.

The Captain said to one of his men, "Did you hear her scraping the bottom of her flour barrel?"

In those days, flour was bought in barrels, not sacks, and that woman was gladly using the last of her flour for the Rangers.

The same respect existed among people who lived near the Mexican border in the early 1900s. No one had to scrape the bottom of a flour barrel, but there wasn't a single citizen who didn't realize that the thin line of lonely men riding the Rio Grande was all that stood guard over his property and even his life.

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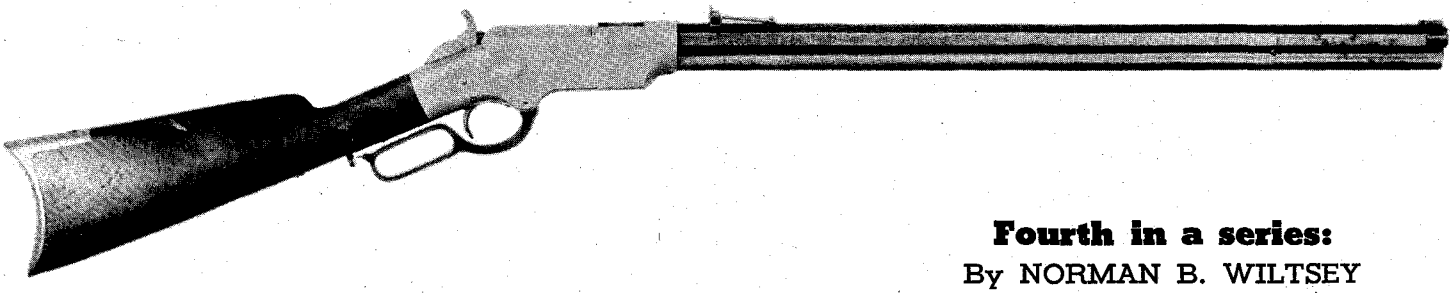
Guns of the Old West:



Fourth in a series:

By NORMAN B. WILTSEY

THE HENRY RIFLE

"THAT damn Yankee rifle that can be loaded on Sunday and fired all week!"

Such was the graphic manner in which dazed Confederate troops described the .44 caliber 16-shot Henry repeating rifle after facing it in battle. The Southern soldier, armed with his archaic muzzle-loading musket, felt much as the Indian had when he first pitted his bow and arrow against the deadly long rifle of the Kentucky pioneer.

The Henry, developed from the earlier Volcanic repeating rifle, was patented in 1860 in the name of B. Tyler Henry, a production manager in the New Haven Arms Company which had taken over the bankrupt Volcanic plant. Production of the Henry began on a limited scale in late 1861. Oliver P. Winchester, president and chief stockholder of New Haven Arms, had little luck trying to interest the Federal Government in the new rifle. Yet more than 10,000 Henrys, of the small factory's total output of about 11,000 rifles during the war years of 1862-65, passed into the eager hands of Northern troops—mainly officers and militiamen affluent enough to pay $42 for a personal rifle. The Government bought only 1,731.

At the war's end in April, 1865, many Henrys accompanied discharged veterans to new adventures in the virgin lands of the West. Roving Indian war parties quickly learned to bypass remote cabins defended by these "Many-shots Spirit Guns." Just as the Paterson Colt in the hands of the Texas Rangers had altered the age-old battle technique of the Comanches a quarter-century before on the plains of the Southwest, so the Henry was largely responsible for a drastic change in the overall fighting tactics of the Sioux. The convincer, following hard upon the deadly performance of the Remington breech-loaders carried by Nelson Story's cowboys less than two months before, came in the so-called Fetterman Massacre on December 21, 1866, at Fort Phil Kearney.

In that fight, two civilians carrying Henrys were killed by the Sioux along with Captain Fetterman, seventy-six soldiers, Captain Brown and Lieutenant Grummond. The civilians, James Wheatley and Isaac Fisher, were found ringed with empty cartridges; their rifles, of course, lost to the Sioux. No accurate estimate of the number of hostiles killed in this fight could be made, since the Indians carried off all their casualties. However, it is significant that the Sioux required only one more sharp lesson to abandon their favorite tactic of drawing the white man's fire and then charging and cutting him down before he could reload his gun.

THE WAGON BOX FIGHT the following August finally proved to the Indians that their fighting methods were obsolete. In the latter scrap, the thirty-one men of Captain James Powell, Company C, 28th Infantry, fought off 500 braves under Chief Red Cloud.

F. H. Sinclair, in his article published in the July, 1956, issue of *Montana*, states that Powell's men were heavily armed, "in some cases with two or three Springfields to a man." (These were the new .50-70 Springfields recently issued to Western troops.) "Every man," continued Sinclair, "also was furnished two or more Colt revolvers. Most civilians in the party carried Spencer (7-shot) carbines, although one or two had Henry repeating rifles."

Holed up in wagon boxes lined with sacks of feed, the foot soldiers gave a splendid account of themselves against wave after wave of charging warriors. Two whites were killed and two severely wounded before Red Cloud gave up the attack. Discounting Colonel R. I. Dodge's absurd statement that 1,137 Indians were killed or wounded in this battle, there is small doubt that this engagement discouraged Red Cloud from ever again making serious war upon the white men. He took no part in later battles with the invaders and quickly became known to the war-like braves of Crazy Horse and Sitting Bull as a "white man's chief."

As more and more Henrys appeared in the West, frontier lawmen were quick to avail themselves of the advantage provided by the 16-shot repeating rifle over the six-shooter carried by the average outlaw. The Henry was given a big publicity boost when Steve Venard, a sharpshooting former town marshal from Nevada, trailed three bandits who had robbed a California Wells Fargo stage, and killed them all with four shots before they could draw their revolvers.

Wells Fargo officials, delightedly presented the intrepid man-hunter with a cash reward and a new and suitably inscribed Henry. The express company also made public announcement that a similarly inscribed rifle would be presented to any man who killed a Wells Fargo stage robber. The story made newspaper headlines and bandit depredations on Wells Fargo stages declined sharply thereafter.

Henry sales boomed still more when the Governor of California commissioned Venard a Lieutenant-Colonel. In his acceptance speech, Steve modestly credited his feat to the use of "the finest weapon in the world, the Henry repeating rifle."

ACTUALLY, the rifle simply wasn't that good. The fragile firing-pin was prone to break after moderate use, and the thin-walled tubular magazine dented easily, causing cartridges to jam. Oliver Winchester, who had changed the name of his company from New Haven Arms to the Henry Company, announced that the firm would undergo further reorganization under the title of the Winchester Repeating Arms Company and that a much improved rifle would be issued bearing the Winchester name. This was the Model 1866, more commonly known as Model '66.

This first Winchester was .44 caliber rimfire as was the Henry, but the powder load was increased from 25 to 28 grains and the bullet weight reduced from 216 grains to 200 grains, assuring slightly more velocity and punch. The new rifle was fitted with an improved cartridge extractor and a revised magazine. Cartridges were inserted directly into the front portion of the Henry magazine, whereas the Model '66 Winchester had a spring cover on the side of the receiver. Cartridges were loaded quickly and handily by depressing this cover.

The firing pin of the new arm was also improved, featuring a double-prong, striking opposite sides of the cartridge rim and thereby reducing misfires. Model '66 was manufactured in rifles and carbines, with the rifle having a capacity of 17 cartridges and the carbine 13.

Winchester's famous Model '73 superseded the '66, although the latter continued to be made in limited quantities through 1891. The great advantage of the Model '73 was the fact that it fired the .44-40 Winchester center-fire cartridge, a .44 caliber bullet with a 40-grain powder charge, as compared to the anemic 28-grain charge used in the Model '66. *(Continued on page 56)*

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It distresses the soul to see good cards wasted on a poor player. That's why Fate liked to deal to—

LUCKY BALDWIN

By E. C. BARNEY

Illustrated by Al Martin Napoletano

Editor's Note: This is the story of a fabulous incident in the almost unbelievable career of "Lucky" Baldwin—California empire builder, race horse breeder, gambler and plunger. It is a story of unsurpassed daring and cool courage—a story of a bygone era when men risked their lives and fortunes on a single card.

IN MARCH, 1909, I was on a Southern-Pacific passenger train, side-tracked at San Luis Obispo on the San Francisco-Los Angeles run.

"What's this," a passenger inquired, "side-tracking a limited?"

"Funeral special," a brakeman said. "Heard of Lucky Baldwin, haven't you? Died down south. Taking him back to San Francisco for burial."

Thus in death at eighty-one—as in life—Lucky Baldwin continued to change the ordinary into the sensational, and today whenever the fabulous Comstock mines of Virginia City, Nevada, or the Golden Era of San Francisco are recalled, Lucky's name is always mentioned.

In his early twenties, Elias Jackson Baldwin, son of a farmer-preacher of Hamilton, Ohio, joined up with an adventurous outfit and headed west. As one newspaper stated: "After a desperate trek across the plains and mountains, Baldwin arrived at Placerville, California, old 'Hangtown' in 1853, actually barefoot."

This was a good start for a man of Baldwin's nerve. It made him hustle. When the bonanza strikes of gold and silver in the Washoe Mountains hit the headlines in 1859, Baldwin moved on to Virginia City.

He was a born trader, active in every available enterprise—mining, real estate, trade or horse racing. He made millions from those who worked the Comstock. No one figured faster than he, glimpsing every conceivable angle of a deal.

Robust, bearded, wearing a wide black hat and long black coat, affable and wary, Baldwin didn't have the appearance of someone who could be hit for a loan. He was kind and generous with advice, but guarded his cash like a miser, seldom having any in his pockets. Some dubbed him "IOU Baldwin."

SAN FRANCISCO in those days was known as "The City," being a world port and outlet for the mining and lumber interests. It was natural after winning a fortune in the Mother Lode, the Comstock, or the mills and supply trains, to head back to The City.

With the arrival of Hearst, Flood, Fair, Mackay, O'Brien, Sharon, Baldwin and others, wealth poured into the port. Office buildings and stores were slapped up along Market Street—saloons, hotels and rooming houses were everywhere.

To the boom Baldwin contributed his famous hotel and theater on the corner of Market and Powell, "the finest west of New York."

He was often seen in Market Street saloons shaking dice for the drinks, anxious for a side bet of any amount his companion could produce, winning the name "Lucky" because of his astounding flair for knowing men and their ways, and cashing in on this knowledge.

"At the card table," Baldwin confessed in later life, "I study my opponents while they study their cards. Cards are not always important. I've made many deals to my advantage with men I've learned to know at the poker table. Fear, courage, honesty, deceit—all signal their presence in a player."

With this insight Baldwin grubstaked a prospector who was going into Bear Valley in the San Bernardino Mountains, northeast of Los Angeles. This was in 1875 and there were no railroads, only immigrant wagons and broken-down stages.

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After a few weeks, Baldwin decided to follow up his prospector. He took a boat down the coast to what is now Santa Monica, bought a team and buggy, and urged his horses over primitive trails to the village of Los Angeles.

Driving from there to Bear Valley through the San Gabriel Valley, he coaxed information from land-holders and merchants, sifting the facts through an alert brain.

He stepped from the buggy and trickled a handful of the soil through his fingers. "By Gad, this is paradise. This land will raise anything!" and thus he decided to enter "the Southern field."

In Bear Valley, Baldwin found his prospector about to pull stakes. "Wait awhile," Baldwin advised, surveying the land. Later he bought up 10,000 acres in Bear Valley, also several thousand acres of woodland and meadow in the foothills of the Sierra Madre. This property, with its ornate buildings, winding, flower-fringed drives and stately trees, was the Rancho Santa Anita, then owned by H. Newmark and Company, wholesale grocers of Los Angeles.

It became the home base of operations while Baldwin continued to buy up land in every direction, tracts where Monrovia, Sierra Madre, Arcadia and surrounding cities and villages stand today.

South and southwest of Los Angeles he bought 50,000 acres, creating the La Cienega Rancho. In the Los Angeles area, the name Baldwin is everywhere—Baldwin Hills, Baldwin Lake, Baldwin Park, Baldwin this and Baldwin that.

The Santa Anita race track at Arcadia is a part of the original Rancho and was opened in December, 1907. When the races on the first day were over, Baldwin exclaimed, "This is my monument. I am satisfied." Fifteen months later he was dead.

His surviving daughters, Mrs. Clara Baldwin Stocker and Mrs. Anita Baldwin McClaughry, gave away millions of the "Lucky fortune." Endowment of the Clara Baldwin Stocker Home for Women, generous gifts to the Orthopaedic Hospital in Los Angeles and the University of California's Agricultural Department are known. Many others were never publicized.

Baldwin's intense drive and photographic memory were never more evident than at the race track and the gambling table.

The most memorable game of draw poker in which he was involved, as reported to the press by himself in every detail, was played at the old Palace Hotel in San Francisco, owned at that time by Senator William Sharon, also a Comstock multi-millionaire.

A half dozen men gathered in the private card room of the Palace, a pretentious, ornate room of hand-carved furniture, gold and silver mirrors and oil paintings, carpeted in Persian grandeur. It was just the usual session of men who had played together before.

Besides Sharon and Baldwin, there were two miners known as Smith and Brown, an Arizona cattleman of great wealth, known as Scotty, and a San Francisco lawyer who was trying to break the jinx of scarcely ever holding a good hand, here known as Mac.

Although vastly wealthy, Sharon was known in poker language as a "hard loser." Baldwin, on the other hand, could smile easily when he lost small fortunes, and his smile was no more pronounced when he raked in his winnings.

At the table Sharon sat at the head, Baldwin to his right and Mac to his left. Next to Mac sat Scott, then Smith and Brown. Each player bought in to the amount of $10,000, the white chips being $100, the blues $500 and the reds $1,000. The ante was a white chip, and every pot was a jackpot in accordance with a rule adopted by the players.

When the big pot finally arrived, Mac had less than $1,000 in his stack. Smith and Brown were a few thousand ahead, while the rest were about even.

Senator Sharon had no poker face. It was very expressive with little control, and everyone knew that upon getting a poor hand, he was extremely jovial. When facing aces up, however, or three of a kind, he became cold and unconcerned.

Baldwin, of course, knew well this weakness of Sharon's, and never failed to take full advantage of it.

Mac was dealing. Baldwin picked up three bright kings. He glanced at Sharon and smiled, realizing that the Senator was well-heeled, too, for he became frigid.

"Pick up something, Senator?" inquired Baldwin, telescoping his cards indifferently.

With an impatient toss of his collar-length hair, blond and curly, Sharon growled, "Can't see much in these!"

By a rare coincidence every player seemed to be going into the pot. Smith and Brown were eager for someone to start the play. It was Scott's edge. He opened the pot with a white chip—$100.

"Okay," chirped Smith, tossing in three whites. "Two hundred better."

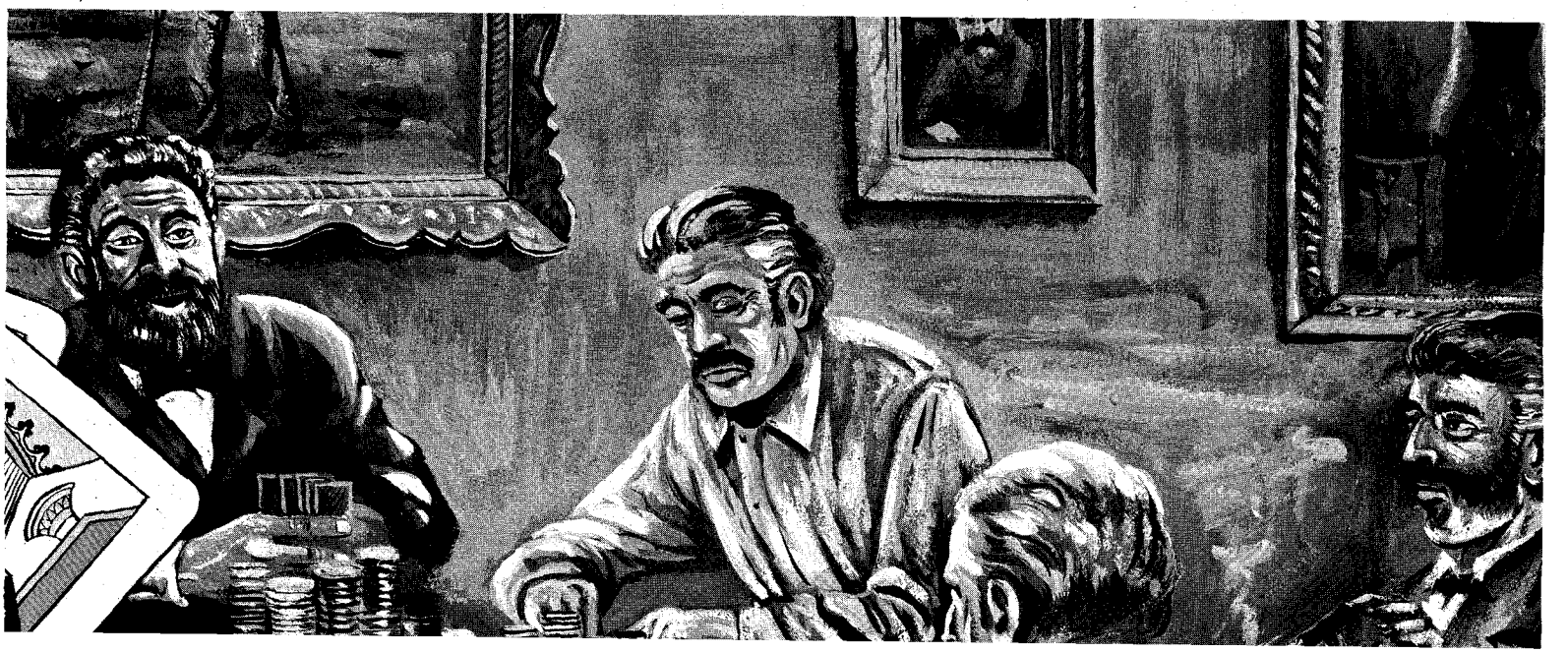
Brown eagerly shoved in the required amount. "See it," he said.

Baldwin ran his tongue along his mustache, regarding each player in turn. "Well, let's see," he said, "looks to a casual observer as if there's going to be something doing, eh, Senator?" He tossed in a red and blue chip, took back two whites, raising the pot $1,000.

At this point the pot contained $2,300, and it was Sharon's turn to see Baldwin's raise or pass.

He surveyed his cards again as if in doubt of their worth. "Well," he

(Continued on page 55)



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Some People I Knew At The Crossroads

Tom Buffington, Mayor of Vinita at the time our story took place.

MOST western towns followed a general pattern: frame wooden buildings with porches of varying levels, and overhanging roofs to protect shoppers from the hot sun of summer, or rain, snow and sleet in winter. Wagons, buggies, and surreys lined streets that were alternately muddy or dusty.

Our town, Vinita, in Indian Territory, followed the same mold except for saloons which were outlawed in the Territory, but, like people the world over, we felt we were different and a little better. Our streets were wider, our buildings and homes a bit more substantial, our skies a little bluer than any other.

Then, too, we were the crossroads of the nation, and had been since the days of the early pioneers. Along our main street, people from Chicago, St. Louis, or New York passed on their way to California; people from Florida or Washington State traversed it.

We knew we were the center of the nation long before surveyors determined that honor belonged to a little town in mid-Kansas. Their findings did not change our opinion. It had been confirmed for us when the Katy and Frisco railroads established their intersection in 1872, seven years after the Civil War. Even before that, we knew it because every pioneer on his way west to the Pacific or south to Texas had passed through our town.

Our opinion was further strengthened when the first great continental highways intersected at our principal corner. Highways 66, 60, 73 and others—many, many years later—all meandered along our main street, one of the first paved streets in Indian Territory.

We also had the bravest men in the nation. Our sheriff would not be faced down by any man, and he didn't carry a gun. Twice I remember seeing him in action, minus guns.

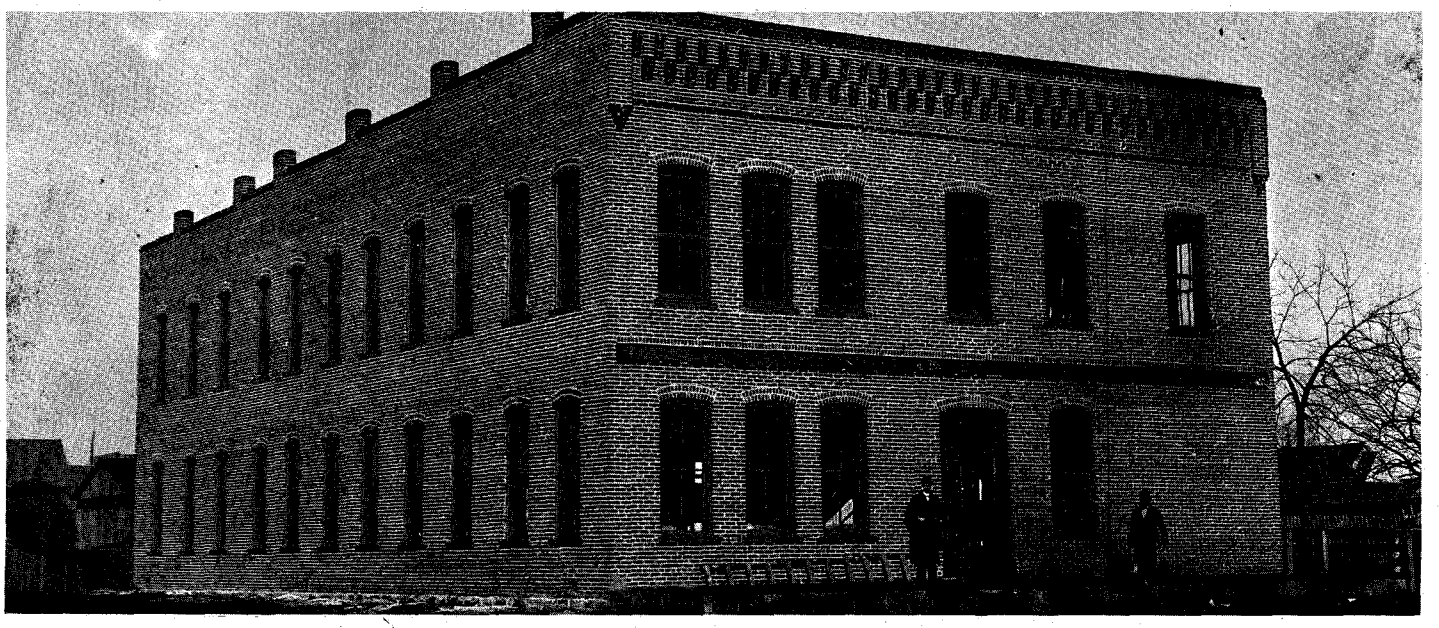
MY FATHER operated a restaurant in Vinita for over thirty years, and my sister and I early learned the trade. Before I was tall enough to wait on a customer, I sat on a high stool at the front and collected for meals—thirty-five cents for one meal, seventy cents for two.

You could get anything you wanted in our restaurant any day of the week, provided it was either "Roast Beef, Roast Pork, or Stewed Beef," for dinner; "Steak, Pork Chops, or Sausage" for breakfast and supper. Later, we added ham and eggs, and bacon and eggs, but that was during World War I when people were becoming more fastidious in their eating habits.

One day I was seated on my stool at the cash drawer (cigar boxes in which various coins were kept), when two men entered wearing six-shooters. The West was taming down then, and a man carrying a six-shooter had to be either an officer or an outlaw. There was nothing furtive about the two. They had tied their horses to the railing, and, after glancing up and down the street, entered nonchalantly, perfectly at ease.

They seated themselves about halfway down the thirty-foot counter among other noon customers, and ordered their

The first courthouse in Indian territory, built in Vinita during the late 1890s or early 1900s.



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This is the old Saddle Rock Cafe, owned by the author's father who is behind the counter at left. Note the water basin and pitcher at the left rear on the stand. This photo was taken around the 1900s; gas lamps had been put in about five years before. Will Rogers used to eat here.

We had the best-looking town, the bravest sheriff, and the dangdest bunch of practical jokers west of the Mississippi!

By JOHN W. DeVINE

Photos Courtesy the Author

meals. A few minutes later, Sam Ridenhour, our sheriff, entered. Sam was a small man, compared to the average man of today. He was about five-seven, with grey eyes and light hair. He wore an ordinary hat, never the cowboy style so popular at that time.

Inside the door, he paused, winked at me, and looked down the counter searchingly. The sheriff walked down the counter until he was directly behind the two men, then turned so he was between them. In a very low voice he said, "When you two finish, I want to talk to you."

The man on Sam's right slid his right hand off the counter, but Sam caught his arm. "Don't reach for that gun," he said. "I don't want any shooting in here."

Sam removed the guns from the men's holsters and stuck them in his belt. As they started to get up, he shook his head. "Finish your dinner. I'll wait up front."

A few minutes later, the two came to the front and started to walk on out. "Pay the boy," Sam commanded, pointing toward me. The men handed over their seventy cents and the trio left.

A couple of hours later, the sheriff returned to the cafe for his dinner. "Why did you arrest those two men at noon?" my father asked.

"Oh," Sam answered, "They held up the bank at Chelsea this morning and killed the cashier and a customer."

Years later, interviewing Sam on the story of his life, I recalled the incident. "Why didn't you carry a gun?" I asked. "I never saw you wear one in my life."

"I did for a few years," Sam said, his eyes squinting as he remembered his early years as an officer. "I was a U.S. marshal in the territory then, and, like many officers, I carried two guns, one on each side."

He grinned, "I was pretty handy with 'em, too," he said. His grin vanished. "A little too handy, probably. That's why I threw them away."

"Threw them away?"

"Yes. I went to a Negro's house to arrest him. He had stolen a dozen chickens the night before. As I walked up in front, he ran out the back way to the barn. I followed, slipped through the barn door with a gun in each hand. No one was in sight. Then I heard a noise in the hay-mow. I thought the Negro had hidden in there and was maneuvering into position to shoot me. I emptied both guns into that mow, blasting the boards.

"There was no movement, and I went over and looked down. He was dead, full of holes from my guns. I pulled him out, and he didn't even have a pocket knife, let alone a gun on him. I walked to the barn door and threw both of my guns as far as I could. I never used one after that."

ON ANOTHER occasion, I saw Sam stand off a mob who had gathered to lynch a Negro accused of rape. Sam stood on the courthouse steps, his prisoner behind the door, and dared the crowd to start anything. He then invited them to pick out three men to search the jail, telling them the Negro was not inside.

While they climbed three flights of stairs to the county jail, Sam spirited the man out the back door into a waiting taxi and sent him over to a neighboring county seat for safety.

He did not use a gun. His quiet voice, his steely gray eyes, his determination sufficed to cow the mob.

When I said that Sam was a small man compared with the average man of today, I meant that all men were smaller before World War I when the Old West was dying. The average soldier in World War I was five-feet eight-inches tall.

The big officers or the big outlaws of yesteryear are for the most part fictitious. People did not have the food then to make them large; enormous meals were for special occasions. On the trail, beef jerky, a pot of coffee, and

(Continued on page 68)

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By MIKE CLIFFORD

Photos Courtesy the Author

Jennie Ellis, photographed at different stages of her career.

They Still Remember Jennie!

She could drive a team like a man—walk like a lady, and cuss like a mad cowpoke!

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JENNIE ELLIS popped a bullwhip with the same casual defiance with which she broke the rules of social conduct. Her raw courage, and her refusal to be domesticated by a West turned civilized, caused women to avoid her, and men to remember her with respect rather than affection. Jennie blazed a trail in her quest for complete freedom, and lived by her own strange code.

Jennie Wall was born in the 1870s. When she was very young, her family moved to new farm land near Red Cloud, Nebraska. Jennie grew up astride her horse, and swung head-down from a limb of an apple tree. She ignored her parents' efforts to curb a tomboyish spirit. They sent her to a convent school, hoping she would become a lady in the rigid environment.

Jennie chafed at the strict discipline, at the injustice of "being locked up." One night she opened a window, breathed deep of free air, and dropped over the sill. Landing on her feet two stories below, Jennie embarked on her first runaway.

She worked at odd jobs in and around Riverton, Nebraska, until she met George Ellis. Jennie wasn't quite fifteen years of age when she agreed to marry him. She found herself responsible for the welfare of three small children, chained between a cook stove and a washboard. That wasn't what she wanted of life. "I couldn't be a slave to anything or anybody," she stated. Jennie ran away again.

Burlington was grading and laying track from the Nebraska line across Wyoming, with Billings, Montana, as the eventual destination. The discovery of coal in Cambria Canyon in 1888 hastened the building of the railroad into Wyoming Territory. Jennie recognized the promise of a steady job flavored with adventure. She hoofed up the line to the construction camp and applied for work.

"Yeah!" The foreman tilted his hat back and peered at Jennie's small wistful face. "Talk to the cook, I think he can use a hand."

"Hunh-uh!" She shook her head. "I hate kitchens and woman's work. I want a man's job."

"Well, now! There's a team, ma'am. We're hauling ties up the line. You just go right to it," he offered with an amused chuckle.

IF HE hired Jennie as a joke, it backfired. The oxen were yoked and swung into line with the skill of a veteran.

She filed into the cook tent with the men and took her place at the board. It is doubtful the remarks of the crew were even heard, so intent was she on her first meal in three days. After the evening meal, she hefted her bedroll and headed for the sleeping tent.

"Hey, Lady! You can't sleep in here with the men," the foreman protested.

She unrolled her bed in an unoccupied space, and turned to the gaping crew. "Go on about your business. I'm here to stay. I ain't asking no quarter, and I ain't giving any," she informed them in a calm voice.

Jennie's fragile appearance was misleading. She was up before dawn in the chill November morning, caring for the oxen assigned her. She was among the first to begin the day's work, popping her bullwhip with dexterity. The profanity of a muleskinner rolled off her tongue in strangely dispassionate tones.

The foreman, who anticipated trouble with a woman on a construction job, didn't have the heart to fire her before she earned the money she apparently needed. By the time pay-day arrived, Jennie was an accepted crew member, and he had concluded that Burlington couldn't progress without her.

On pay-day, the men proceeded to get roaring drunk, and as one of them, Jennie was invited to toss down a few shots of whiskey. She liked the raw fire on her tongue and the sound of shuffled cards. After a few hands the lady construction worker could hold her own in a poker game.

Jennie met any attempt to share her bed with a well-placed knee lift and a stiff sock in the jaw. "I told you to treat me like a man," she reminded anybody who happened to forget.

THE GRADE crawled slowly through the long cold winter, with frozen earth hindering the cutting edge of the slip, horses and mules floundering and falling on the icy surface. Wind shrieked across the barren flats, biting through the sheepskin coats; precious whiskey was rubbed on frost bites, and men cursed at the waste. Many fell ill from the constant exposure but Jennie kept going. By night, she assumed the responsibility of nursing the fevered patients.

Spring brought another obstacle to the path of the railroad. The frost went out and continuous rain turned the earth to a bottomless mass of slippery mud. Loaded wagons, sunk to the axles in red clay, had to be scraped clean by hand. Hauling was slow; tempers were short; but the Burlington snaked its way across Wyoming.

When Jennie came back down the line, Newcastle was a cattle shipping point, and Cambria was producing coal by the train load. She invested in a team and wagon and spent several years freighting in the vicinity of Newcastle, Wyoming.

Jennie took a homestead, about 1910, midway between Newcastle and Custer, South Dakota. She was past her thirtieth birthday, and made a real effort to plan a home for the time when age would catch up. She cleared the land of timber, plowed fields and a garden space. She built a cabin and a small barn. Jennie had a home, she had roots, she was a permanent resident; but she was discontented with the "tied down" feeling. She missed the excitement and noise of a rowdy crew.

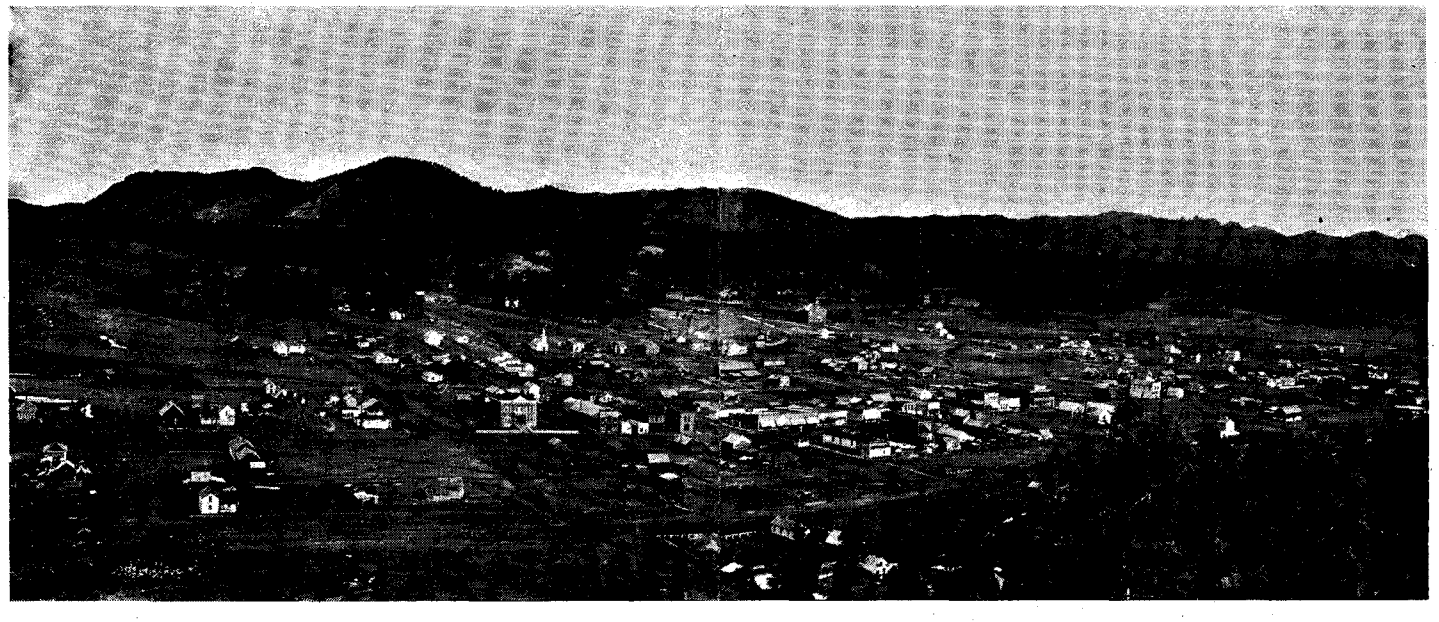
WHEN A drifter appeared in the Custer area, inquired about Jennie, and identified himself as Henry Ellis, he referred to her as "Sis" and was directed to her homestead. Their relationship became a subject of much speculation. If he were actually Jennie's brother, the people concluded he had assumed, for some undisclosed reason, the name "Ellis."

Jennie and Henry went into partnership in a sawmill set up on her land. Jennie was back on the job, driving herself from dawn until well after dark, popping her whip over the backs of a team of horses.

Henry was close-mouthed, ambitious, eccentric—and possessed by a maniacal temper. Once when he was skidding logs on a steep hillside, Jennie heard

(Continued on page 65)

Custer, South Dakota



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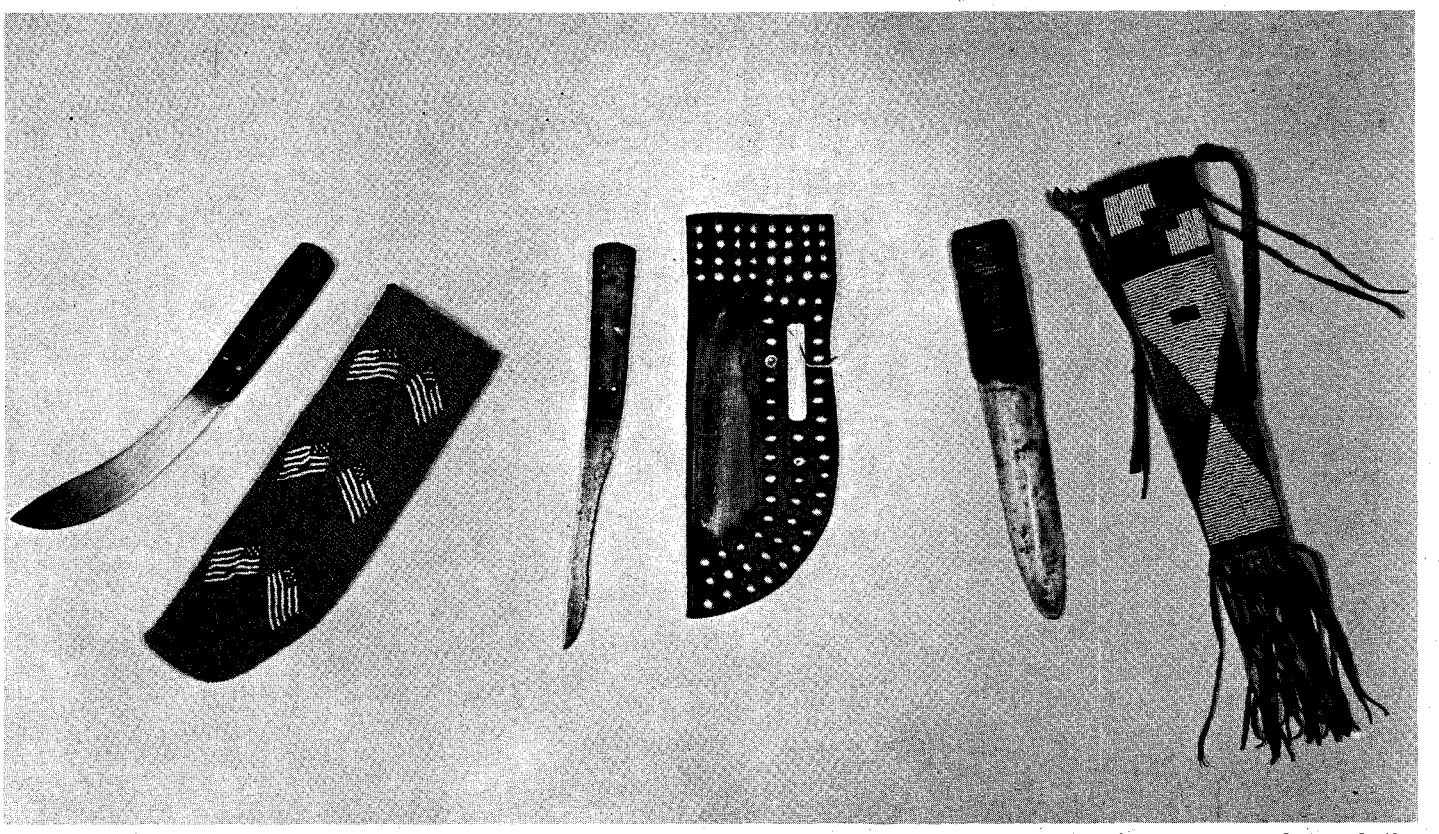

Left: full-beaded scabbard with a Russell Green River skinning knife. Middle: brass-studded leather scabbard with an Indian knife. Brass-studded scabbards are relatively scarce. Right: full-beaded Indian scabbard with a Cheyenne bone knife. The Indians always carried their knives very deep in the scabbards to keep from losing them while running or riding horseback. They usually carried them under a belt or hanging from the neck.

Wild Old Days!

GREEN RIVER KNIFE

By Clay Fielden

The American cutlery industry was founded by John Russell, a native of Deerfield, Massachusetts. He had been a jeweler and silversmith and became attracted to the business by reading of the cutlery shops in Sheffield and Birmingham, England.

In 1832 he began manufacturing chisels in a shop on the Green River near Deerfield. A disastrous fire and flood destroyed his plant a short time later. In 1836 a partnership was formed with a Greenfield, Massachusetts, banker named Henry Clapp. At that time the cutlery market was dominated by English manufacturers.

In order to overcome this competition Russell had to make a fine product and to cut costs. To insure the quality of his knives he imported workers from Sheffield, and to cut costs he developed labor saving machinery. The cutlery trade was revolutionized. The John Russell Company manufactured butcher knives, table knives, carving knives, hunting knives and pocket knives. They were sold all over the country and became so famous in the West that their "Green River" trademark became a symbol of quality and excellence. The company remains in production to the present day.

In the days of the mountain men and the fur trappers, the main tools of their trade were a Hawken rifle, a Green River knife, and a half dozen steel traps. We may as well set the record straight on the legend of the Green River knife. To begin with, no Green River knife was stamped "G. R." They were neither large, heavy, nor fancy in appearance. Practically all the knives carried by the frontiersmen and Indians were light, sturdy and serviceable, for a very practical reason. Everything they owned had to be carried on the person and had to be readily available. They could not be burdened with a long-bladed heavy knife. The Green River knife with its wooden handle and light weight became the favorite of these people as well as the buffalo hunters. It could be quickly and easily sharpened on a whetstone or with a file and, in many cases, buffalo hunters carried small grinding wheels on their wagons.

The most popular of the Green River knives was the one made with a slightly curved six inch blade, one-eighth inch thick, with plain wooden handle fastened with five brass rivets. This knife could be used for skinning and made a formidable weapon. The blade was stamped "J. Russell & Co., Green River Works" with a diamond shape impressed below.

MAJOR GEORGE F. RUXTON, who started the series of mountain men books with his *Life in the Far West*, first printed in *Blackwood's Magazine* in 1848, was the first author to call attention to the Green River knife. He described a free-for-all at a dance in Taos, New Mexico, and carried this reference: "For as may be imagined, a thrust from the keen scalpknife by the nervous arm of a mountaineer was no baby blow, and seldom failed to strike home—up to the Green River on the blade." On the same page Ruxton footnotes this passage, thus: "The knives used by the hunters and trappers are manufactured at the 'Green River' works, and have that name stamped upon the blade. Hence, the mountain term for doing anything effectual is 'up to the Green River.'"

Before the end of the fur trade in the Rocky Mountains, Green River knives were shipped to fur companies such as Pierre Choteau & Co., The American Fur Company and many other outposts and trading establishments. The knives were

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packed in kegs and the wholesale price was $1.50 to $3.50 per dozen, depending on the style and material of the handles. In addition to wood, handles were made of ebony, cocobolo and, sometimes, of ivory and rubber. These knives in turn were sold and traded in the Indian country at 50c to $1.50 each, realizing a neat profit to the trader.

The great demand for Green River knives in the mountains and plains of the West lasted from 1835 to about 1860. Many of the blades were shipped without handles. The Indians either made their own handles or inserted the blades in their war clubs and lances—a dangerous and vicious weapon.

Mr. Russell retired in 1868 and died in 1874. During the following years the company was reorganized several times and is now known as Russell Harrington Cutlery Company, Southbridge, Massachusetts. These latter changes took place about 1933.

THE HASSAYAMP'

By Andy Gregg

FOR YEARS miners had panned a bare living along the banks of the Hassayampa, western Arizona's famed "River of Liars."

The nickname comes from various legends credited to miners, cowboys, or Indians. These legends say that anyone who drinks above the trail will always tell the truth. One who drinks the river's water below the trail will never again be truthful. An Arizona liar is known as a "Hassayamp'."

The river's reputation caused its own death as a mining center.

While gold and silver were abundant enough, the river rarely gave the miners enough water to wash their ore. Except for small flash floods that rushed by too fast to use, there was hardly enough water to wash their socks.

Colonel Alex Brodie, later a territorial governor and Rough Rider, got the idea of building a dam to impound the mountain runoffs. Construction was started at Walnut Grove in 1880. When it was finished, enough water was collected and slowly released to allow the miners downstream to work all year.

For almost ten years there was prosperity in the camps, although most miners still didn't bother to wash their socks.

Few of them paid any attention to the unusually heavy rains in the winter of 1889, except to prophesy more water in the saloons' whiskey barrels.

Toward the end of February, 1890, the dam was literally filled to the bursting point. A construction crew was working on its shaky face on Friday, February 21, when there was still another downpour. Realizing the dam couldn't hold long, they sent a man to ride downstream and warn the miners.

THEY PICKED the wrong man. His name has been lost to history, but he rode, dutifully shouting, "The dam is busting!" until he stopped at the first saloon to wet his whistle and spread the news.

The customers evidently figured him for a Hassayamp', and couldn't be convinced. He never left the saloon.

The convincer was a wall of water eighty feet high, filling the canyon. It was studded with trees, boulders, and soddenly flapping canvas tents.

At one o'clock on Saturday morning the dam had cracked, then burst. The reservoir, a mile and a half square and sixty feet deep, emptied in an hour. The flood traveled a mile a minute, sweeping everything with it. Camps, hotels, brothels—everything went, including the saloon and the wayward Paul Revere. A steel safe containing $5,000 in gold dust swirled away and has never been found.

For miles along the floor and walls of the canyon the water left nothing but bare bedrock. A service dam fifteen miles below Walnut Grove Dam disappeared in one vast roar. This dam was 240 feet long and stood 60 feet above bedrock.

When it was over, an estimated eighty lives had been lost and the days of the Hassayampa River as a mining center were over.

WHISKEY MINE

By Stanley Zamonski

BACK IN 1919, just prior to the beginning of Prohibition, Spencer Penrose, the Cripple Creek, Colorado, gold king, bought a train-load of bonded liquor valued at a million dollars. A few months later when the anti-liquor law went into effect, the scarcity of the stuff not only sent prices sky-rocketing, but made the bootleggers eager for a new source.

It wasn't long before they got wind that Penrose's "liquid gold" had been stocked away in one of his mines. Which one, nobody had any idea, but it was there just the same. And that was when the fun began, because overnight there was a stampede of whiskey pros-

(Continued on page 72)

Affidavit in Indian Depredation Claims.

Prepared by CHARLES & WILLIAM B. KING, No. 916, F. Street, Washington, D.C.

The affidavit below must be full and circumstantial. It should be in the language of the witness as far as possible. The marginal notes should not be referred to in the body of the affidavit, which should be in narrative form. Read all notes and instructions carefully.

In the claim of *Heirs of James Wells*, for Indian depredations, personally
Claimant's name.
came before me, a_____ in and for the aforesaid County and
_____, *Aaron Wells*, of *Fort Yates*,
State or Territory. Name of affiant. Give first name in full. Insert affiant's post office address.
County of_____, State of *Dakota*, who being
first duly sworn, declares in relation to the aforesaid claim, as follows:

On or about the *19th* day of *August*, 18*64*, property
belonging to the said claimant was *taken* by Indians of the
Taken or destroyed.
Sioux tribe at or near *Floyd River*, in
Name of tribe.
_____ County, in the *State* of *Iowa*,
Name of County. State or Territory Name of State or Territory.
under the following circumstances:

My father, James Wells, started in the summer of 1864 from Faribault, Rice Co., Minn. for the Floyd River, where he intended to start a cattle ranch. I, Aaron Wells, went with my father on this trip. We traveled through Warsaw, Rice Co., Minn. through Winnabago City, Faribault Co., Minn., through Jackson, Jackson Co., Minn., through Fairmount, Martin Co., Minn. through Spirit Lake, Dickensen Co., Iowa, & from there to Floyd River. My father took this route in order to avoid hostile Indians, & every precaution was taken by him & his guide to keep out of their way, they being, as he then supposed, several hundred miles north of said route.

We encamped on Floyd River, August 18th, 1864, & next morning before the time we intended to leave, a war party of about thirty (30) Sioux Indians, formerly of Yellow Medicine Agency, Minn. fired upon the camp, & killed my father, James Wells, & wounded the wife of George Columbus, my father's guide, a half-breed, who had been a long time in the employ of my father. The remainder of our party escaped by flight.

These Indians took from us the property of my father, James Wells, & converted it to their own use or destroyed it. In confirmation of my affidavit I refer to the report of Clark W. Thompson, Superintendent of Indian affairs, 1884, pages 397 & 398. I, Aaron Wells, know that my father carried with him on this trip one year's supply of provisions, & that he had with him sixteen hundred dollars ($1,600) in cash, for the purpose of buying furs from white trappers from the Missouri Valley. I state that neither I nor any of the heirs of James Wells deceased have ever committed any act of revenge for said murder, nor have I or any of us ever received any compensation from any source for the loss of said property.

Instructions.

Here add a full and circumstantial statement in narrative form according to the notes below. (Do not refer to the notes in the body of the affidavit.)

1. State in what capacity you were present at this time.
2. State fully all the circumstances under which the depredation was committed, giving the number of Indians, the manner in which and time when the attack was made or the theft committed, and all the circumstances in full. (This statement must be circumstantial and complete. If there is not room on the affidavit, attach other sheets of paper.)
3. State what precautions had been taken to prevent the depredation, and what guard or protection there was for the property.

—Original affidavit furnished Western Publications by John W. Douglas, Kansas City, Missouri.

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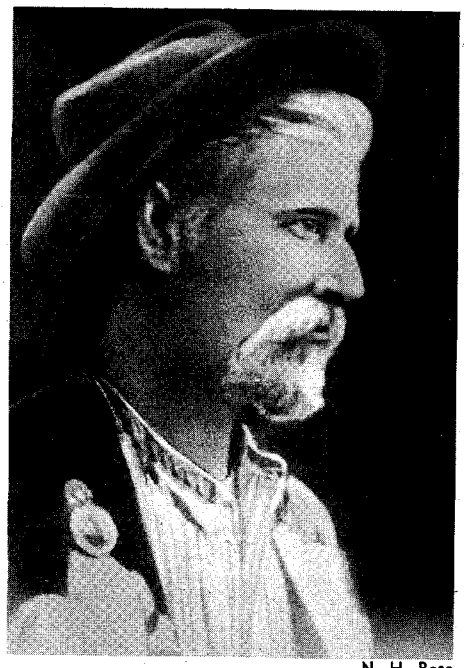


N. H. Rose

Tom Middleton, alias "Doc"

The Colorful Horse Thief

Doc lived a long time. He was too handsome to despise, too shallow to admire, too "sorry" to kill

By EMILY H. LEWIS

Illustrated by B. D. Titsworth

"DOC MIDDLETON was our first visitor when we set up a new homestead on the Niobrara River. It was April, 1879 and I was just three years old," states the Reverend Thomas J. Peacock of Plainview, Nebraska.

"My father was busy repairing his wagon and Middleton had ridden up so easy no one knew he was on the place.

"'Howdy. Got a chaw of tobacco?'

"Pa looked up to see a stranger sitting quietly on a rangy black horse. His handle-bar mustache and better than average clothes gave him the appearance of a well-to-do rancher.

"'Well, friend,' my father said, as he reached into an inside pocket of his vest and pulled out a worn leather tobacco pouch, 'I don't chew but I smoke. You're sure welcome to some of that if it will do any good.'

"'Anything to make the spit come—a man's mouth gets pretty dry.'

"That was our introduction to Doc Middleton," Peacock told me, "but he often stopped by our place after that."

No one seems to be too sure where the man came from, but he kept the good citizens of half of South Dakota and most of Nebraska sleeping with their horses for upward of a quarter of a century.

Says Henry Cottier of Martin, South Dakota, "People weren't afraid of Doc doing personal harm to them but they were certainly afraid of what he would do to their horses. My cousin had a team of beautiful bay mares. He never went to bed, winter or summer, until he had tied those mares to the doorknob of his bedroom door."

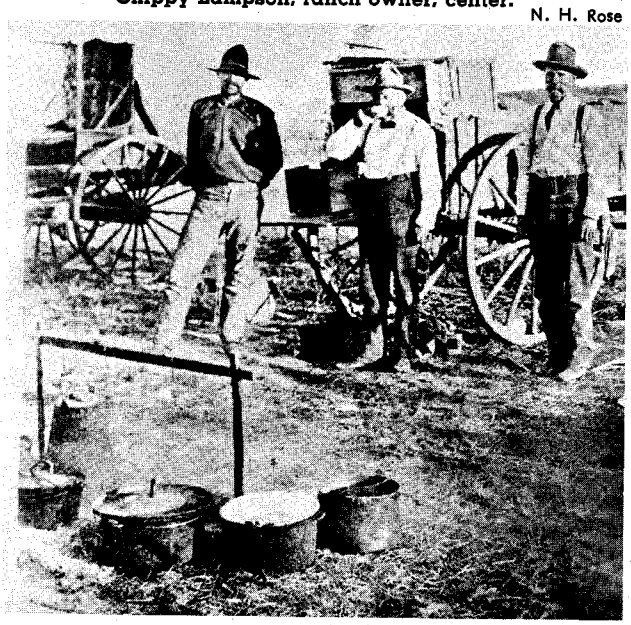
Elmer Smith, also of Martin, admits, "I wasn't looking at President Teddy Roosevelt when our picture was took. I was looking at old Doc. I dunno why—maybe because I was afraid he would swipe the horse I was riding.

"Ole Doc," Elmer continued gleefully, "was the worst horse thief in the country. One time when Doc was in his prime, an emigrant family came through driving an extra fine span of mules. Ole Doc, he seen them mules and I bet his mouth watered because one night when that emigrant family was camped way out on the prairie, darned if them mules didn't come up missing. There that family was, stranded way out in the middle of nowhere, and they just had to set there.

"Doc, he took the mules away off and sold them for $400.00. One day he come by there again and there set that poor emigrant family. The man offered $50.00 apiece for them mules if Doc would hunt them up for him. Whether Doc felt sorry for the family or whether he just wanted to make some more money off them mules—anyway he went and stole them back and took them to their rightful owner."

Doc, right; a Nebraska roundup cook, left; Chippy Lampson, ranch owner, center.

N. H. Rose



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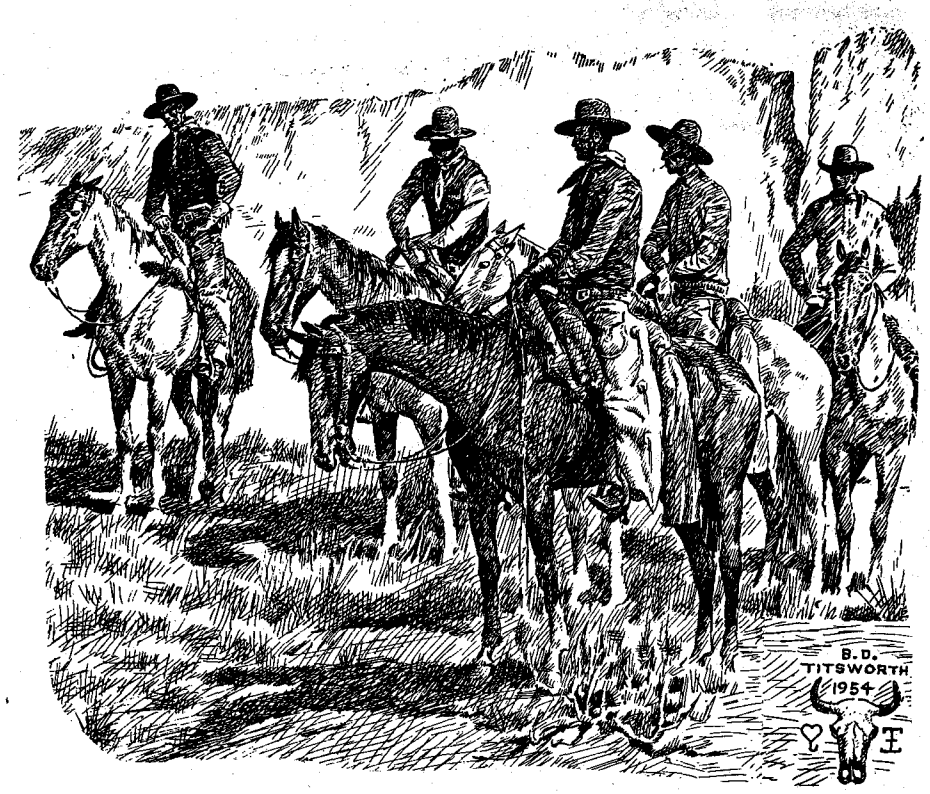
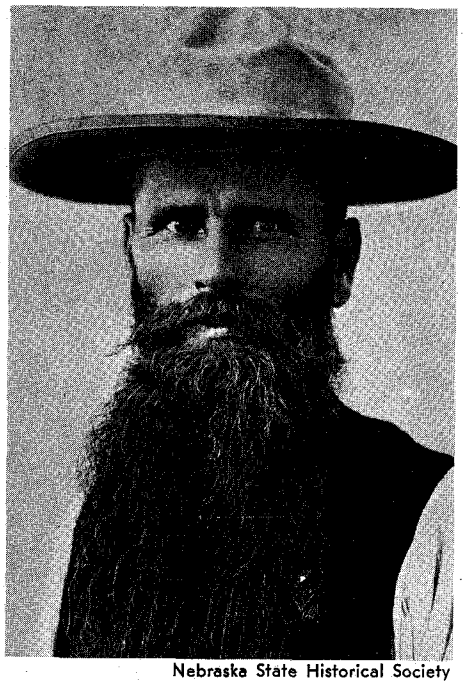




Nebraska State Historical Society
Doc served one prison term.

"There was lots of trouble with horse thieves about that time (the early 1880s)," says Grant Crieger, near-centenarian and also of Martin. "They would steal from the settlers and emigrants and leave the poor people out on the prairie helpless. The stolen horses were corralled in Cedar Canyon which was on our ranch on the Niobrara. At last I got tired of those monkeyshines and one day our foreman, Fred Yonkers, and I rode down there.

"Doc had another man staying with him who was supposed to be Kid Wade. Doc was a big coward and you didn't need to fear him as long as you were facing him, but I wasn't so sure about the Kid. We rode down there and they were both there, all right. I told Doc right out that I couldn't stand any longer for him to use my ranch for a hideout for stolen stock and he would have to get out. He got.

"Middleton's eyes were wild and he couldn't look you in the eye. He was jumpy and he could never sit still. Doc kept himself in pretty good shape while he was in Gordon but after he left there, he let his whiskers grow and he got to be an awful tacky-looking fellow. I've bought whiskey from him lots of times and knew him well."

CONTRARY TO Mr. Crieger's opinion, the Reverend Peacock considered Doc a good-looking fellow and not a bad man. "He stole horses, that is true, but he would *give* the pioneers a horse if they needed one.

"One night about one o'clock in the morning, shortly after we had moved onto our homestead, there came a rap on the tent post.

"My mother said, 'Hello, who is it?'

"The answer came, 'Could we have a bite of supper? We have been riding all day with nothing to eat.'

"'Yes, sir, and for how many?' Mother asked.

"'Supper for twelve but only six to eat it!'

"So they staked their horses out on the grass and when supper was ready, she called them in. Besides me there was a brother, fourteen, and a sister, twelve, who were at home. Father and an older brother were away freighting.

"My mother gathered the beds from off the dirt floor and stacked them up in the corner of the tent and laid me on top but my eyes were open to see what was going on.

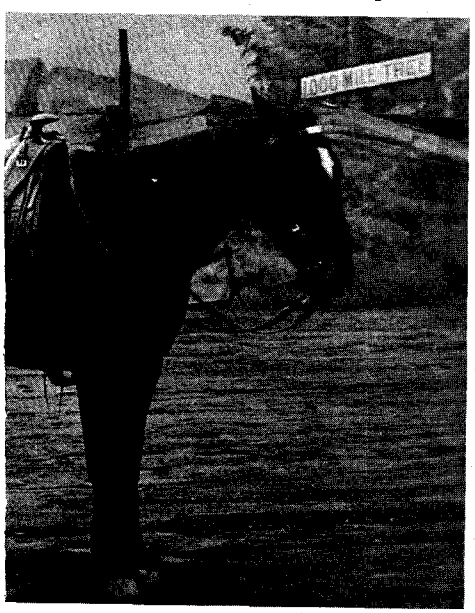
"When they had finished their supper they rose up and the head man said, 'What is our bill, Lady?'

"Mother told him, 'Not anything. You are welcome to what I gave you.'

"'Lady, you can't live out here and feed people for nothing. That was a fine supper and worth this to me.' He laid down a silver dollar.

(Continued on page 69)

Doc Middleton ready to take part in Chadron—Chicago Cowboy Race.



Left to right, Doc Middleton, John N. Braner and Tom Moody.

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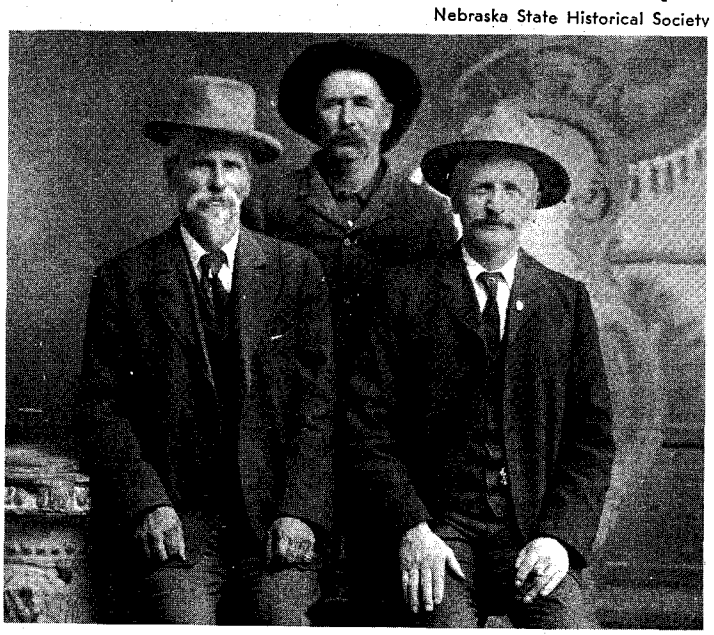

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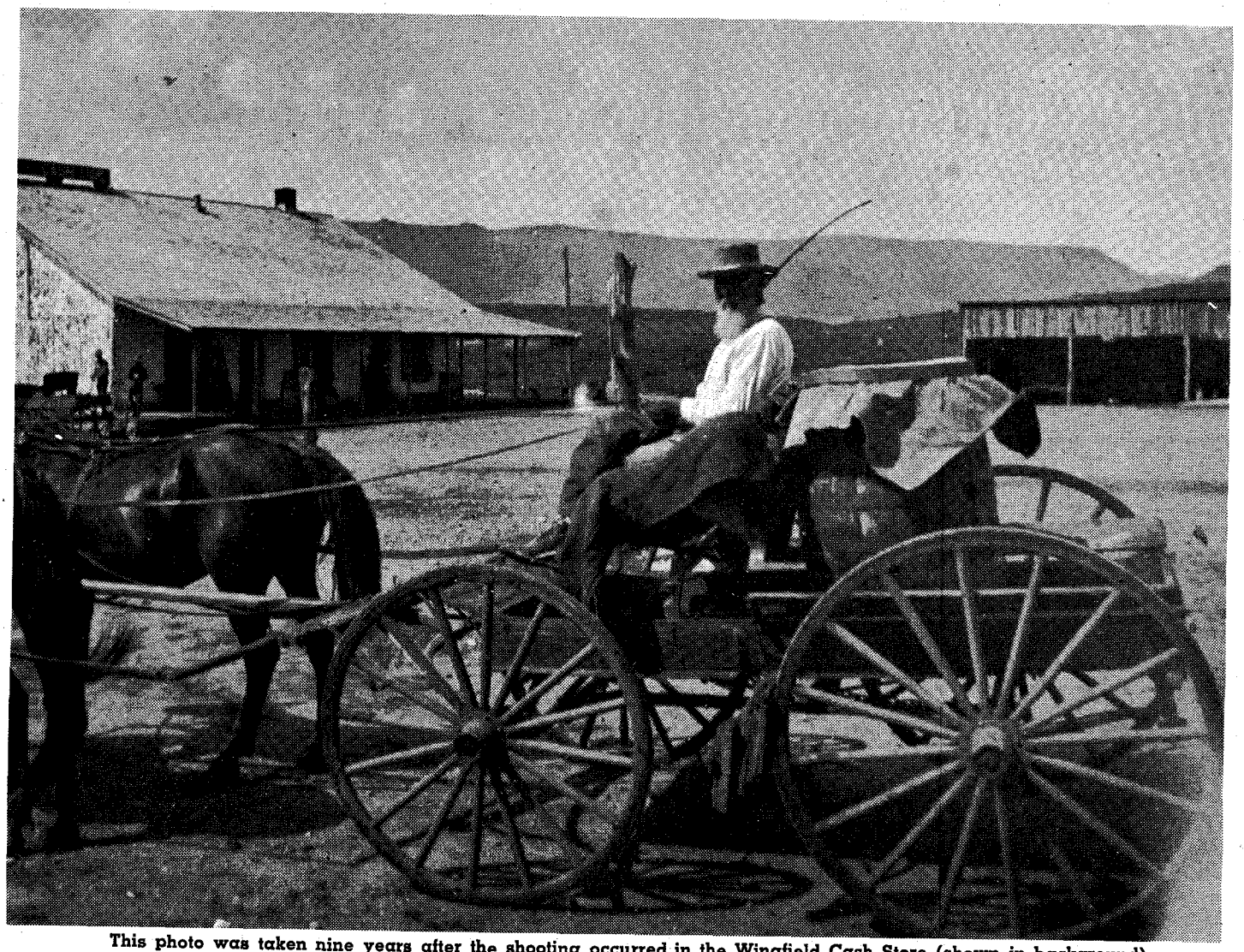

This photo was taken nine years after the shooting occurred in the Wingfield Cash Store (shown in background). John Wingfield, a Verde Valley pioneer and uncle of the victim, is seated in the wagon.

By RICHARD W. STURGES

Photos Courtesy the Author

The brother of a man Ketchum murdered tracks him through the Mogollon country—a suspenseful story of hunter and prey

I TRAILED BLACK JACK KETCHUM

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NEXT DAY would be the Fourth of July, 1899. Mack Wingfield and Clint Rodgers were closing their store in the cattle town and cavalry outpost of Camp Verde, Arizona Territory.

A tall hulk of a stranger with a broad black Stetson stretched down over his eyes walked out of the darkness. He asked if there was still time to get supplies. It was a long way between settlements in the territory and the sutlers' reply was inevitable. They told him, "Why, sure."

Within a few minutes after the three men had entered the store, Mack Wingfield was dead on the floor, shot through the head with a .44. Clint Rodgers went under two hours later, his spinal column shattered. Several months later the infamous Black Jack Ketchum was hanged in New Mexico for this and other crimes.

His manner of death was not the way Frank Wingfield, eighty-five, then twenty-two, would have had it. If he had had his way, Ketchum would have died not in a hangman's noose but at the end of his own smoking revolver.

Clint Wingfield was Frank's older, favorite brother and Frank moved heaven and hell to bring Ketchum to justice. Today, Frank is the sole survivor of a posse of men who haunted the brush-choked trails of the Mogollon Rim country for fruitless weeks in pursuit of his brother's murderer. Their days on the vengeance trail are an authentic page out of the frontier West as it really was. Let Frank tell it.

"KETCHUM was just an outlaw. He held up the general store at Camp Verde (now Wingfield Commercial Company). Mack Rodgers and Clint Wingfield were getting ready for a Fourth of July celebration. The fellow came down out of the mountains. His camp was over at Johnny Merritt's cabin on the Mogollon Rim, northeast of General Springs.

"There warn't no sheriff in the Verde Valley. The boys were shot about ten o'clock in the evening. One bullet had hit Mack in the back of his head. My brother was just getting ready to close up the store. He was locking the iron bars. He heard a shot and thought it was a firecracker. There were five or six men sitting on the porch in front of the store as they often did.

"Ketchum had come up and said he needed supplies. Mack came out ahead of Clint and saw it was a holdup. They expected such things in that country in those days and had left a six-shooter on the post office safe. Mack whirled and ran for the gun.

"The hombre evidently knew Mack cause he said, "That won't do, Mack." He hadn't intended to kill him but, after he shot, he saw he had to do more killing to get away. Clint heard the shot and ran to the door. Clint was shot in mid-stride and fell. Captain Bloyd, an old-time retired U. S. Cavalry officer (as old a man as I am now and crippled), was on the porch. He couldn't hobble out of the way fast enough and was shot.

"Clint died in two hours. His spinal column was blown to pieces. Ketchum had a six-shooter, a .44 or .38, I can't remember. We found the shells but I don't recall. No one was armed on the porch. 'Scatter, you sons of bitches or I'll kill you all!' Ketchum yelled, and they scattered. Couldn't have been but one shot left but they still scattered. Pronto.

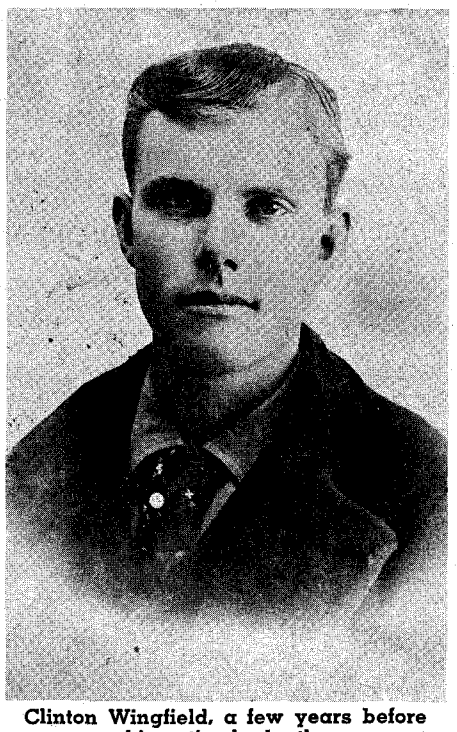
"My brother begged us not to go. 'He's a bad man. Let him go. I'm done for.' But my cousin Ed and I weren't going to let him get by with anything like that. All the neighbors had heard about it and the whole valley was up in arms. They were well thought of, upstanding young men and everybody was their friend.

"AT DAWN we took his trail. He wore high heel boots that a rivet stuck out from, and that gave us something to check by. We found where he'd tied his horse and walked into town. That's where we found the three shells. Trailed him up the old Apache Trail past Thirteen-Mile Rock.

"He was in an awful big hurry. We could see drops of blood on the rocks where he'd spurred his horse hard. He was riding a barefoot horse. And we got close that first morning out. At places we found horse leavin's that were still warm. But he was smart and knew we were after him so he quit the road and went out among a herd of wild range horses.

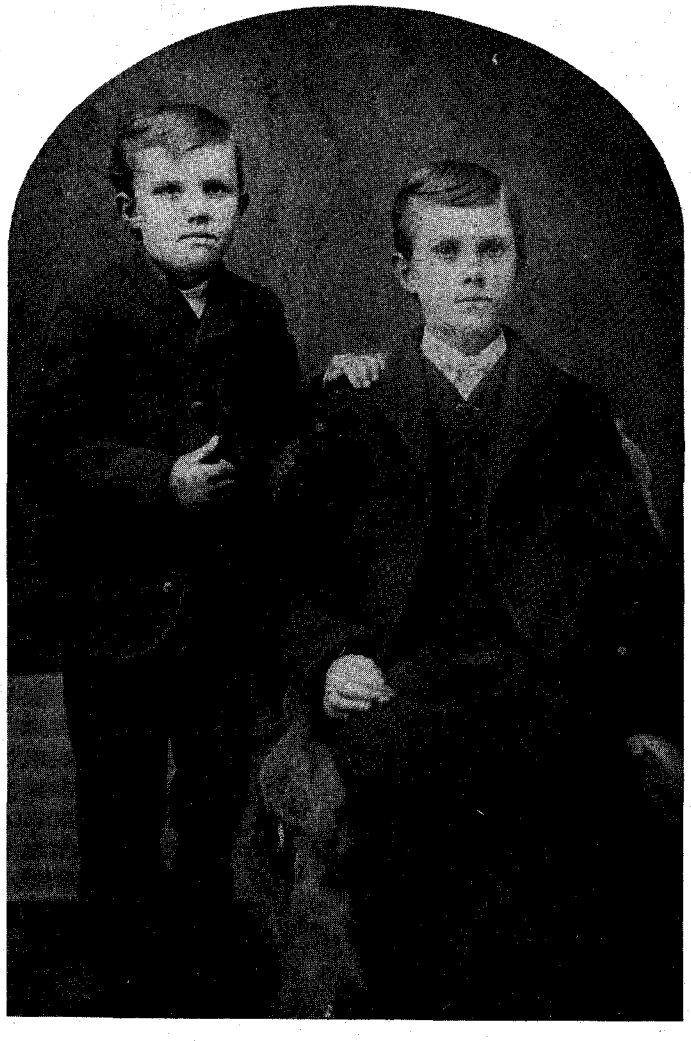
"After that it was almost impossible to follow him. We turned off the road to the south and we lost the trail. This was on the plateau of the formidable Mogollon Rim. We were up a stump. We didn't know. We kept cutting for sign and we went up as far as Deer Valley. We were looking for sign all day. That evening Ed and I took the

(Continued on page 52)



Clinton Wingfield, a few years before his untimely death.

Frank Wingfield at left, and Clinton at right, posed for early shot.



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By WILLIAM MAHAN

"THE TREASURE HUNTERS PARADISE" aptly describes Texas' Mustang and Padre Islands, once separated with a passage large enough to admit sailing vessels, now permanently joined together. The passage closed with the sands of hundreds of hurricanes and thousands of tides, until, in reality, Mustang and Padre are one island with very little, if any, water between at low tides.

Reaching from Port Aransas at the northern-most tip to Port Isabel near the Mexican border, they are 132 miles long and from one-half to three miles wide—approximately 350 square miles of treasure-filled sands! Sunken ships, buried treasure, a lost city, loose coins washed ashore from the many wrecks, archaeological artifacts of a vanished race, military relics, and at least one complete Spanish galleon lie buried there. The trove exceeds well over $2,000,000, not taking into account the present value on some of the known lost coins.

Treasure history on Padre Island begins in 1553. A Spanish convoy sailed from Vera Cruz with bulging cargos of silver bars, gold bars and coins, jewels and precious stones of priceless value. The Spaniards were not familiar with the wildly destructive hurricanes that lash the Gulf from June through November and their twenty ships were caught without warning.

Three were sunk immediately, four managed to sail to safety out of the path of the hurricane, and thirteen were swept across the Gulf and wrecked on the bar off Padre Island. At least one, and possibly three, were swept up onto the sands of the island by the mountainous waves. These have since been completely covered with the drifting dunes but the wrecked ships on the bar explain the rare coins still being found in the sands.

Such is the first of the many treasure tales about Padre. Through the years, other tales have accumulated. Some are fact and traceable to their beginning; others are harder to trace but with tangible threads woven through the history of the island. You can hear many stories of rumored pirate treasures both buried and lost in wrecked galleons.

Jean Lafitte, glamorous pirate of the Texas and Louisiana coasts, made Galveston Island his headquarters until forced out by the United States Navy in 1821. Dismissing all his men but a chosen few, he was supposed to have taken his vast treasure and sailed to the vicinity of present-day Corpus Christi. His three chests of gold have been reported buried in many different places —Matagorda Island, Live Oak Peninsula, Padre and Mustang Islands.

Another famous treasure was the $80,000.00 buried by John V. Singer, shipwrecked on Padre in 1847. John V. Singer was a brother to the Singer who invented the sewing machine. The wild beauty and desolation of the island appealed to the Singers and they remained there until soldiers moved onto Padre during the War Between the States. They then fled the island, first burying all their savings halfway between two scrub oak trees. Bars of silver, a large earthen crock filled with gold and silver coins, table silver and a silver teapot full of jewelry of all descriptions are still in their original resting place beneath the sands of Padre.

In 1869 Singer returned for it but it was never found; the two small scrub oaks were gone, washed out or covered with sand during a hurricane.

As late as 1935 descendants of Singer stated that the treasure still remains.

These and other legends persist through the years: two brass cannons filled with gold and buried; U.S. Army Paymaster's payroll (gold placed in leather sacks and buried, some of which has been found); two skeletons lying across one another, seen one time and covered with sand the next time, supposedly guarding pirate gold; boxes and chests of gold found and talked of in whispers behind closed doors; reports of local residents who were known to roam the beaches of Padre looking for "something" and who overnight became wealthy; American, Spanish, English and even ancient Roman gold pieces found at times exposed upon the beach. Such are the stories and rumors of Padre treasures.

BEGINNING ON Mustang Island, about four miles below Port Aransas, and easily accessible by car and on foot, is a "money hill." The coins supposedly are so thick that after storms and high tides, you can pick them up as easily as shells. Considerable money has been found on the beach sands as well as back in the dunes.

Next is the area known as the "Devil's Elbow," so called because of the rip tides and wild currents. The 100-fathom line and the main Gulf Stream come in close here and the current tends to draw wreckage from all over the Gulf to this point. Impressive amounts have supposedly been recovered over a ten-mile stretch of beach along here. It is usually impossible to get to Devil's Elbow

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by land, as Hurricane Carla cut channels completely across the island and the beach in places is composed of shell impassable even to four-wheel-drive vehicles.

The third hottest spot in the southern tip, with hundreds of wrecks recorded in this area and over $1,000,000 lost in this vicinity. Here, in 1933, the wife of a highway engineer accidently uncovered a gold chest filled with gold, silver, diamonds, and rubies—plus jewelry and other valuables.

I have made several trips to Padre, ever intrigued with the possibilities of sudden, fabulous wealth. But it is not easy. Finding treasure on the island on your first attempt would be like separating a grain of salt from a bowl of sugar and any degree of success would be quite accidental. There are miles and miles, as far as the eye can see, of sandy beach with millions of tin cans and metallic trash. Behind the dunes is an accumulation of debris brought in by hurricanes and high tides; the hundreds of acres of level sand are covered with all sorts of grass, weeds, brush and rattlesnakes. Thus, you have three distinct zones to search, the beach, the dunes, and the flats behind the dunes.

On the high spots around the island were many Indian camps, and there is where artifacts and military relics may be found. Occasionally single coins, first found on the beaches by the Indians and taken to camps as playthings and decorations, are recovered. These old campsites are continually being uncovered by the winds. The military relics were left by the thousands of troops who sought the high spots for camps. This was during the Mexican War under General Zachary Taylor. Thousands of troops were stationed there after the Civil War, also.

And don't forget the location and possibilities of a lost city. It is located twenty-five miles above the southern tip and approximately on the Willacy and Cameron County line but has not been accessible by land since Hurricane Carla. A good metal locator should pay off here, especially around the base of old pilings still in place. A bushel basket of gold coins were rumored found here, buried below two crossed swords found sticking out of the sand.

Part of the Padre Island loot found by the author consists of a silver bar, old bullets, hand-forged bronze spikes, and gold and silver coins.

I HAVE just returned from a three-day stay on Padre and am making preparations for my next trip. This time I expect to hit the big one. I have walked for miles on the beach, in the dunes and behind the dunes, with and without a metal detector. Although, to date, my finds have not been large, I have more hopes than ever.

I have located about five Indian camps at various spots up and down the island and on both ends. One location is very faint but about fifty feet long and twenty-five feet wide and shaped like the front end of a ship. I have several metal objects found in the same general area that could have come from a wrecked galleon. I also have definitely established where a schooner, reported to have had a large amount of silver aboard, was wrecked on the bar in 1880. This could be back in the dunes, on the beach or still out on the bar. When I return I will have special underwater detecting equipment and my scuba gear along—and who knows?

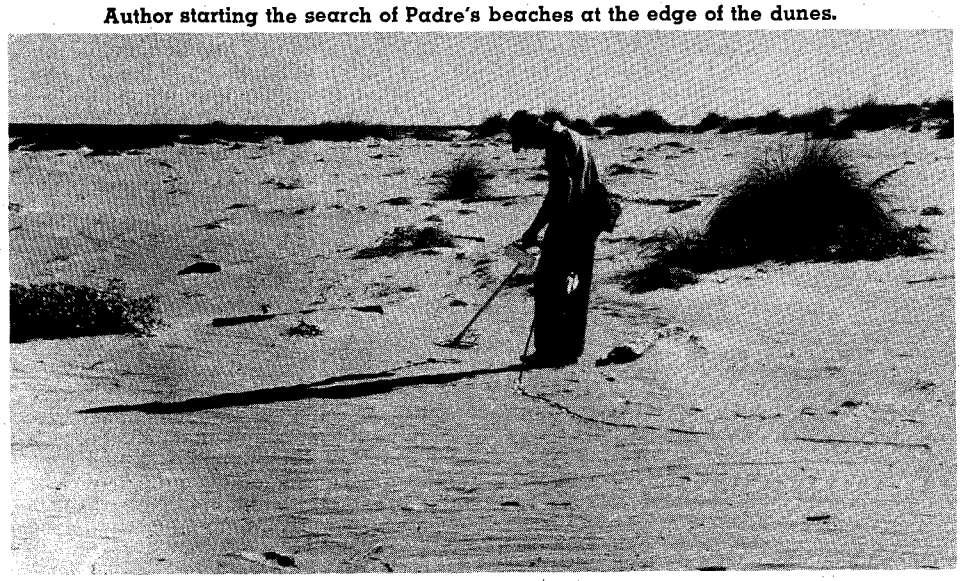
Some of my trips have been made to experiment with special equipment for use on the island. The water table is only three feet below the surface, and this interferes with and prevents operation of most metal locators. This problem has now been eliminated with my personal machine, the D-Tex, and I can now detect a large mass of metal at approximately twenty feet in depth with no interference from the water.

To anyone making a trip to Padre I would make these suggestions: Take a good metal detector, one that will detect a single coin (half-dollar size) six to eight inches deep, and a silver bar (approximately six inches by eighteen inches) at least three feet deep. Go prepared to rough it and to camp just any place. Be prepared to do a lot of walking and to work fast, covering as much area as possible. It would be impossible to cover the entire island in a lifetime, but your chances are increased with the area you traverse.

Don't forget it is hot in summer; wear sunglasses and a good head covering, carry plenty of suntan lotion and insect repellent—you will need plenty of both. If you can possibly take the time, look up some of the old-timers and

(Continued on page 56)

Author starting the search of Padre's beaches at the edge of the dunes.



A foot-piece for an iron bunk possibly washed in from some sunken ship.

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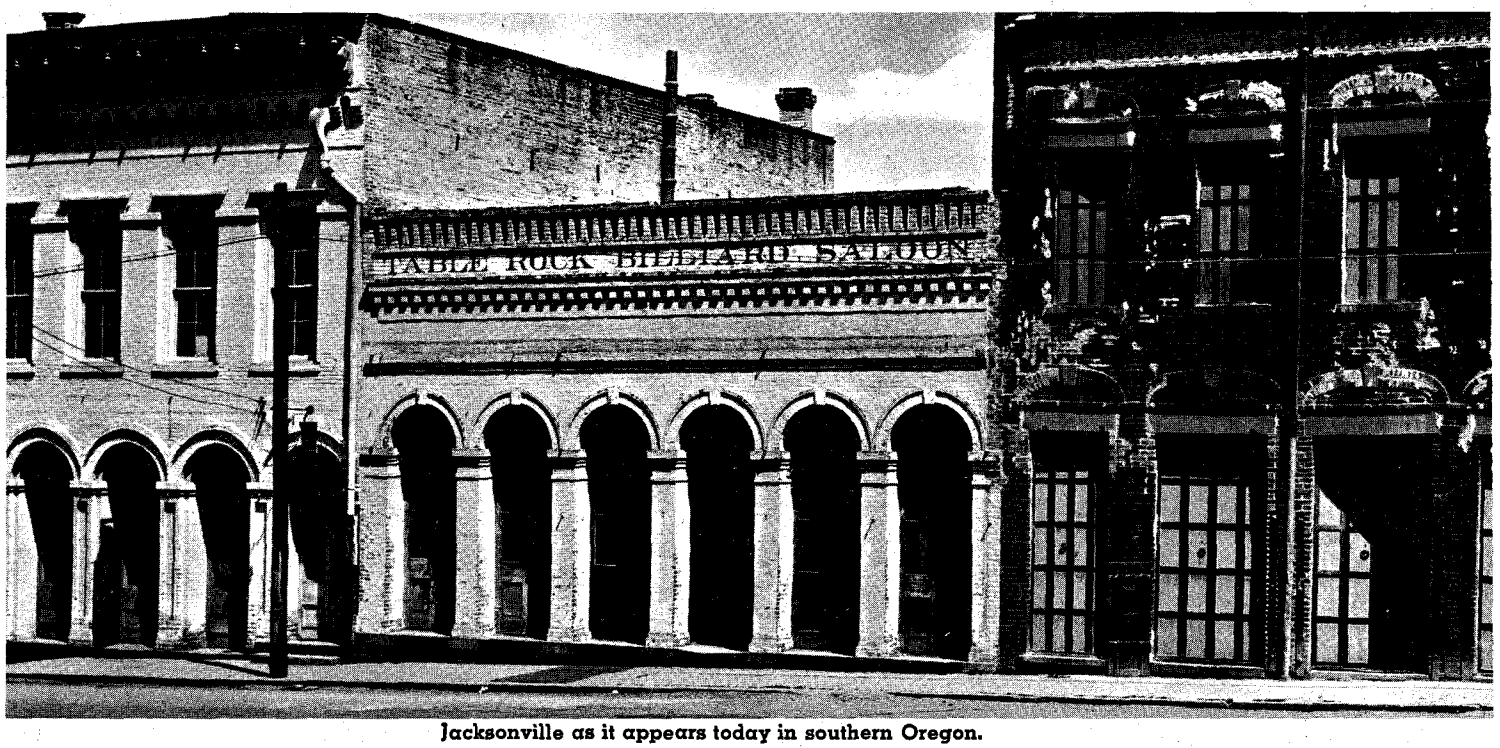

Jacksonville as it appears today in southern Oregon.

AMBUSH on the COQUILLE

There were three great life savers on the frontier— courage, desperation and friendship

IN 1851, the mining communities around Jacksonville in southern Oregon were virtually isolated from the rest of the territory. Consequently, a group of twenty-three men, under the direction of W. G. T'Vault, was organized as an exploring expedition to discover a feasible route from Port Orford on the coast to the gold mines. L. L. Williams and Cyrus Hedden were members of the party.

Leaving Port Orford in the middle of August, the men proceeded south to the Rogue, deciding there to continue upstream along the north bank. All were afoot using their few horses as pack animals only. The going became exceedingly rugged (it is considered today to be one of the roughest areas in the United States) and their meager ten days' supply of provisions soon ran out.

It became necessary to depend entirely on wild game for food, and game was scarce. Not only that—only two men in the group were experienced woodsmen.

The party had proceeded about thirty miles up the Rogue when, faced by starvation and exhaustion, the decision was made to abandon their objective.

Thirteen men elected to retrace their steps while the remaining ten, including T'Vault, decided to turn north and try to make their way to the Umpqua settlements which they had heard were somewhere in that direction.

After days of tortuous and difficult travel, T'Vault and his companions arrived on the banks of the Coquille River, near present-day Norway. Weary and starved, the party discovered some Indians traveling in canoes, and, after a bartering period which cost them all their possessions except their firearms, they engaged the Indians to transport them by boat to the coast.

The "friendly guides" immediately sent a runner ahead to inform the down-river tribes of their coming.

ON THE 14th of September, just a month after they had left Port Orford, the ten men with their escort arrived at a large Indian encampment about two miles above the river's mouth.

Hailing the travelers in obvious welcome and seductively displaying venison quarters and slabs of fresh salmon, the villagers motioned to them to beach the canoes.

Four of the men, Williams, Hedden and two others, were dead set against going ashore. T'Vault, however, influenced probably by the food so temptingly offered, discounted the danger and the canoes were beached.

No sooner had this been done than the Indians cast aside their pretense of friendship and, with blood-curdling yells, fell upon the white men with war clubs, knives and a hail of arrows.

In the wild melee which followed, Williams found himself alone in a press of Indians he estimated to number over one hundred. The white man made a desperate attempt to retain his rifle and, in the free-for-all battle for it, the gun was accidentally discharged into the ground. When the Indians, momentarily disconcerted, stepped back and loosened their holds, Williams began swinging his recovered piece as a club.

The stock was soon smashed, but the three-foot barrel became a deadly weapon. Pushing forward, whirling after each blow to face and strike in all directions at once, he gradually gained distance up the sloping bank from the river.

There the ranks of the encircling Indians suddenly thinned, and Williams, galvanized by desperation, darted through the opening toward a dense growth of trees.

About twenty-five Indians followed in instant pursuit, the remainder milling around near the shore where other members of the whites still were fighting. Gradually all but two of the Indians dropped behind.

The ones who followed took up a position on each side of Williams at a distance of about fifteen feet, steadily firing arrows as they ran. One carried a gun as well. He had evidently secured it from one of the unlucky white men.

Williams stumbled and fell on the uneven ground and before he could rise, the Indian with the gun had a muzzle against his breast. When the gun misfired, Williams was able to strike him down and secure the weapon.

The second Indian rushed in, but this time the trigger was pulled and there was no malfunction!

Williams made the line of brush and trees and, glancing behind him, saw no signs of further pursuit. The Indians by the river were busy with their other victims, six of whom they killed and mutilated. Only T'Vault and one other escaped early in the fight, in a canoe.

Williams could stand, but with extreme difficulty. One arrow had entered his body from his back, passed through his stomach, and lodged. This he pulled at until the shaft broke free, but the arrowhead and remaining piece of the shaft remained in his body. Another arrow had broken a rib and left a gash

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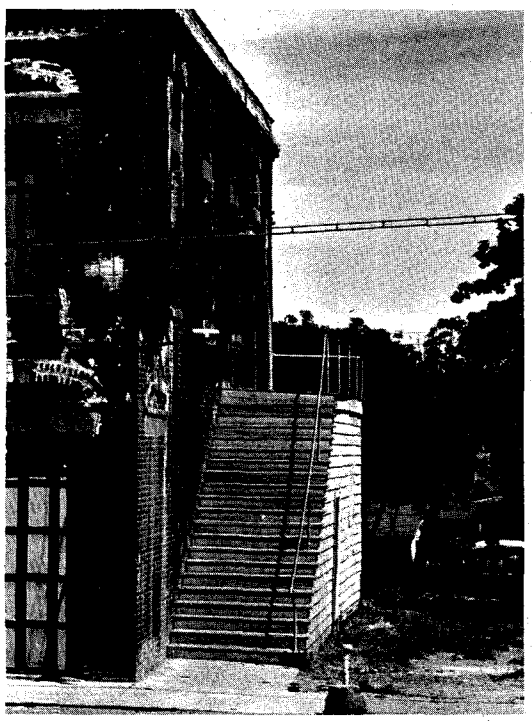

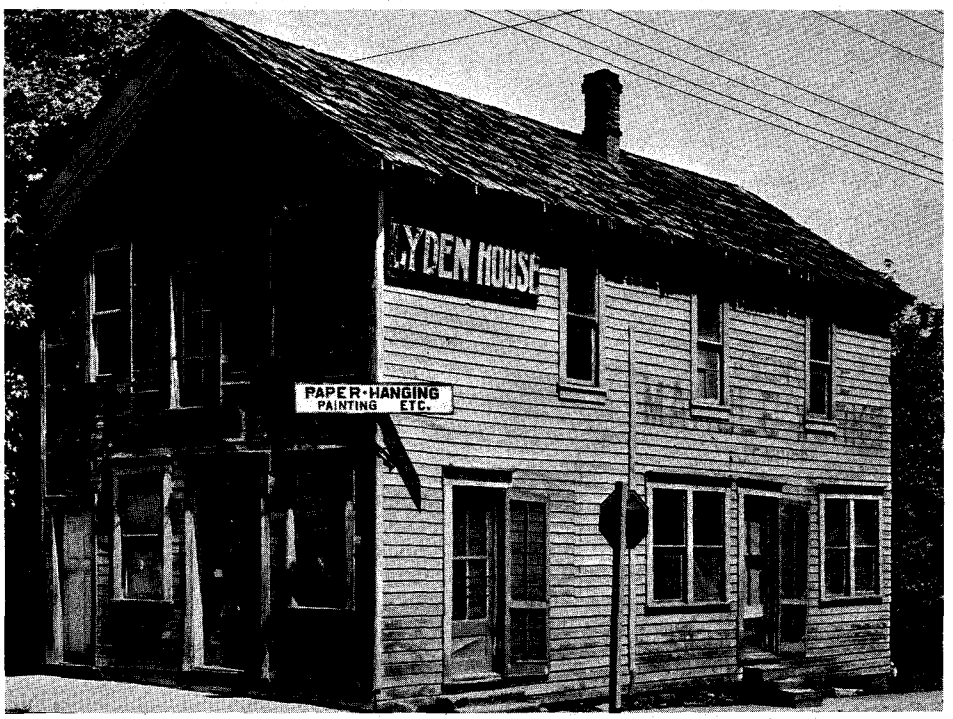

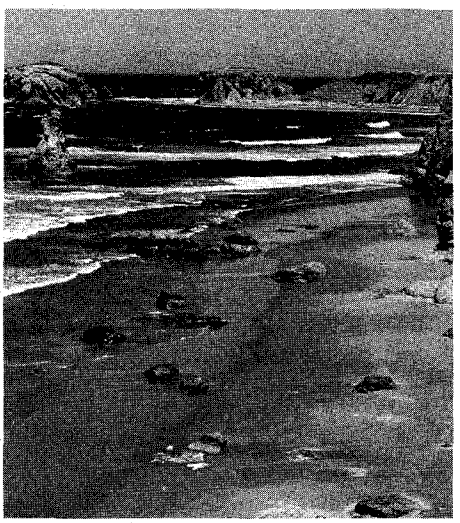

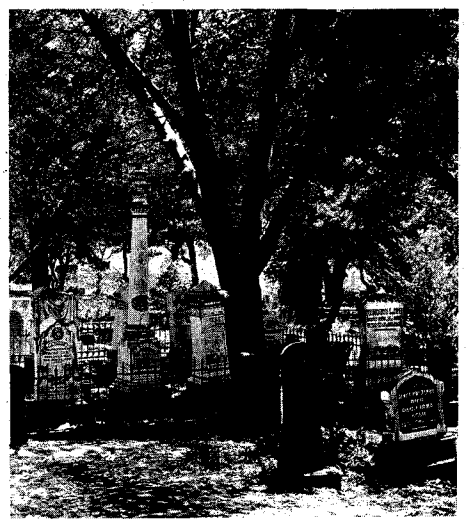

By ORPHA COLLINS

Photos by Oregon State Highway Commission

Upper photo is interior view showing vault and safe of historic C. C. Beekman Bank in Jacksonville; middle photo, the Lyden House. On the upper half of the building may still be seen the sign of J. C. Whipp, who was the leading tombstone cutter more than 60 years ago. Bottom left photo, Brandon Beach, near the mouth of Coquille River; and bottom right, the pioneer cemetery near Jacksonville, Oregon.

in his side; a third had opened his scalp to the bone; a fourth dangled through a hand; a fifth was driven through a shoulder. His arms were covered with knife wounds.

Standing there, aware of his condition and fighting despair, he heard a voice whisper, "Williams?" It was that of Cyrus Hedden who had escaped from the ambush by making a dash through the center of the circle during the first onslaught.

Hedden, too, was bruised and beaten but determined to fight through and save himself and his friend, if possible.

FOR SEVERAL DAYS the two men struggled northward through dense forests, deep ravines and thick underbrush with nothing to eat but some three-leaved sorrel and a kind of snail which they found in the woods. Williams managed to partake of the snails but Hedden was unable to "stomach" them.

The nights were cold and foggy. Hedden slept in the late afternoons but labored over his companion from dusk to dawn, rubbing him and striving to keep the circulation going. Over and over, the wounded man begged his companion to leave him to die—to try to reach the settlements on the Umpqua,

(Continued on page 62)

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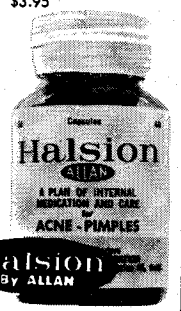

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NEW ORLEANS

Our Ghost Towns Today

(Continued from page 9)

Englishman with an easy western manner, lives in an old stage stop, one of the few buildings remaining in that historical town. His century-old home is clean, rustic, and nearly all original. The surrounding gnarled grape arbors and orchards date back to the gold days. Legend claims the place once housed Charles Bolton, the notorious Black Bart. After rains, Lane still finds gold nuggets in his yard and in the river below. Located in the newly authorized Whiskeytown National Recreation Area—a mountainous lake country—it offers recreational or museum potential. "California's too populated now," says Lane. "I want to head farther back in the hills, but I don't want to see the old place torn down. I'm sticking around until I can find somebody interested in saving it."

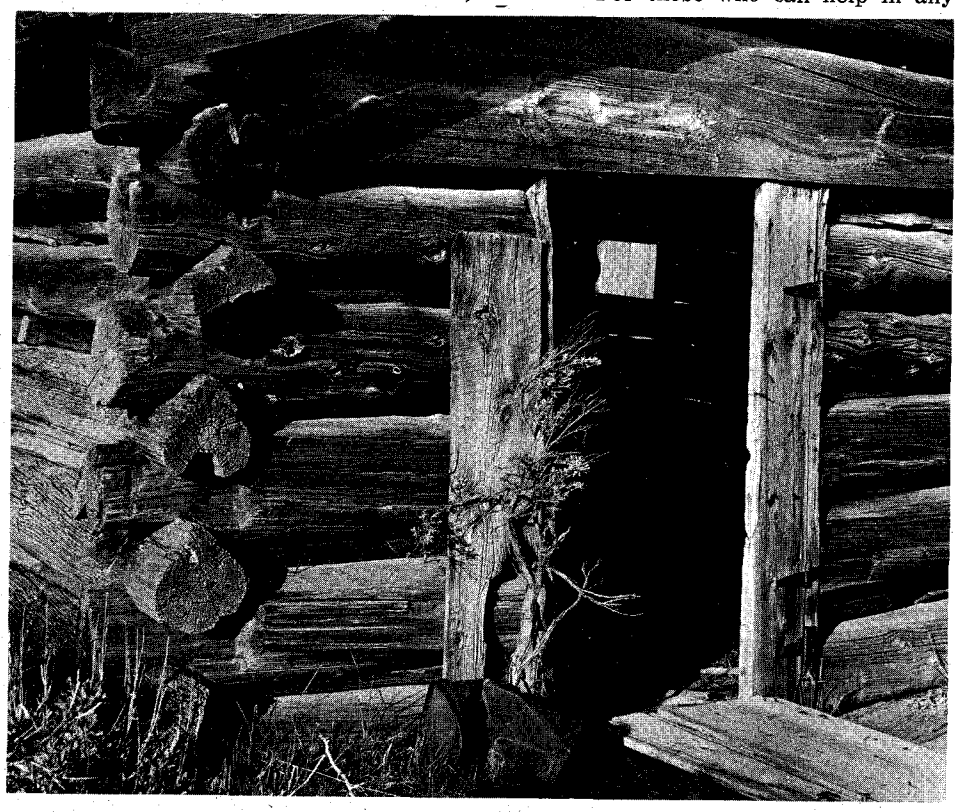
The following are other California towns that need attention: **Johnsville,** called the best preserved town in the Mother Lode by *Sunset Magazine,* now tumbling into dust because of vandalism and neglect; **Howland Flat,** excellent ski area; **Dutch Flat,** semi-ghost near Lake Tahoe, many brick buildings in beautiful condition; and **Hornitos,** Spanish, nicely preserved, a hideaway of Joaquin Murieta.

Walter and Gertrude Alf wrote of their frustrating, but determined, struggle to save their home town of **Daggett,** located in the Mojave Desert of California. It was once a rough mining and shipping center, the first distributing point for the famed twenty-mule team borax wagons. After its decline, Hollywood used its ghostly streets for filming westerns. Then in 1942 military activity sparked new life. Since then the strangling growth of California is gradually destroying much of what is historical.

The Alfs have received little more than sympathy and moral support as state funds are sadly limited. Mrs. Alf writes, "We are getting older and tired of working so hard to make a park to preserve the part of town that still stands. We are located in such a wonderful area where people pass by the hundreds. Now the freeway is coming through our town; last summer we lost our old depot by fire. Vandals have all but torn down the old hotel and other buildings on Main Street. We have at least six old houses left, besides our blacksmith shop where the big borax wagons were built. The bellows, still in the shop, is eight feet tall.

"My husband's father had the contract for hauling the borax out of the Calico Mountains to be refined here at Daggett. We want to save what we can, but cannot seem to get enough backing to do anything. We are getting so tired waiting with nothing definite to go by."

To the many readers who offered assistance in saving a town—here is the chance. For those who can help in any way, contact Mr. and Mrs. Walter Alf, P.O. Box 36, Daggett, California.



This old log home is showing the effects of time and weather.

Another lone battle, filled with frustration, but offering hope is that of James Greer of Texas who is dedicated to the restoration of the **Nueces Canyon Mission.** For years Mr. Greer knew about the remains of the 200-year-old Franciscan Mission. Two years ago he began reading its history and became interested in rebuilding and restoring it as a tourist attraction with a small museum. He talked the idea over with members of the Archive Division, of the Daughters of the Republic of Texas of various colleges and libraries. Greer has pieced the history together through letters, diaries, and interviews with old-timers.

When a newspaper publicized his endeavors, the aroused interest resulted in "The Texas Old Mission Restoration Organization." Next Greer and his local chamber of commerce successfully planned and hosted a "Bi-Centennial"

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which featured Indian and Spanish dancing, a barbecue, and an old settlers' reunion. Enthusiastic people from all over the state began talking about the project. Presently the site has been chained off as archeologists uncover the walls and foundations. But still there is no money to restore.

It would be a shame if Mr. Greer's enterprise failed. Anyone interested, or with ideas on how to support the restoration, please contact Mr. James Greer, Box 155, Camp Wood, Texas.

FOLLOWING ARE people willing to assist in ghost town preservation:

Mr. George A. Porter of Plain Street, Route 1, Pembroke, Massachusetts, wishes to restore and maintain a town with history, especially if he can raise beef cattle. Presently he is curator of a Civil War Museum.

Gail Lynch of 406½ E. Washington, Norton, Kansas, is interested, as is Masel C. Huston of 121 W. Miami Avenue, Venice, Florida, a former uranium prospector who will purchase a ghost town if the "location and the price are right."

Mr. P. E. Bousquet of 4849 Leeds Street, Santa Susana, California, will "restore and preserve," and John Kelly of 4630 Santa Barbara Lane, Los Angeles 16, wishes to purchase a town in Southern Nevada or California.

Mrs. Anne Johnson of 24397 West 2nd, Hilmar, California, is the present owner of a historic gold rush house which she saved. She and her granddaughter will "scrub, work, help—even live in remote places to help restore, and maintain a ghost town." She's not afraid of hard work, as she raises hogs and milks cows.

Richard Riss of 50 Main Street, Paterson 1, New Jersey, is owner of "the rarest, largest collection of authentic outlaw and frontier guns ever assembled." He's interested in working with an organization or community project to place parts of his $500,000 collection in ghost town attractions.

Art Marks of 4608 Sherman Heights Road, Bremerton, Washington, has discovered an excellent collection of Indian relics and 154 guns. The owner is dead and his wife wishes to place the collection in some historical town where it would be appreciated.

Dr. George Herron of 111 South 15th, Clarinda, Iowa, writes, "The artist in me is searching for a ghost town in some scenic country that could be converted to an art colony complete with gallery and school facilities and some sort of residence or cabins for artists. For nine summers I have taken groups of students to paint in the Rocky Mountains. With each year I become more convinced that a permanently based art colony in a ghost town would do well."

MOST READERS are familiar with famous ghosts such as Tombstone, Arizona; Virginia City, Montana; and Columbia, California. But what are some of the lesser known towns now being saved? Here is a partial list:

Manti, Iowa of Mormon history undergoing gradual restoration.

Brownsville, Nebraska noted river and cow town, became a historical site in 1956.

Fort Atkinson, Nebraska is being restored and becoming a good tourist attraction.

Bannock, Montana wild territorial capitol is now a state monument.

Barkerville, British Columbia early-day mining town has been restored. "It has good fishing too," writes Mrs. Marian McAdams of Walnut Creek, California.

Tennant, Northern California was bought at this writing by Clarence Bullock, seventy-seven, a retired appliance manufacturer who spent $300,000 on the eighty houses in addition to $19,000 for refurnishing a mansion there. As the air is high and dry, Bullock envisions making the town a retirement haven.

Contact, Nevada was christened "a desert sin city for art's sake," by the *San Francisco Chronicle*. The writers, artists, and staff of the appropriately named literary magazine, *Contact*, are buying a ghost town in northern Nevada near U.S. 93. The old ghost, noted for its shootings and hangings, will support modern-day casinos, gambling, and "prostitutes with literary leanings." All profits

Daggett School in 1897; Mr. George was the teacher.

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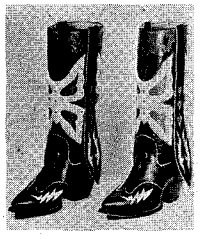

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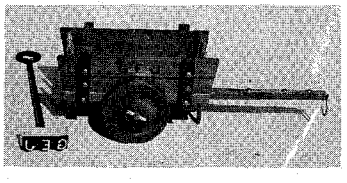

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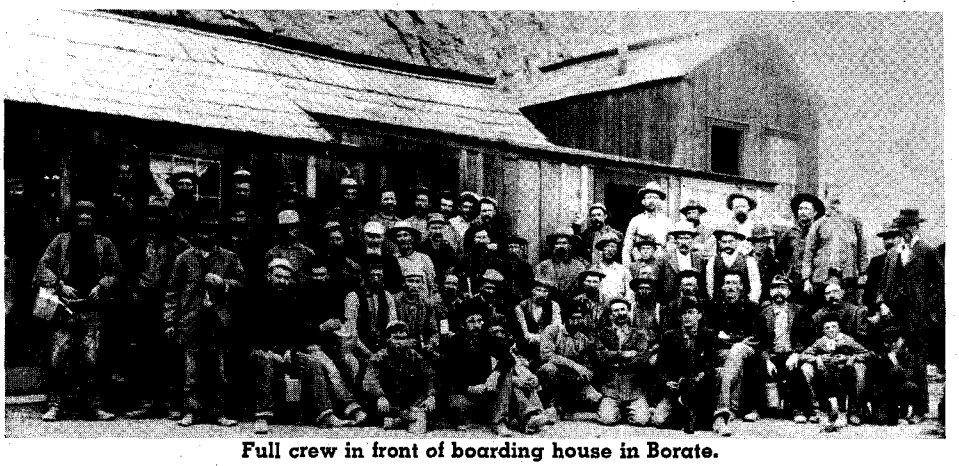


Full crew in front of boarding house in Borate.

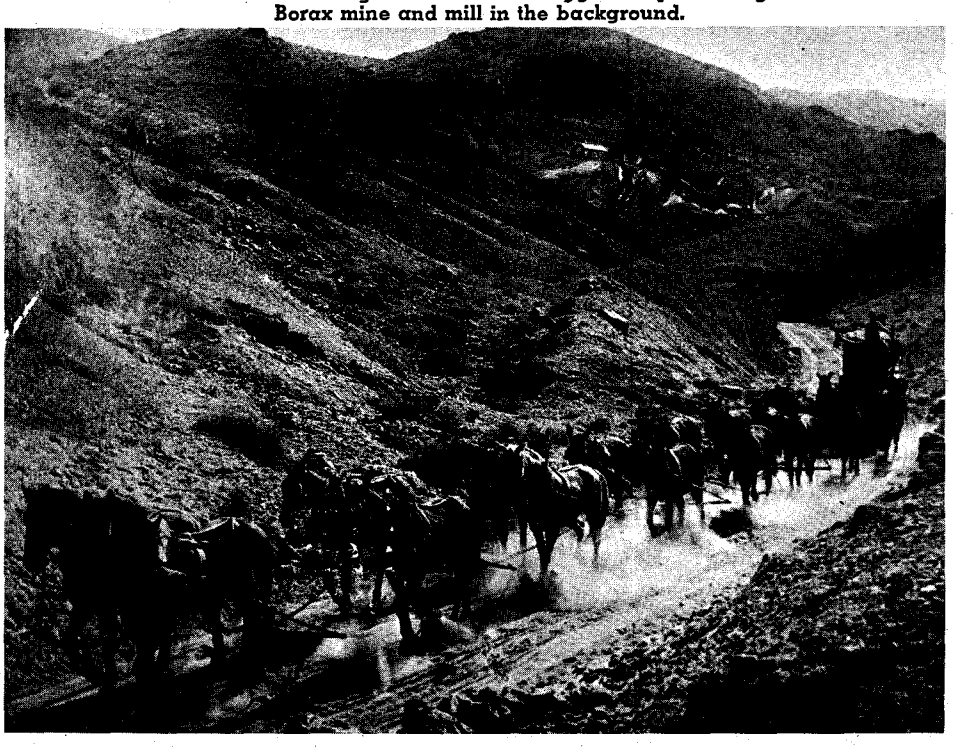
from the wide-open town will subsidize future intellectual and artistic publications. "It won't be the first time artists and writers have been supported by ladies of the night," publisher William Ryan explained. "Contact will be for the loners, the offbeat, the swingers." The State Historical Society made no comment.

Possibly the best news to offer ghost town lovers came a few weeks ago when the California Public Works Board okayed acquisition of the famed ghost town of **Bodie** for $300,000. They reported, "A key to preservation and interpretation of Bodie is to leave it entirely as a ghost with no attempt to revive its population; its only permanent residents should be those for protection and operation." A division spokesman said, "Leaning buildings, broken windows, sagging roofs are all assets. The state will install toilets, car parking lots, and a picnic area to accommodate the 11,000 annual visitors." This indeed is a major victory.

However, not all factions agree with our efforts. The *San Francisco Chronicle* declared, "California park officials who hate to part with souvenirs of gold rush days will spend over $250,000.00 to keep a ramshackle ghost town in an arrested state of disintegration. And instead of ducking behind their desks in the face of a taxpayers' revolt, they fully expect to receive the thanks of a happy motoring public for preserving an unusual tourist attraction."

A partial answer to such views is expressed by G. G. Bisco of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, who writes, "Regarding the financial, some people have already proven that there is a profit in restoring such sites to their original, historical conditions. I imagine a ghost town in a scenic area might be considered by many as an ideal place to spend a vacation. Buildings, furnished in historic style, could serve as lodgings; drinks could be served in authentically restored saloons operated by responsible natives; one building could accommodate a museum; the old stable could be put to its original use to afford vacationers an opportunity to horseback ride; there could even be a regular stagecoach to commute between the town and some moderately distant place where romantically inclined vacationers and tourists could leave their modern conveyances and begin an excursion into their country's past, having come alive in its original, authentic setting.

Alf teams hauling borax down to Daggett for processing.
Borax mine and mill in the background.



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The White Invader

(Continued from page 17)

his wife shot down at his side. White Antelope, who had stood with him, also fell. Black Kettle at last picked up his wife, who miraculously was still alive, and made off up the creek with her, stumbling over the many bodies of his fallen tribesmen.

A few Cheyennes reached the Smoky Hill camp with news of the massacre. Hundreds of Cheyennes set out with food and robes to succor the wounded and pick up survivors. They met Black Kettle stumbling along with his wife in his arms. Through some miracle she survived some twenty bullet wounds. Nearly 400 others died on the spot, or later from their wounds.

Chivington attempted to prevent eyewitness accounts of the slaughter from reaching Washington but was unsuccessful. He resigned just ahead of a court-martial, and a congressional investigation revealed the whole sorry mess.

As one Indian orator told his tribesmen a few days later, "After talking and talking and making treaties, they go and make this evil worse. They have set the prairie on fire."

IT WAS TRUE. Retaliation was swift and sure. But in spite of the treachery of the whites, and the wounding of his wife, Black Kettle still advocated peace. He moved his band south to the Arkansas, out of hostile territory, to continue negotiations for a peaceful settlement. Little Wolf and Dull Knife, however, wreaked a savage vengeance for the Sand Creek Massacre.

The command of Colonel Fetterman was decoyed into a woods near Fort Kearny and annihilated. A few weeks later, a band of Cheyennes wrecked the Union Pacific's train and looted it.

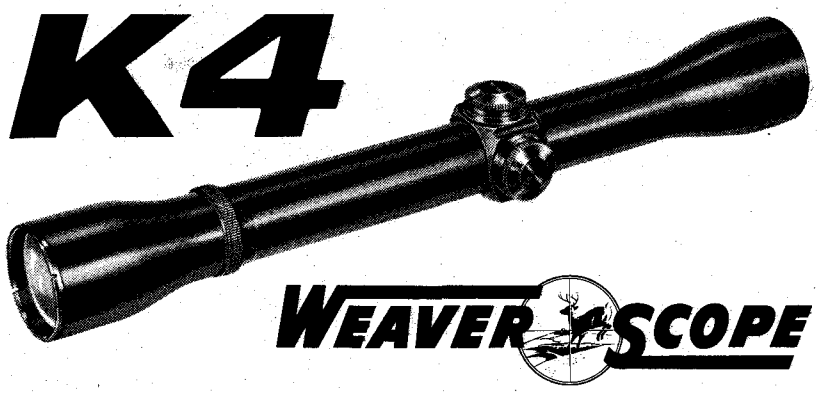
Meanwhile General George Armstrong Custer was claiming victory after victory in his reports to Washington. Even when his soldiers killed a single Indian, he reported, "Enemy defeated and no prisoners taken." Some of his "victories" were scored when attacks were made on the camps of peaceful Indians.

During this time Sitting Bull, a Hunkpapa Sioux, was moving to the fore among his people. He was a strong advocate of peace and advised his followers to stay as far as possible from the white man. Accept no gifts from the whites and retreat into the wildest lands to avoid them, he urged.

Sharing this attitude was Black Kettle, but when Custer's Seventh ambushed and slaughtered Black Kettle and his band at Washita, Little Wolf took a large portion of the Cheyennes with him and joined the Sioux, setting the stage for the Little Big Horn.

Generals Crook and Terry were dispatched west to teach the Indians a lesson. Crook's command was ambushed on the Tongue River and badly mauled.

(Continued on next page)



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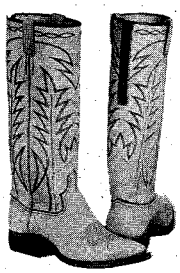

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Distant view of Fort Robinson, Nebraska.

Then came the fight on the Rosebud, which was announced as a smashing triumph, but, strategically, was a defeat.

Terry was an avid publicity seeker and loved headlines. He was now dealing with Crazy Horse, a Sioux chief of no little ability. Sitting Bull's Hunkpapas had had no contact with the whites and had no battle experience, but they were rich in horses, food and buffalo robes, which Crazy Horse needed. Soon Crazy Horse and Sitting Bull were joined by the Minneconjous, Blackfeet, Brulés, Santees, Sans Arcs and Assiniboines, as well as remnants of other bands. All together, the force had risen to 12,000 or more.

Game and grass in the area were soon exhausted and the Indians moved to new ground, led by the Cheyennes, with the Hunkpapas under Sitting Bull bringing up the rear to fend off an attack if one came.

With Crook's defeat on the Rosebud, the Indians believed the white soldiers would leave them alone for a while. "If they leave us alone we will leave them alone," Sitting Bull told the chiefs of the other tribes at a powwow held when they reached the Little Big Horn. The big camp was two miles long.

About six o'clock in the morning, sentries reported they detected the approach of horse soldiers, more than 200 of them, and the leader had been identified as Custer!

After the debacle of the Little Big Horn, instead of being drawn together in victory, which would have given them the strength to negotiate a satisfactory peace, the different tribes quickly went their separate ways, fearing a swift reprisal. Thus they lost the advantage they had gained.

IT WAS up to General Miles, who fought the Indians fairly and honorably, to end the hostilities forever. One after another he captured the Sioux villages under Red Cloud and American Horse and confiscated their ponies so they could not ride on further raids. Dull Knife's village of Cheyennes fell in November, 1876, and Dull Knife's son was slain. Dull Knife and his remaining followers fled to the Sioux camp of Crazy Horse. Little Wolf's band was cornered and captured.

For the Indians it appeared to be the end, but their greatest ordeal was still ahead. Little Wolf and a thousand Cheyennes were sent away in May, 1877, to Darlington, in what is now Oklahoma. Red dust and humidity, and little wild life of any kind, created a situation that took many Indian lives.

Accustomed to the green land of the Black Hills, the Indians faced the most dismal existence one could imagine. The beef supplied was little more than skin and bones, according to the testimony before a Congressional committee named to investigate. Ague and smallpox beset them. More than 40 died the first winter and as many as 700 were ailing. By the spring of 1878 the survivors looked like walking skeletons.

In a letter to the Government Agent, Dull Knife wrote, "A great many have been sick; some have died. I have been sick a great deal of the time since I have been down here—homesick and heartsick and sick in every way. I have been thinking of my native country and the good home I had up there where I was never hungry, for when I wanted anything to eat I could go out and hunt buffalo. It makes me feel sick when I think about that, and I can not help thinking about it."

Little Wolf told Agent Miles, "My people were raised up north among the pines in the mountains. In that country we were always healthy. There was no sickness. Now, since we have been in this country, we are dying every day. This is no good for us and we wish to return to our home in the mountains. If you have not the power to give us permission to go back there, let some of us go to Washington and tell them how it is, or you write to Washington and get permission for us to go back north."

Miles promised that if they stayed there one more year without complaining, he would see what he could do about sending them back north.

Little Wolf said that if they remained in Oklahoma another year there would be none alive to go back north. "I am going back," he said. "You can send soldiers after me if you wish, but give me a little time so that the blood will not be spilled here."

The next morning Little Wolf and Dull Knife departed. Their tribesmen followed —those who had horses riding, others following on foot. On the second night of their flight they were eating supper beside the Little Medicine Lodge River when someone sighted troops approaching in the distance.

Little Wolf shouted to them, "Do not fire on the troops until they fire on us. Get all your arms and horses together. Meanwhile I will go out and meet them. If they wish to kill us, I will be the first slain."

Little Wolf met a scout riding toward the camp. He had been sent to urge the

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Indians to return at once or suffer the consequences.

"Go back and tell them we don't want to fight," Little Wolf said, "but we are not going back. If they try to force us to go back, we shall fight."

Little Wolf started riding toward the troops to talk with them personally, but a volley was fired at the Indians. The Cheyennes leaped on their horses and rode out to charge the soldiers, who fell back to form a line of defense.

The see-saw battle went on all night and the next day until darkness fell. Then the troops retreated, leaving three of their number dead. No Cheyennes had been killed but five were badly wounded.

Resuming their journey north, the Cheyennes traveled all day, skirting settlers' cabins to avoid trouble. Because of the need for horses and meat they stole a few head of cattle and appropriated riding stock. They also secured some ammunition from a supply wagon.

The Cheyennes finally reached the Platte River, two miles from Ogallala, where the Union Pacific crossed the stream. There their scouts found two cavalry camps scarcely a hundred yards apart.

Creeping up under the cover of darkness, their horses' hoofs muffled with pieces of blankets, the Indians slipped through the two camps and went on.

The Cheyennes pushed on across the Platte and through the sand hills. But the soldiers, finding the sand tough on their horses, soon turned back. Another "failure" was chalked up against General Crook.

Little Wolf was determined to reach the Black Hills but Dull Knife wanted to head west. "Go if you wish," Little Wolf said, "but it would be better if we all stayed together."

Dull Knife was not to be dissuaded, so the band split into two parts and farewells were said.

Little Wolf and his band found game plentiful on the Running Water and camped there all winter without seeing a single soldier or other white man.

TOWARD SPRING two scouts, claiming to be from Sitting Bull's band, then encamped in Canada, found Little Wolf. One of them was War Bonnet.

"You are urged to join Sitting Bull," War Bonnet said. "In Canada you will find a lasting peace."

Looking at their Army-issue saddles, Little Wolf became suspicious.

"You know why I am here and I know why you are here," he said to them. "Go tell the soldiers where they can find me."

When an Army detachment, under a lieutenant who was friendly to Little Wolf and admired him, reached the camp, the Cheyennes were gone. The detachment took the trail and two days later caught up with the band.

The lieutenant, J. D. Clark, shook hands with his old friend. "I come as a brother," he said. "I want you to turn in your arms and go with me to Fort Keogh, I can tell you now that some disposition of your case will be made that I am sure will be more acceptable than Oklahoma."

Little Wolf talked it over with his people and decided to go. "I trust you," he told Clark. "You will not deceive us."

General Miles himself rode out to meet Little Wolf and his band. "We have been fighting each other a long time," he said, "and this seals our friendship. I will see that you and your people are well treated." General Miles had always been a forthright and honest officer and the Indians respected him for it.

Old Dull Knife, who had gone his own way, was not as fortunate as Little Wolf. He and his band had headed for the Red Cloud Agency, where he thought he would be treated fairly. He did not know that while he and his people were away in Oklahoma the Red Cloud Agency had been discontinued. Enroute they met the Third Cavalry under Colonel Johnson who, without telling them the Agency had been discontinued, offered to lead them there. Weak and worn out by so much travel, the Indians followed. But soon they discovered the soldiers were not leading them to the Agency, but to Fort Robinson.

"We go no farther," Dull Knife told the colonel. "You have deceived us."

"Then we are taking you in under arrest," the colonel said. He ordered that their weapons be surrendered.

All but five rifles were turned in. The ones the Indians kept were hidden under the dresses of the squaws.

That night a swirling snowstorm struck. The Indians who had no blankets almost froze to death. Throughout the night Dull Knife and his men worked silently, throwing up some breastworks. With only five rifles, they announced at daybreak that the only way the soldiers could take them would be to kill them and they meant to defend themselves as best they could.

They were subdued after several women and children had been killed, and delivered to Fort Robinson. There Dull Knife was told that the Indian Agent in Washington had ordered their return to Oklahoma. He cried out in anger when told of their pending fate. The Indians were herded into a warehouse under guard, and remained there for several days in sub-zero weather, with no heat whatever. The only way they could get any water was by scraping the frost off the windows.

On the ninth day the Indians resolved to die fighting. They hauled out the five rifles and three or four pistols they had managed to conceal, and when darkness came, they shot a guard as he passed one of the windows. With the guard out of the way the entire band crawled out the windows into the bitter cold weather.

When day broke, the frozen bodies of sixty-four Indians were gathered and stacked along a wall like fence posts. All had died from bullets or had frozen to death. Of the eighty-five others, some had been captured; some had escaped.

Dull Knife, his wife, son, and daughter-in-law, managed to make their way barefoot through the snow to the Pine Ridge Agency where they told their horrifying story. Present at the Agency at the time was the editor of a Kansas newspaper who took down the statements of all four Indians. When the story was published, there was a wave of revulsion across the entire country. Newspapers of the East demanded that Washington do something about it.

Washington did do something about it. The commander of Fort Robinson, Captain Wessells, was relieved of his duties and eventually resigned. Carl Schurz, the Indian Agent at Washington who had ordered the Indians sent back to Oklahoma, hurriedly reversed himself and said the Indians could stay where they were.

Little Wolf and Dull Knife at last had won what they had been fighting for, and 130 survivors of a proud people went back to Cheyenne country in the Black Hills to live out their days in peace.

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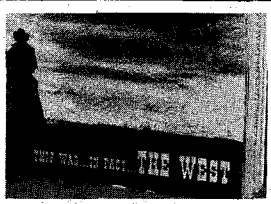

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Sam's Youngest Boy

(Continued from page 13)

He was elected a state senator from the Panhandle at twenty-four and served for a decade.

NO ONE who saw Temple Houston ever forgot him. He was lordly in bearing, the master of the courtly bow to the ladies and the mannered courtesy to men. He was married in 1883 to a decorative Louisiana girl, Miss Laura Cross. Letters of Panhandle pioneers refer to her as "Temple Houston's beautiful and aristocratic wife." Theirs was a happy marriage. When they walked together they usually held hands.

In 1888 when Texas dedicated the huge, red granite building which is still its Capitol, the lawyer's lawyer, Old Sam's gun-slinging and word-slinging son, was chosen to make the dedicatory oration. For one thing, Temple predicted that the Capitol might someday be a ruin of interest only to archaeologists.

He was, essentially, a frontiersman. In 1889 he dropped a promising legal and political career in Texas to join the land rush into Oklahoma Territory. Woodward, Oklahoma Territory, where he made his best remembered speech, "The Defense of the Fallen Woman (or Soiled Dove)," was also the scene of one of his most famous gun fights. There Houston and the sheriff, Jack Love, shot down two men named Ed and John Jennings.

The battle is so well known—and so controversial—mainly because it figured in the autobiography of a brother of the slain men, Al Jennings. Al Jennings was a Woodward lawyer who took to bank robbing, then to preaching, and, somewhere along the line, was a close friend of O. Henry.

The Jennings boys' father, John Jennings, was district judge at Woodward. Temple Houston and Sheriff Love thought the judge favored his lawyer son in court. One day Al Jennings was defending some outlaws. Temple was the prosecutor. Houston didn't think that Al was a very well-read lawyer, and he said so. He got to his feet and said to Judge Jennings: "Your honor, the gentleman (Al Jennings) is grossly ignorant of the law."

According to Al Jennings' account, they were both quickly disarmed before they could have a pistol fight in court. Later in the day, Sheriff Love and Houston were in a Woodward saloon sipping drinks and listening to some piano music. Temple was leaning on the piano. Ed and John Jennings, Al's "big brothers," came in. They thought Houston had insulted their brother. A gun battle started with a bullet crashing into the piano, just under Houston's elbow. Then all four men were firing. When the shooting was over, Houston and the sheriff were unhurt. Ed Jennings was dead. John Jennings was dying.

Houston stayed in Woodward. Yet later in his book *Through the Shadows with O. Henry*, Al Jennings implied that Temple was afraid of him. Old-timers who knew both men disagree.

"Temple would have charged hell with only a bucket of water," said one old-time Panhandle lawyer.

Houston died in bed of pneumonia at the age of forty-five. His career had promised to be one of the Old West's great ones. Yet, for some reason, perhaps because of his inherent gentleness, he missed the gunfighter's fame or notoriety which has come to two Temple Houston admirers, Bat Masterson and Billy the Kid.

Perhaps it is better to be remembered by your dramatic performances in the courtroom and the phrases you coined than by the men you had to kill.

Thousands of lawyers today who treasure Temple Houston's speeches, especially "The Defense of a Fallen Woman," couldn't name even one of the fellows he faced in gun battles, but these same legal counselors still chuckle about the time Temple was appearing in court against an unusually pompous prosecutor. Sam Houston's magnificent son stood up and cried out:

"Your Honor, the prosecutor is the first man I've ever seen who can strut sitting down."

"Fetch the smelling salts, Maw, Luke just let a pore ole snake bite him."

I Trailed Black Jack Ketchum

(Continued from page 41)

trail we always went through the country on, and followed it to where the trail came out to Clover Springs Draw.

"'Ed, we'll get him here,' I said. 'We'll stay here and watch.' We took jerky and water from the canteens and boiled the meat, and I tell you it tasted good because we hadn't eaten for more than a day.

"We stayed till morning and then gave it up. We couldn't find anything but elk and turkey and deer. It was virgin country and there was lots of game. We cut the trail riding out wide a hundred times looking for sign. We soon got back on the old Apache Road which the U. S. Cavalry made and used between outposts to freight supplies on. It wasn't much of a roadway.

"We didn't know who we were after or where to look. So we started back for fresh horses and grub. But on the way out of the forest we met John Munds, the peace officer from Prescott. He was with Harvey Hance. Harv had been at the store at the time of the shooting. Clint always kept a big fine sorrel tied to the hitching post and Hance had ridden him all the way to Prescott for help.

"That horse was a runner and Harv had ridden him fast most of the way into Prescott (about forty-five miles distant). It was a well-bred horse. Munds left immediately and rode all the way into the Mogollons where he met us. Munds was a good respected lawman with a rep for bringing his man in. We were glad to see him. He had sent word all the country over for everyone to be on the lookout. Then we cut back

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across the country and cut the trail plenty of times. We kept looking at the ground hard and reading for sign.

"We'd had plenty of experience looking for wild cows and knew how to follow a dim track. Munds opined he'd gone back to the Verde River and followed it down. So we went to the trail that was then used to carry the mail from Camp Verde to Tonto Basin and followed it down to the river.

"ON THE mail trail we stopped one feller on horseback. He was herding a band of sheep, a Basque he was, and he told us he was glad to see us. He'd been in the hills for months with nothing but the sheep for company and said he was beginning to feel like a coyote for sure. But he hadn't seen anything.

"Then we came down through Hackberry and went back to the Verde for fresh horses and grub and pack mules. Then we went down the river. That stretch of country down through the canyons is just as wild and uncivilized now as it was then. You could ride for forty miles and not see man nor beast unless you counted wild cows.

"We followed down river clear to the south of east fork. 'We should have found the tracks by now,' Munds said. 'We'll cut sign right up the East Verde and inquire of a few settlers along the stream.'

"At the general store in Payson we got our first clue. A man answering our description had been camping in the country earlier in the summer and coming in for supplies. Said he was a suspicious looking character and well armed. Bought a lot of ammo regular. He was a dead shot. We found his camp and where he'd cut down sapling pine trees with his target practice. Then we figured it was our man.

"So, the third day out, we got our first whiff of the killer. We were numb from riding but that made me perk up plenty. I knew he was up there the third day out of Camp Verde. By this time there was probably forty men, ranchers, cowboys and sheepmen that were friends of the boys—that had taken up the manhunt.

"Pretty soon we ran into some fellers that lived around in that country. Old Henry Haught was one of them. Henry had hunted bear with the stranger. They said the feller had lit out a week or more before. We found his horses hobbled out. Munds said it was no use to look for his camp. Munds was an old rangehand and cowboy, besides being a lawman, and he knew his business.

" 'I don't want any of you boys to get killed. He's a bad 'un. We won't try to find his hideout; we'll just wait him out.' Ed and I and Les Hart decided we'd go back down and find sign where he went in. We went down to where the old Apache Road narrows as it comes over the rim.

"He was still riding a barefooted horse and we crossed his track. Evidently he'd come all the way the first night and had not cut down to the river like we'd figured. I found tracks where he'd turned across the road. He got there the first night he'd done the killing. Rode all the way the first day. Guess he'd run those horses for miles and miles before he quit the bunch. No wonder we couldn't jump him.

"First track I'd found I'd taken a mesquite stick and cut notches to show width and length and I checked this

(Continued on next page)

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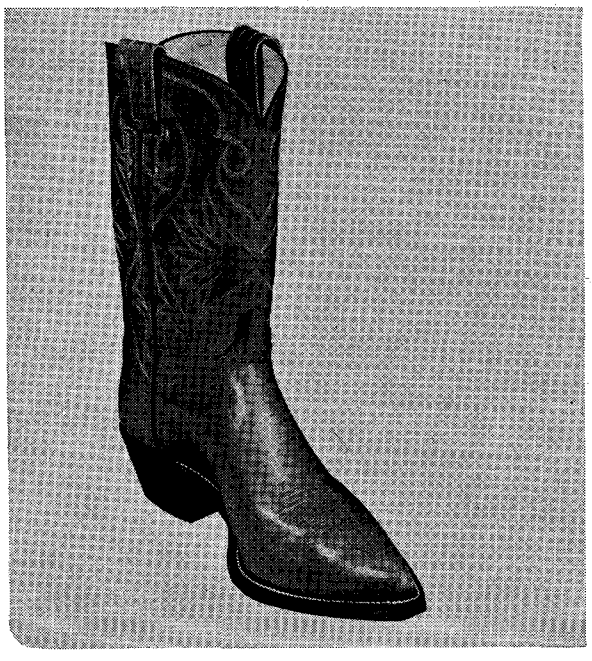

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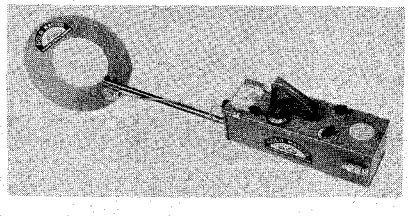

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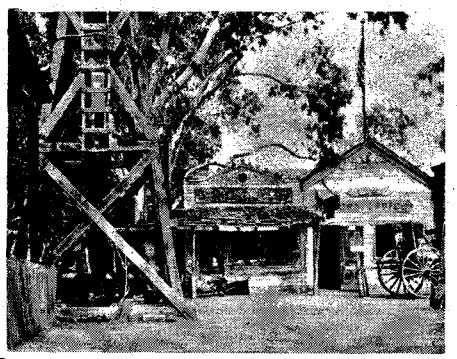

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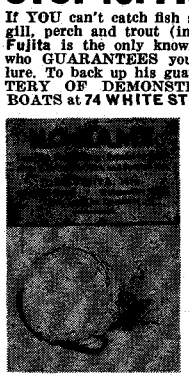

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now and it was Ketchum. No doubts. He went down the canyon and across the country in the dark. Now we were on the trail of that man. But we had bad luck. A sheep herd had split out the tracks. We went back to notify the boys at camp and tell them we'd crossed his sign. Found out two of the boys were watching the trail. We went there and sat with them and at dusk we saw a man coming on horseback.

"He rode behind a big pine tree when he saw us and stayed there. We darsn't go after him. I was so mad and filled with hate I started crawling through the grass but the boys stopped me. Then, after dark, he unsaddled, left the horse, and quit the country. We never got another glimpse of him.

"Later, before his death, Ketchum said Sheriff Munds could have spit on him we passed so close to him on the trail.

"Two men that lived in that country, Cutbirth and Cameron (one was a horse thief and the other was no good), were arrested by Munds. We rode them into Flag where my friend, Henry Fountain Ashurst, was just beginning a long political career as county prosecutor. He told us, 'I'll take care of these for you.' Munds had figured they were trying to help Ketchum.

"We hung around the country another week or two, tried bloodhounds and all but didn't have luck. Munds told us we'd just as well go on home. He was satisfied the killer was headed for New Mexico or Mexico.

"Munds told us, 'Let me go it alone. I got a better chance of catching up with him if I do. You take the horses and go back.' Munds took the trail and soon ran up on his man.

"Black Jack had held up a train and the conductor had done for him with a double-barrel shotgun. He about blew off his arm. They amputated it and let him get well and then they hung him. Munds said Ketchum admitted to him that he done the killings.

"I was invited to the hanging but didn't go."

Ornery and Low-down

(Continued from page 19)

"It hurts like getting rid of an aching tooth."

The next day we packed up and headed for home.

IT'S FUNNY, no matter how hard and stern life may be, there are always little things that come up to reflect the lighter side. As we were driving by Bill Modlin's place in a meadow country, a cottontail rabbit jumped up and headed for a barbed wire fence. My little dog took after it. She was just about to grab the rabbit as it went through the fence when she hit the lower wire full blast with her mouth open. She hit so hard that she doubled up and sailed through the two bottom strands. From that day on, you couldn't sic her onto a rabbit. She must have thought that rabbit kicked her.

There would be a long stretch of time when we wouldn't hear much about the Welsh boys; then something would happen and they would be the talk of the country again. Several times I heard my dad say, "Hell's going to pop one of these days. By hook or crook they are going to beat Martin out of his share of those cattle."

There was a cowboy working for Hartman for awhile by the name of Pete Laphan. He was known around as "Bronco Bill,"—tall and gangling, his hair so light as to be almost white, a friendly sort of guy. He was not much for looks, but was all man.

I was up in the field one day with Dad, who was irrigating the hay, when a young cowboy came along they called Joe. He also worked for Hartman. He dismounted and sat down on the ditch bank.

"How are Martin and the Welsh boys getting along?" Dad asked.

"They are not getting along," Joe replied. "No one can get along with those two guys. They abuse Martin something terrible. Martin is too old and just has to take it."

"I bet Bronco Bill could whip them," I chipped in.

"I think he could, too, kid," Joe laughed, "but he doesn't seem to be much of a fighting man—too easy going."

"I don't know," Dad said. "Those easy-going guys can get pretty rough once they get their dander up."

A WEEK or so went by. Then one day, the two Welsh boys, Joe and Bronco Bill, came through our place with a drove of steers they were taking to the high range. As they came by our house, my little dog took after the steers and they scattered. George shot and killed her.

Bronco came charging at him, his horse at full gallop. He caught George with a flying tackle and took him to the ground. Ed leaped from his horse and came charging in. Bronco took them both on and those two crooks really got manhandled. Things happened fast and furious. When it was all over, the Welsh brothers lay on the ground looking like they had been hit by a cyclone.

After awhile Bronco came over to the house where I sat crying beside my dead dog. He put his hand on my shoulder. "Sorry, kid," he said, then walked to his horse and mounted. The Welsh boys mounted also, and the cattle drive moved on.

That day I experienced a fierce, deadly hatred such as I had never known. I'd beat George to death some day, I vowed, but fate decreed that I was never to have the chance.

A couple weeks later, Uncle Tim went to Dillon and, when he came back, he brought me another little black dog a good deal like the one I had lost.

THERE IS a rather interesting place we called the Boat Crossing, just above the Red Gorge Canyon, where the river slows up and runs deep just before it drops off into the canyon with

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a roar. When the river is low, a bar of clean white coarse sand, three or four acres of it, can be reached by truck. Across the river is an island covered with wild currant bushes seven or eight feet tall. Bear Island, we called it, because when berries were ripe we found bears there, as well as fruit.

Summer went by and winter came and went. The old Colorado River was booming, carrying logs, brush and all kinds of debris. The Welsh boys got Martin into a boat on the pretext that they wanted to cross the river to look at some cattle.

Out in the middle, they turned the boat over. Martin got tangled up in the boat's anchor rope. When he reached for a dirk George had in a scabbard, to cut the rope, George moved away. Martin knew then they intended to drown him. If he succeeded in getting on the boat, they would push him off and get the boat on top of him, and as they wrestled with him and the boat, the roar of the canyon grew louder.

Martin was under the boat, buffeted about by the roaring, muddy, turbulent water as it cascaded into the canyon. Being tangled in the rope was the thing that saved him. When he reached still water, he dragged the boat with him and made the shore. Stunned and exhausted, he got on a ledge and sat in the sun awhile. After a bit he saw George float by, face down. A little later, Ed floated by.

Martin knew he had to take to the river again. There was no other way out; perpendicular walls were all around him.

Dad and I were at Uncle Tim's place below the canyon. Dad was helping with the planting. I saw Martin floating down the river in the boat and watched them get him out by swimming out to him on a horse. They towed him in, built a fire to warm him up, and he told of his experience.

"I will never be bothered with them again," Martin said. "Their bones will bleach on some sandbar along the river this summer."

One was found. The other, never.

I've told this story as I remember it. I hope some of the Hartman boys who were about my age are still alive and read this story. There were Hannis and George that I played with, and some younger boys. They were John Hartman's sons.

In later years, I met Bronco Bill at the rodeo grounds on the Brooklyn side of Steamboat Springs, Colorado. He rode a horse they called Midnight, on Pioneer Day. I hope some old-timers who remember him read this story. That was the last time I saw Bronco Bill.

Lucky Baldwin

(Continued from page 31)

said, "I'll see that $2,300, and—and—go it $3,000 better!" The total now was $5,800.

Mac sat up hopefully, expecting to fill a four heart hand. "I'll see it," he said, then found he was short on chips. His IOU was accepted, however.

Scott declared himself out of the deal. Smith followed suit. So did Brown. This left Baldwin with Sharon and Mac.

"Let's see," Baldwin said. "I never know when I've had enough. But anyway, let's make it interesting, Senator. By gad, I'm going to raise you $5,000."

Sharon drew two cards to his three aces, and scowled when he picked up a pair of fives. Mac drew one card to complete his heart flush. Baldwin drew two cards and winked at Sharon, as he tucked them behind his three kings.

"Oh, it's my turn, is it?" Baldwin asked, and quietly bet $10,000, writing the figures and affixing his signature to an IOU for that amount. This increased the pot to $36,000.

"Call it and raise it $10,000," said Sharon, scribbling off an IOU, and glaring at Baldwin.

Mac figured that his flush was worth at least a call, if not a raise. His IOU was accepted.

But what a jolt he had coming. Baldwin, in his cool, easy manner, called and raised the pot $20,000.

This knocked Mac out and encouraged Sharon. Immediately Sharon came back with a $30,000 tilt, increasing the pot to $156,100 in checks and IOUs acceptable at any bank in California.

"Good for you!" Baldwin applauded. "Now we're really getting somewhere." He wrote out another IOU, saying, "Let's make it $50,000 more, Senator, and we'll not have to write so much."

The pot now represented $236,000, and still Sharon was not satisfied. He made the biggest bet of the night by raising Baldwin $60,000. This fattened the pot to $346,000.

Baldwin moved in his chair, taking a deep, speculative breath, regarding Sharon with some outward amusement. "You're nervy, Senator," he said. "But I'm not quitting! By gad, I'm calling that $60,000 and tilting it another $60,000."

Sharon sat back in his chair. He drew his elbows to the table and fingered his cards, speculating. It was a difficult moment. Both men had millions. Empires of wealth. Here was a test of pure nerve, calm judgment.

Baldwin, a master of the art of reading an opponent's hand from his general attitude and expressions, both facial and verbal, detected several signs of fear and doubt replace Sharon's former attitude of defiance and optimism.

The other players, already beaten, sat mute and restless.

With a sudden reckless courage Sharon sat up and scribbled off another IOU, calling Baldwin and laying down his hand with an air of triumph: an ACE FULL.

"Well, well!" Baldwin cried, as if in surrender, and appeared to be ready to toss his cards aside, as Sharon scowled and reached for the half-million-dollar pot.

"Say, wait a minute!" Baldwin said, pushing Sharon's hand back as he spread out before anxious eyes FOUR BRIGHT KINGS, drawing in the pot containing $526,000.

Sharon's face took on a mixed expression of mirth and anger, flushed with pain—something that Baldwin figured was the logical expression of anyone faced with four of a kind!

Author's Note: As to the poker game that climaxes this story, it was written up in newspapers of that era from a personal interview with Baldwin, who displayed his remarkable memory by reconstructing the conversation word by word. I ran across such a newspaper clipping in a friend's scrapbook in 1910. The newspaper was printed either in San Jose or San Francisco. If anyone has additional information about one of the biggest pots on record, please write me through WESTERN PUBLICATIONS.

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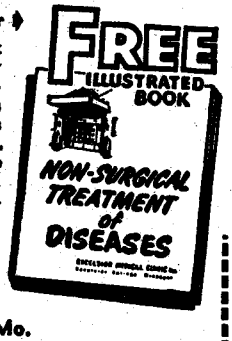

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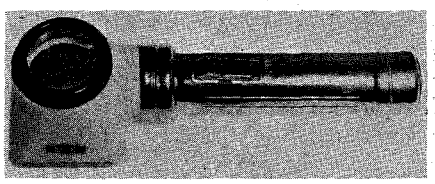

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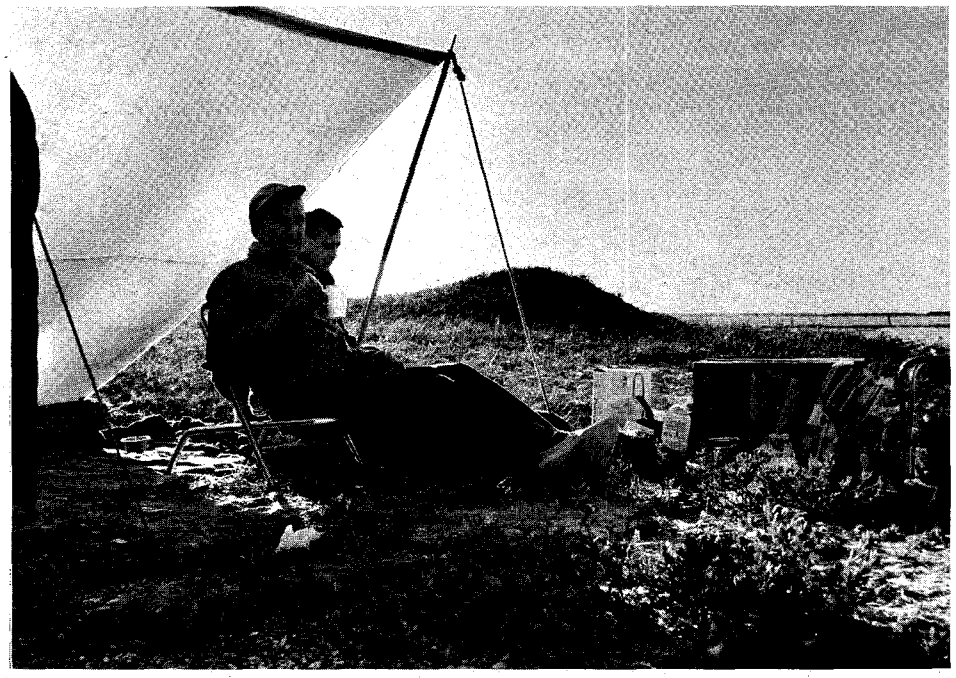


Author, in foreground, and Don relaxing at their camp on Padre Island.

Treasure Island

(Continued from page 43)

get all the information you can before starting out.

Remember even a four-wheel-drive vehicle is useless in deep sand and you may have to abandon it, so walking is the best bet. Be sure to wear comfortable shoes and have plenty of clean socks.

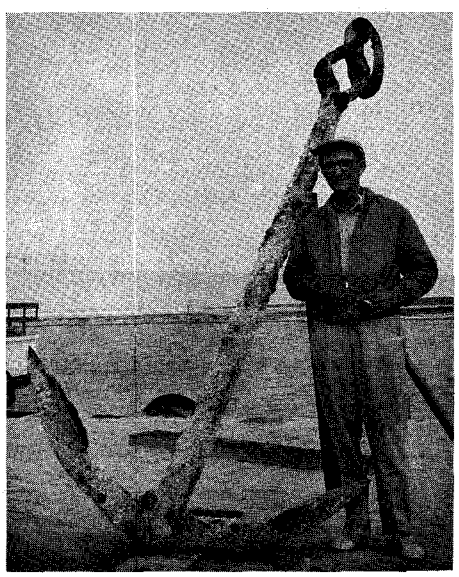
Don't forget the snakebite kit. I have never seen a rattler on the island yet but I understand that, at times, they are thick. Try to be prepared for any emergency that may arise, but don't load yourself down with unnecessary junk. You will more than likely find plenty of things you would like to keep as you work the island, so carry a good empty bag with shoulder strap—you may bring it back full.

Try not to drink too much water but carry an adequate supply. Remember, contrary to general belief, you can dig two or three feet deep and get fresh water almost any place on the island so there's no need to get too thirsty.

I suppose the absolutely most important piece of equipment you should have—and it is a must—is a good, hard-working partner. You should never go alone. Have a complete plan of what you intend to do before you go and stick to it as closely as possible. It will take a while, possibly several trips, before you learn just where to hunt and how to work most efficiently.

Don't overlook the possibility of finding something unexpected. You could search for years and find nothing, or on that next step you might discover silver plate or gold bars, doubloons or jewels, bushels of gold or silver coins. Remember this is Treasure Island where no one is surprised if you do find that pot of gold! If you don't strike the first time, nevertheless you will never find a better place to search. So good hunting, so long for now, and I'll see you at the Devil's Elbow.

Author's Note: I will answer any questions on treasure hunting in this area if letter is accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope. My address: 11350 Cactus Lane, Dallas, Texas.



Louis Rawalt, "Mr. Padre Island."

The Henry Rifle

(Continued from page 29)

In 1878, Colt assured the overwhelming success of the '73 by chambering its .45 caliber Peacemaker for the .44-40 cartridges used in the Winchester, and calling it the Frontier Model. Thus one belt of .44-40 cartridges provided ammunition for both weapons, enabling the Winchester '73 and the Colt Frontier six-shooter to become standard equipment for plainsmen from the Rio Bravo to the Columbia. The magazine rifle, scorned and derided by firearms experts at the time of its inception, had become "The Rifle that won the West."

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Truly Western

(Continued from page 4)

spells the name "McAulay" and the second family spells it "Macaulay." Your April issue sent me running to the family history which includes the diary kept day by day across the Plains by my Aunt Eliza Ann McAuley, the seventeen-year-old sister of Thomas who was Meeker's trail partner. Their father, James, had started to California on foot in 1850 and had promised to meet them in the desert east of Frenchman's Station (now Winnemucca, Nevada) to guide them across the Forty Mile Desert and over the Sierra Nevada Mountains.

Ezra Meeker was going strong in 1915 at the Panama Pacific Exposition in San Francisco. I found him there with his covered wagon, autographing one of his books for a small boy—proud of a hand that still did not tremble. I asked him if he remembered Tom McAuley that he crossed the Plains with, and he said he would never forget him. When I told him I was the youngest son of that same Tom, he shut up shop for the day and we talked old times and family. My father died in 1912 at eighty-three—"gone under" as the old-timers put it.

As we visited that day, Ezra would chuckle, slap his leg and let his eyes twinkle and dance. I left him there with his stuffed oxen, prairie schooner and his memories. I never saw him again. I heard soon after that he had "gone under" too.—T. W. Macaulay, 60 Greenstone Circle, Reno, Nevada.

Charlie Pitts and the James Gang

Gentlemen:

We were interested in your story on Charlie Pitts in the April issue of TRUE WEST and note you say "some say his name was Sam Wells." About a year ago the Museum was presented with a cane by the son of a former doctor here in Griswold.

The story told to us about the cane is this: it was made by Poke Wells, one of the James Gang, while in prison at Fort Madison. He asked other prisoners there to save all their postage stamps for him. He strung them on a wire and glued them together. When he had enough stamps to make a cane, he turned them out on a lathe, varnished and polished it, and it made a very nice looking piece. It looks like it might be of inlaid wood as he put a number of stamps together of the same color, and then put on another color.

The warden said he had been one of the most "trigger happy" of the whole gang and was the meanest man he ever had in his term as warden there. He was in the pen there a number of years, then was declared insane and transferred to Animosa.

We have done some research to learn more of Poke Wells, but without success. Your article is the first we have found that mentions the name WELLS. It could be that Poke was a brother of Sam—perhaps some reader could help us on this.—Fred B. DeWitt, Hillcrest Farm Museum, Griswold, Iowa.

Dear Editor:

Having been a reader of your magazine for many years, I wish to tell you that the article about Charlie Pitts (April 1963 TRUE WEST) was very interesting to me.

In 1912, I was living at Waterloo, Iowa, and made a business trip to Northfield, Minnesota, to buy raw furs. I manufactured fur coats and other fur garments. The day that I was up there in Northfield, I was in a general store and several men were loafing around the big old-fashioned heating stove. I mentioned that I had read a lot about their town and the James and Younger capture.

Several elderly men, who were eyewitnesses, got busy telling me of the fight and took me out into the street and told me where the different men fell and the whole happening.

There was an old trapper who lived somewhere up the Cedar River. He trapped in winter and musselled in summer. I mean he was a pearl fisherman, running a boat with drag chains to gather clams for pearls. Cedar River was noted for producing some very fine ones.

This man had sold me lots of fine minks and muskrats. Shortly after I was in Northfield, he came in with some furs and I brought up the subject of the Jameses and Youngers again. A queer look came over his face and he wanted to know all about what the other men had told me about the fight. He said, "I knew them all and they were good friends of mine."

He said that he lived closer to the "BIG WOODS" than anyone else. Now I have read lots of articles about different outlaws, but I have never read any that mentioned the BIG WOODS of Northern Iowa. For many miles around, the inhabitants referred to it as the "outlaw hideout" of the James-Younger Gang and other men running from the law. This was a tract of virgin timber owned by a big lumber syndicate. Only a few seldom-used roads or trails entered it. It was infested with the large type timber wolf, and no one lived near, for it was considered a very unhealthy place to be. Several wolf hunters that got too close had .30-30 guns talking to them.

A partner of the trapper I just mentioned told me that they ran supplies of food and medicine into the Woods—and he also told me that they found a market and disposed of lots of loot for these men.

Now I would like to find out if Harry C. Hoffman was not a teen-aged rider in the James gang. He was pictured in the last reunion of the gang in September, 1920. This old man has been living for many years only about thirty-five miles from here. I do not know if he is still living but could easily find out.

"Believe ah'll mosey on over and rob th' bank."

I have a map of Iowa that shows the location of these Woods. It is about thirty-five or forty miles northwest of Waterloo, a few miles southwest of Clarksville, and about twenty miles north of Parkersburg. It is referred to on the map as the HEAVY WOODS.

Hope you can make out what I have tried to write about. At eighty-three, the old hand and eyes are not as good as they used to be.—P. C. Jones, 1716 Grand Avenue, Connersville, Indiana.

Back From the Gold Fields

Gentlemen:

Recently I purchased one of your magazines and lo and behold, there was a picture of Main Street, Barkerville, British Columbia. In 1956, Curley Williamson and I made the trip from Paris, Texas, to Barkerville in a jeep for the purpose of dredging gold in Conklin Gulch, which is approximately two miles from the town. When Curley moved his family of six to Barkerville, he almost doubled the population! It is truly a ghost town. The old church was built in 1836 and was never painted.

Nearby are many interesting sites—Stanley, Cottonwood and Lightning Creek. Along the route from Quesnel to Barkerville, there is a narrow pass called "Hold-up Pass." The story goes that Charles Blessing was slain there by robbers as he was attempting to remove about two million dollars in gold from Williams Creek via packtrain. His grave can be found on the hillside above.

There is a lot of gold and other precious metals waiting to be taken in this area. I feel real sure that most of it will still be there when Gabriel blows his horn, because of the short mild seasons and rough terrain.—Herman E. Dicus, 1413 Dent, Garland, Texas.

Missing Persons

Howdy, Joe:

I know you get a lot of requests from readers trying to locate missing relatives, or obtain information on them and I know you can't run them all, or your magazine would pop the seams. Maybe this will correct the situation. One of the best sources for locating anyone (especially if they ever had military service) is to send all information as accurately as possible to

Archivist of United States
General Service Administration
Personal Records Department
Washington 25, D. C.

They will send a form to fill out which can be returned with $1.00 which is their charge for searching the records. If they find a record of the person, they will send a complete copy of that person's military record, place and date of birth, all marriages, divorces, children, deaths, etc. If no record is on file, they will return the $1.00.

You can also have friends or relatives search the records free if they live in or near Washington, D. C., but for one buck, it is a better buy than TRUE WEST or FRONTIER TIMES!

Another place to obtain help of this sort is to send a brief and accurate request to

Editor of Labor
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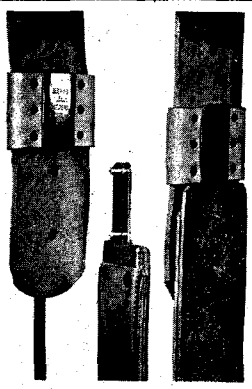

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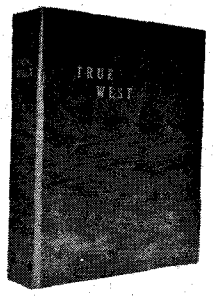

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So long, Joe, and watch out for badger holes!—Walt Thayer, Box 1634, Wenatchee, Washington.

Howdy:

Do you suppose any of your readers might have an inkling of what happened to Jack Bridges that my old cowhand buddy wrote me about. He gives these clues:

"About 1912 I was up on the Salmon River in Idaho for a couple of years. I worked for a rancher up there, J. Rhoades, on Rapid River above Pollock—about halfway from Whitebird to Weiser.

"There were two partners there who had ranches on either side; one where a bunch of counterfeiters had worked; the other on the Little Salmon toward New Meadows. We used to trade work with them, as was the custom at that time. They were very good neighbors and well liked. They tended strictly to their own business—consequently we never knew much about them.

"Jack Bridges, one of them, wore a long-barreled Smith & Wesson and was never without it—even branding or pitching hay. Moreover, no one could come up behind him and he was really spooky around strangers. I heard later that he had been a deputy U. S. marshal and, in attempting to arrest a man who had turned to jump behind a post, fired at just the wrong moment—it got him more or less in the back.

"To keep from being killed, Bridges left that country and I am wondering if anyone knows where he might be or what happened to him." Can anybody give me some information?—Harry E. Chrisman, Lane D, Apt. 74, Bluebonnet Courts, Liberal, Kansas.

Editor's Note: We'll bet some of our readers know—but will they tell?

The Noble Art of Horse Training

Dear Editor:

I've enjoyed very much the articles that Bob Hiltunen has done on Ed Wright. When I was still in high school, I began as an apprentice horse trainer under Ol' Ed when he had a training stable in Riverside, California. To this day, there are only one or two men I know that I consider his equal as a trainer.

Many who knew Ed only slightly thought him a braggart or a bit windy, but I know for a fact that he could back up anything he would say that he could do with man or horse. He is in the class of Valdez and Mark Smith in his knowledge of horse training—and was in the class of Tibbs and Shoulders in the rodeo world of his day.—R. C. Barham, Box 611, Carrizozo, New Mexico.

The Wrong Birthday

Dear Joe:

We read every issue of TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES and enjoy them very much. However, we would like to make a correction in the story "Spotted Horse of the West" in the February issue. Paintings of horses which have definitely been established as the Appaloosa breed were painted by Cro-Magnon artists some 18,000 years ago. Your story states that the first record of this horse is only 2,400 years old.

We hope that for ourselves and all other Appaloosa fans, you will make this correction, as we are very proud of having the oldest known breed of horses.—Mr. and Mrs. Ed Seamann, Cedar Rapids, Nebraska.

Author's Reply: My statement as researched from Cecil F. Rooks, "Light Horses" should have read: "The spotted horses, famed for their speed, endurance and intelligence, were DEVELOPED some 2,400 years ago." Dr. Haines notes in his book that artifacts of the spotted breed were, indeed, found in the French Caves some 18,000 years ago. I stand corrected, and because I knew the facts, I'm thoroughly chagrined. But loving the ol' spotted hoss as I do, thanks to the reader for throwing a rope on this error.—Lee Ryland.

Young Braves

Dear Mr. Small:

There's a lot of talk about physical fitness these days. I thought you might enjoy seeing a picture of the Carlisle Indians back in the year 1907. Even without padding, they look formidable—and they faced a formidable schedule. I still have their names: Top row, left to right—Little Boy; Gardner; Dillon; Lubo; Center row: Porter, Wauseka, Exendrine; LaRock; Bottom row: Mt. Pleasant; Hendricks; Libby.

My mother was Field Matron and Government Interpreter at the Crow Creek Reservation for many years.—John W. Douglas, 1315 E. 31st Street, Kansas City, Missouri.

Misjudged Man of the Rio Grande

Dear Editor:

I enjoyed your article on King Fisher in the February TRUE WEST. He is always referred to as a top-notch gunfighter. But all his fame as a "tough" seems to be based on the existence of a sign that said "King Fisher's Road—Take the Other One!" People don't ever stop to consider that the sign could have been put there as a favor to travelers to save a long ride down and back the wrong road. Signboards were few and far between in that country—there wasn't any lumber handy and even less paint. Strangers had to find their way the best they could.

King Fisher was a deputy sheriff when he was killed, yet I have had old

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settlers around Eagle Pass, Texas, tell me that he and his men were thieves and robbers. The point I make is—there is a lot of guesswork and half-truths—but no hard facts—about King Fisher except the fatal trip he made with Ben Thompson to San Antonio when both were killed.

I don't see how you can label a man "outlaw" because of a sign and the reputation of a man he happened to know. —Rex Turner, Box 558, Ripley, Oklahoma.

Editor's Note: It seems that everyone wants to believe the best of King Fisher—our letters sure run that way! Just so you readers won't feel that author Curtis Bishop (or we at WESTERN PUBLICATIONS) might be off on the wrong track, the article "King Fisher's Road" in the February 1963 TRUE WEST was based on material furnished and approved by Congressman O. C. Fisher of San Angelo, Texas—a relative of King's and proud of it!

Identification, Please

Dear Joe:

Here is an item from my collection that readers of TRUE WEST might like to see. It is a bronze token about the size of a half-dollar but a little thinner. One side has a Indian chief and tomahawk. The other side has a squaw and papoose. The neck of the chief, if you turn him upside down, has the numbers "2636" stamped on him. These are the only markings.

I have no idea for what purpose this token was made up—or when. If anyone has any information, please write to me.—Clarence A. Collette, 3825 Franklin Street, La Crescenta, California.

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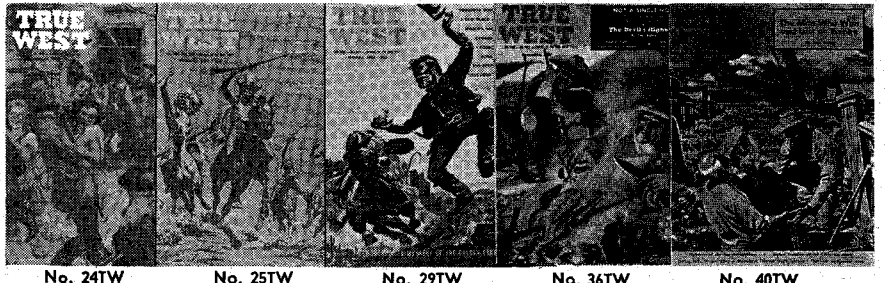

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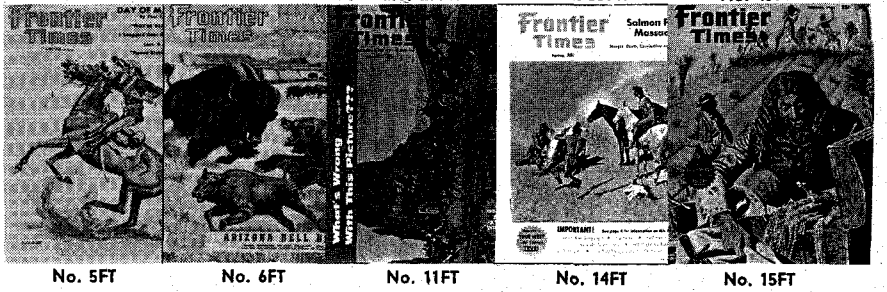

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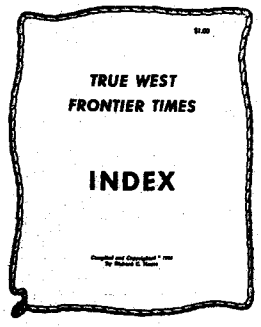

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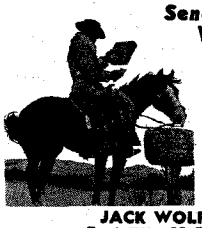

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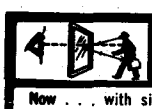

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Now Dadburnit!

(Continued from page 3)

Comanches, and—finally—the Sioux. James Kaywaykla, nephew of Victorio, stated that he considered Norm's account of the Tres Castillos Massacre the best he had ever read, and he should know something about it—he was there.

Throughout the presentation of the Indian Series, reader interest in it never flagged. As the series neared its end with the publication of the long three-part article on the Sioux, many letter-writers inquired when the articles would be put into book form. One perceptive reader pointed out the fact that nowhere else could school and public libraries obtain short, accurate, *readable* histories of seven Indian tribes but in such a projected volume. We agreed—but finding a publisher to agree was a different matter. Several large New York publishing houses looked over the series but thought it too limited in mass appeal to be successful as a book. (Apparently nobody ever told these learned men of letters that folks everywhere love to read of the Old West and Indians!)

Disgusted with his book's reception in the East, Norm finally decided to "Go West." He sent it to a western publisher, where it was promptly accepted.

Well, that's about it, folks. Now if just one-tenth of all you *True West* and *Frontier Times* readers buy a copy of BRAVE WARRIORS and tell your friends about it, this book will be the whopping success it deserves to be.

Let me close with the words of old-timer James E. (Jeb) Foreman, of Dallas, Texas, who—in his letter to the author appearing in February, 1957, *True West*—had this to say:

"Dear Norm: As an old-time *Tejano*, I'd sure like for you to know how much I enjoyed your story on the Comanches, 'Lords of the South Plains,' in the October (1956) issue of *True West*. To my mind, your entire Indian Series is the best material written on the Plains Indians in years and certainly deserves to be permanently preserved for posterity in book form. Hurry up and print the chapter on the Sioux and get the book published. I have a selfish reason for asking this. I am eighty-one years old, my health is pretty shaky, and I'd like to buy the book and read it over before leaving it to my great-grandson. One *sure* thing, he'll never read anything more interesting or authentic than your Indian series—and that is the opinion of an old-timer who has known many Indians and has studied Indian lore and history for seventy years. . . ."

So here's your book, Jeb. May you and the little *Tejano* and a long line of *his* descendants live to read and enjoy it.

Joe Austell Small,
Editor and Publisher
True West and *Frontier Times*,
Austin, Texas

Well, that's about all. Some of you may think this editorial is a bit commercial. Well, you're right! If you had to eat shredded Indexes every morning for breakfast, you wouldn't mind getting a little commercial in an editorial your ownselves! So, just to make sure that you do not mistake this as a sly hint and realize it to be the real thing, WESTERN PUBLICATIONS, INC. is offering you a $6.50 book (and it is a beautiful thing) for an "early bird" price of a measly, flea-bitten, germ-ridden $5.00. See page 73 for details.

I'm hungry—I wonder what we got for *supper*. . . .

The Rainbow Cattle

(Continued from page 25)

as any untamed denizen of the brush country. Forward-looking individuals started branding the unmarked stock and building up herds, though the future looked as forbidding as the thickets in which the beasts hid themselves. Memories of the early trail drives still survived.

A few herds were driven to Mexico and there traded for everyday commodities. Nelson Story successfully trailed 600 head to the Montana gold fields in 1866. Several herds went to Colorado and New Mexico to establish new ranches. And a number of drives went on to fair markets from the railhead at Sedalia, Missouri. But this was only a drop in the bucket.

Furthermore, the Jayhawkers and settlers along the Sedalia Trail caused so much trouble that it remained for the building of the railroad to Abilene, Kansas, and Joseph McCoy's opening of the Chisholm Trail in 1867, to give the longhorn its most colorful page in history.

THE FIRST ENTRY on this page was perhaps made by a pioneer settler named Seth E. Ward, near Fort Laramie, Wyoming. The unseasonable early winter of 1853 caught Ward with a shortage of feed for his cattle; he finally turned the animals out in the Laramie Valley to shift for themselves.

Early spring found his stock all in first-class shape. The previous year's sun-cured grass had not only brought them through, but had fattened them to butchering condition.

Alexander Majors, of the great Russell, Majors and Waddell freighting firm, tried the same experiment the following year. After delivering some fifty tons of freight at Fort Laramie in November, he turned his 300 work oxen out on the prairie to make out the best they could. All did well and were in prime condition when spring arrived.

When various others did the same thing with equal success, the northern rangeland soon captured the attention of all prospective cattlemen. And the first requirement of cattle ranching is cattle. That was where the eyes of the world first began turning on Texas. The next thirty years saw the descendants of Andalusia populating the prairies from the Rio Grande to Milk River and from the Mississippi to the Rockies.

As these countless herds pounded out their dusty trails over half a continent, it was only natural that various characters among them should command special attention. Cow camp annals are crowded with legendary longhorns whose wit or courage won them a place in history.

One such animal was Old Blue. Charles Goodnight bought him in 1874, when he was a four-year-old. Goodnight was making up a herd to take to his ranch near Pueblo, Colorado, and Blue immediately set himself up as leader of the bunch. The way he kept his position throughout the journey won the approval of his new owner. Good lead steers were rare and highly prized animals. When Goodnight moved back to Texas, it was Old Blue who broke trail for the herd. Later, he led most of the Goodnight trail

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herds to the railroad at Dodge City, sometimes going twice a year.

During this latter period, they put a new brass bell with a shiny collar on him. He displayed as much pride in the accouterment as a kid with a new concho belt. Too, he recognized the dignity of his position. After leading the herd all day, he would go off and bed down by himself in haughty aloofness. At daybreak, his solitary figure would circle the herd, then move authoritatively toward the trail. On the return journey, he took his place with the saddle-horse remuda, often traveling up to thirty miles a day without lagging. He served faithfully in his chosen profession until his death in 1890.

Bill Blocker, another famous trail driver, had a big bay steer with black spots which was of similar disposition. This animal also created his own place as a leader and never relinquished it. He became as proud as a peacock and independent as a hog on ice. Blocker made a practice of riding alongside him with one hand on the steer's horn. Together, it was said, they could take a herd through anything.

But not all of these fabled celebrities chose to walk to glory in the service of man. Frank S. Hastings gives a good example of this in his *Recollections of a Ranchman.* The steer in question was among a bunch of old mossy horns at a packing plant in Leavenworth, Kansas. As the beast passed down the slaughter chute, he was struck a stunning blow between the eyes. The steer dropped instantly and was immediately dumped through the trap-door and dragged to the skinning bed.

There, at the first touch of the knife against his throat, he leaped to his feet in a single bound, shedding skinners like chaff. At the same moment, he spied daylight through an open door at the rear of the building. Without a pause, he catapulted through the door, jumped a story and a half to the ground, and swam the Missouri River to a sand bar a quarter mile distant. There he shook himself, bawled his distaste for all such foolishness, cocked his tail in the air and disappeared in the distance.

Another time, a herd was being shoved into a hide and tallow plant at Fulton, Texas. Midway of proceedings, a big brindle steer suddenly broke away from the bunch and, eluding pursuit, plunged into the sea. He swam twelve miles across the bay to a point at Lamar and made his escape.

COWBOYS, as a rule, are prone to appreciate the outstanding characteristics of their four-footed charges. Pride, intelligence, courage, independence and defiance in individual animals have a way of striking a responsive chord in the minds of rangemen. It might almost be called a meeting of kindred spirits. Even the misfits and clowns of the animal world are often raised to legendary heights by such uninhibited souls reminiscing over a campfire.

Thus it is that the epic of Old Brindle has become a classic of the Southwestern ranges. While raconteurs may possibly deal a little loosely with the truth on a few points, men long familiar with the old longhorns hesitate to cite any falsities in the story.

This ox was a member of Joe Goodbread's freight outfit. On one certain occasion, he was yoked up with his team-mates for a trip out to the railroad for a load of freight. All the wagons in the outfit had trailers and each had the customary canvas cover, open in front and closed with a puckering string behind. The company camped nights along the trail, turning the oxen out on the range to feed. When Brindle, already famous for his sly craftiness, was not to be found with the herd one morning, everyone simply concluded he had taken French leave and gone home. Consequently, they yoked up one of the spare oxen in his place and went on.

Half a day later and some eight miles farther along the trail, the outfit camped for dinner. During the course of the meal, Goodbread remarked that his wagon would have to be greased. He said it had been pulling like an anchor all morning.

When he walked around the wagon to get his grease bucket, some minutes later, he happened to glance into the open end of the trail wagon. The yell he let out brought everyone up standing. There in the wagon, hidden by the canvas cover, was the missing Brindle stretched out and sleeping like the village disgrace on Sunday morning.

Another steer turned up with the answer to an old murder mystery, carried for three years on his hide. That was over in Colorado. A cowboy by the name of Jess Hitson disappeared one July day in 1868. No trace of the man was ever discovered. The mystery, however, resolved itself the summer of 1871, when a steer was found with the following burnt into his hide: "7 4 68 Indians Hot as hell J. H." The probability that Hitson had been surprised and killed by Indians while branding a maverick left little question in his friends' minds.

Other longhorns there were of equal or greater distinction. Bunkhouse sagas will always hold their quota of such outstanding individualists. But the longhorn himself, like most other great figures who shaped the course of history, was forced to disappear under the wheels of progress. Fenced ranges and quick beef reduced him to a tradition in less time than it took the railroad and the settler to do the same thing to the Indian and the buffalo.

When an attempt was made to preserve for posterity a remnant of the unique breed at Oklahoma's Wichita Wild Life Preserve, in 1927, an extensive search of Texas produced only twenty cows and three bulls of the true strain. But they are a virile species. At present, their progeny is in a fair way to perpetuating the memory of American cattleland's rugged birth.

This would be especially true if they should happen to emulate the herd of a certain questionable character out in west Texas. When forced to explain the phenomenal increase in his herd, the man claimed it was caused by his steers bringing home stray calves every now and then.

"Them steers," he said, "just seem to have a plumb unreasonable honin' for family life. Where they get the little fellers, I don't know; but they bein' longhorns, there ain't much a man c'n do about it."

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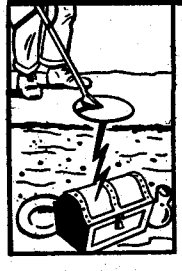

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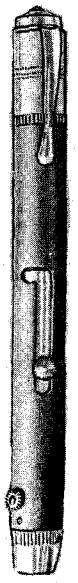

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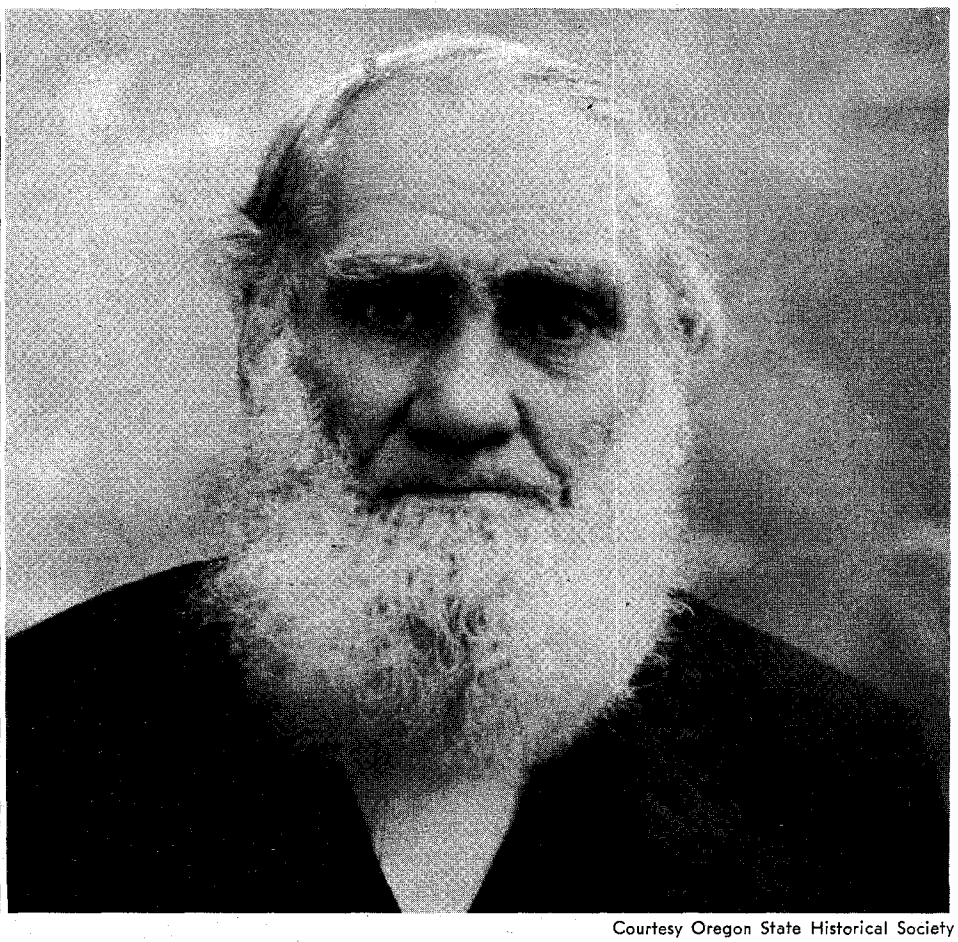

Courtesy Oregon State Historical Society

Cyrus Hedden

Ambush on the Coquille

(Continued from page 45)

which he could have easily done. Cyrus Hedden refused the offer.

At last, Williams was able to stagger along a few feet at a time, then the pain became so severe he refused to go farther. Hedden had an answer to that, too.

Twisting his own shirt into a sort of rope, he tied it about Williams, looped it over his own shoulder, and half-carried, half-dragged his friend onward. At times, he packed Williams on his back and eventually they reached the south shore of Coos Bay.

There, they saw an Indian camp. Hedden approached it carefully, entered, and found out from the squaws that the braves were on a hunt. He concealed Williams, then hid himself behind a log, waiting for the Indians to return.

When they came, he frightened them into carrying Williams to one of the canoes, and rowing them both to the north strait of Coos Bay.

Hedden then packed his friend on his back the thirty miles north to the mouth of the Umpqua, although he had to rest every fifty or hundred yards. He would not quit.

The wreck of an old schooner became a temporary shelter but the men were sorely in need of food. Hedden set out to find some Indians to make a trade. All he had was a knife with a beaded handle and all he wore was a pair of buckskin pants.

Luckily, he met a boat coming from Gardiner across the bay from the present site of Reedsport. A young fellow on board happened to have on two shirts. As soon as he saw Cyrus Hedden, he beached his boat and came forward, taking off one of his shirts as he walked. He turned it inside out and down onto Hedden's back, all in one motion. His impulsive gesture was typical of the spirit of those days. (The name of the young man who gave Hedden his shirt was S. Schofield and it was for him that the Schofield River was named.)

The next move was to get back to Williams. That he survived was a miracle. Bedridden much of the time for seven years, he was cared for by friends in Gardiner, and by the Heddens and others in Scottsburg.

Finally, the arrowhead worked its way out of his body, followed a few months later by the remaining piece of the arrow shaft. He then began to recover normal health.

L. L. Williams became treasurer of Umpqua County, and later was county clerk of Douglas County. He also served as chief clerk for the United States Land Office at Roseburg, and in the old record books in the courthouse is page after page written in the strong, clear and concise handwriting of this remarkable man.

He died in 1880 leaving a considerable estate. A quote from his will is as follows:

"To my friend, Cyrus Hedden, of Scottsburg, Douglas County, Oregon (for kind care and attendance while suffering from wounds received from the Indians), I give and bequeath the sum of five thousand dollars."

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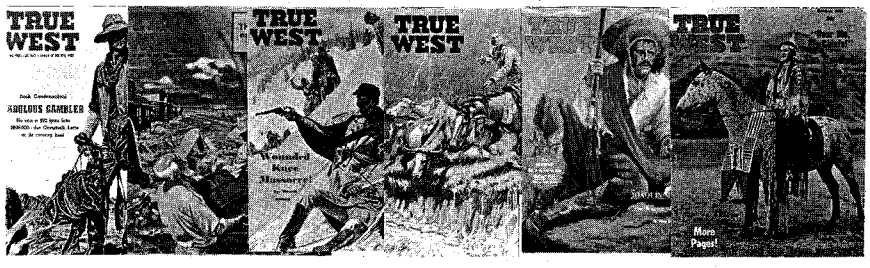

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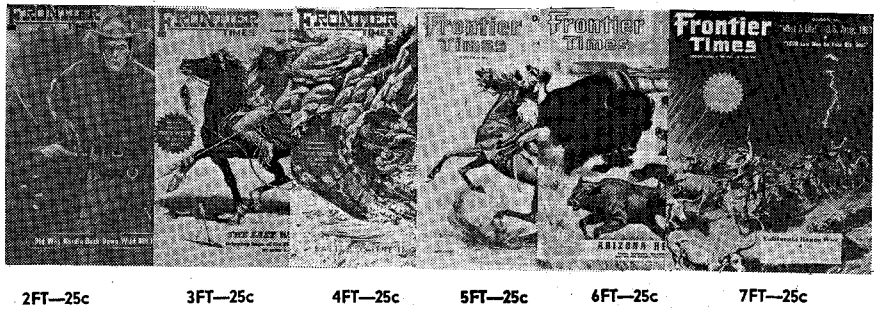

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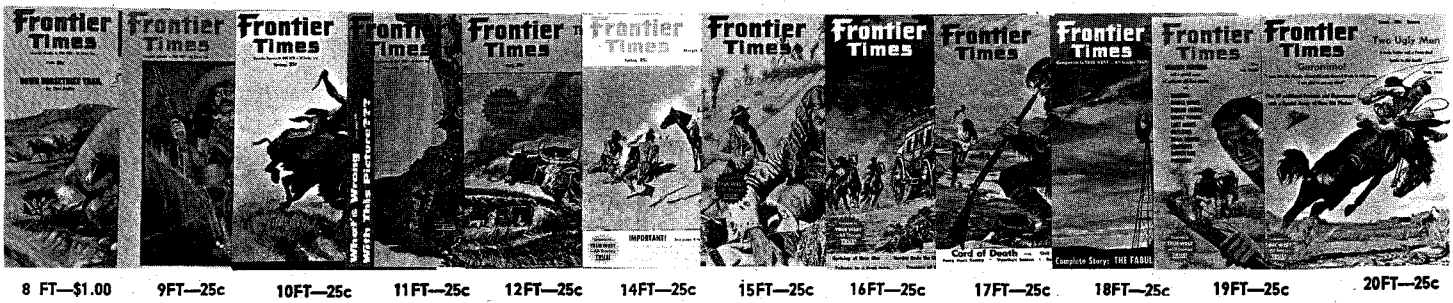

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WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP

By The Old Bookaroos

OUR BOY'S INDIAN BOOK!

Those interested in Indian affairs will like the sharp treatment given the history of several western tribes by Norman B. Wiltsey in his new book, *Brave Warriors* (Caxton, $6.50). There is a friendly introduction by Joe Austell Small, publisher of TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES.

Norman writes sympathetically about Indians and his bright narrative carries the reader through the book's pages at a pleasant gallop. Old-timers familiar with the period give the author high praise for telling a straight story about events often controversial. Tersely, but well written, the chapters provide fairly complete treatment of major events in the histories of Nez Percé, Cheyennes, Crows, Comanches, Modocs, Apaches and Sioux. It is easy to read and is loaded with rare details about the hardships the Indians endured while being tamed by whites. There are 36 illustrations from photographs and an end-sheet map.

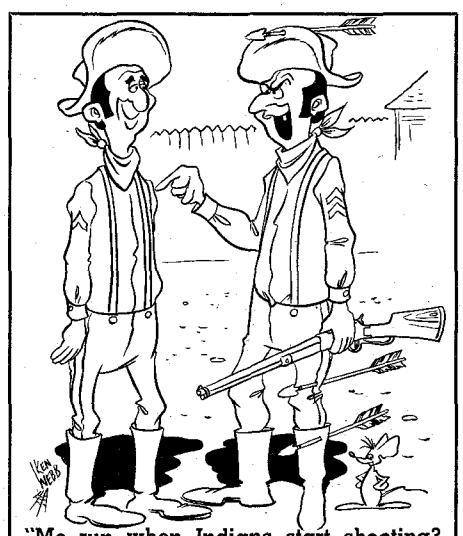
HORSES

A year or two ago, a museum director saw some of the descendents of the famous spotted Nez Percé ponies at a Fort Worth Horse Show. Giving his imagination a loose rein, Mitchell Wilder proceeded to plan an exhibition that would give the public some insight into the historical background of these beautiful animals. *Appaloosa, the Spotted Horse in Art and History* was the result and is also the title of a book beautiful enough to grace any library. It serves as a record of that exhibition. The authoritative text by Francis Haines traces the history of the spotted horse from the first record in cave paintings of central France, through Asia, Africa, and eventually to the Palouse country of our own Northwest, from whence came the American name, "Appaloosa." The spotted horse has appeared on Greek vases, as Ming statuary, in medieval tapestries and mosaics, and in paintings from ancient times to the present, evidence of its wide appeal throughout the ages. Many of these are reproduced in color. Available from the Amon Carter Museum of Western Art ($7.50). Recommended.

Deering Davis writes about the background, training, equipment and use of the Western horse in his new book, *The American Cow Pony* (Van Nostrand, $6.95). He has some editorial assistance from Eugene V. Connett but this is a horse book by a horse lover. There are many illustrations in this book that add greatly to the understanding of the readers—most of them by Miss Carol Plouff. Miss Plouff is both artist and horsewoman and her line drawings are used most effectively in illustrating the techniques of horse handling. The frontispiece and several other drawings by Frederic Remington, two black and whites by Charlie Russell, and drawings by Monte Foreman, Randy Steffen and Jorge Campos enhance the volume. There is a good bibliography but no index. This well written and illustrated volume should appeal to all horse lovers of today.

DESERT LIT

Desert Harvest (Westernlore, $7.50) by E. I. Edwards, the great desert bibliographer, is a book about desert books. This can be called an annotated selective bibliography (which it is) since the main idea was to have Mr. Edwards name the twenty-five books of his great desert library to retain should he be forced to dispose of all but that number. He was not asked to choose his twenty-five favorite books, nor to recommend the twenty-five best books about the desert nor to name the twenty-five rarest or most expensive—just the twenty-five he would keep if he had to cut down to that number. In selecting his twenty-five he mentioned a total of perhaps 200, probably all considered briefly and a few doubtlessly in the running to the very end. This reviewer has tried this exercise—it is both frustrating and rewarding and he would not dare name a one of Mr. Edwards' choices. If you love the desert lands and the books about them, this is for you—well written by a true book lover and presented in a delightful format.



"Me run when Indians start shooting? Just try an' prove it!"

NO OUTLET TO THE SEA!

Exploring the Great Basin (University of Oklahoma Press, $4.95) by Gloria Griffen Cline is the first comprehensive account of the exploration of that broad stretch of country between the Wasatch Range in Central Utah and the Sierra Nevadas that has no outlet to the sea. The first white men to reach the basin were the Spanish friars, Dominguez and Escalante, who with their soldier escort, saw the eastern edge in 1776. In 1844 while on his second expedition, John C. Fremont circled the basin and came to the conclusion, necessitated by geographic reality, that there was no river outlet from the vast area that was nearly 600 miles east to west and 900 north to south. In his report, he applied for the first time the name, "The Great Basin," to the area. Between 1776 and 1844 a perfectly fascinating cross-section of famous Westerners visited the basin in search of furs or of the fabled San Buena Ventura River that reached from the Rockies to the Pacific or both. Fremont was searching for the mythical San Buena Ventura when he made the circle trip that convinced him that it did not exist. Peter Skene Ogden, Alexander Ross, Captain Bonneville, Joseph Reddeford Walker, Jim Bridger and Jed Smith were among those who explored parts of the Great Basin. All these and many others have a role in Mrs. Cline's fine book. Dr. George Hammond provides a brief foreword, there is an extensive bibliography, an adequate index, numerous maps including that of Ogden's Snake Country Expedition of 1829 (never before published) and a few good photos.

ARIZONA AND NEW MEXICO

Arizona Cavalcade (Hastings House, $5.95) is the last of the trilogy of volumes compiled and edited by Joseph Miller from the early-day newspapers. With the two previous volumes *The Arizona Story* and *Arizona: The Last Frontier* this book provides a vivid contemporary history of the Territory. The *Arizona Gazette* (Phoenix), the *Arizona Star* (Tucson) and the *Arizona Sentinel* (Yuma) are frequently quoted on the news of the day and if the story is of enough importance, each of several of the pioneer papers is allowed to present its interpretation. In the section on "Settlements" there is much on Prescott, (from the files of the *Prescott Miner*), Yuma (formerly known as Colorado City) and Phoenix. There are news stories about Indian fights, the mines, the prison, the end of legal gambling and even the "First Silk Hat in Phoenix." Ross Santee has provided sixteen fine black and white drawings and there is a somewhat inadequate index. Recommended.

Mines of the Old Southwest (Stagecoach Press, P.O. Box 921, Santa Fe, New Mexico, $4.95) is a compilation of the writing of twenty explorers and mining experts on the early diggings in Arizona and New Mexico. It was edited by Rex Arrowsmith, a consulting geologist, who also wrote a brief introduction. If you discount the unreliable reports of the greedy early Spanish explorers, Zebulon Pike's account of 1806 is the first on the mines of the Southwest. Josiah Gregg, James O. Pattie, Sylvester Mowry and J. Ross Browne are among the others having their say in this handsomely made little book. A bibliography, an index and a few illustrators from the original accounts enhance this first edition of 750 copies.

Peter Hertzog's Little Known Facts About Billy, the Kid (The Press of the Territorian, $1.00) is a compilation of news stories and records of various sorts. Most of the facts, if indeed they are facts, included are fairly well known to the outlaw buffs. For example, the discovery of the record of the marriage of the Kid's mother at Santa Fe has been well publicized in a number of New Mexico magazines and the Brand Books of the various corrals of THE WESTERNERS during recent years. The stories of the killing of Joe Grant and of Pat Garrett's gun should be taken with a grain of salt. On the other hand, there are enough tidbits—Sheriff Whitehill's statement that Billy was born in Anderson,

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Indiana, is an example—to make it an intriguing booklet. And at the price, how can you lose?

They Still Remember Jennie!

(Continued from page 35)

frenzied screams and dashed to the scene, as did several log cutters. Henry had his horse's tongue pulled out the side of its mouth. His teeth were sunk in the tongue and the horse screamed with the pain.

Jennie flew into him with the fury of a setting hen and subdued his rage with the knotty end of a club.

Henry's inhuman act earned him the nickname "Crazy Horse," his name of Ellis becoming almost forgotten in the vicinity of Custer. Jennie, too, was tagged with the name, and she became known solely as "Sis Crazy Horse."

When the stand of timber was logged from the site, it was delivered at Newcastle, the hired help was paid, and the profit split with Henry. Then Jennie went on a "bender."

She sashayed into the saloon and ordered drinks for the house. At the bar she stood and downed drink for drink with mill hands, cowboys, and miners. After she had consumed all the whiskey she felt she could carry (no one recalls ever seeing Jennie drunk), she decided the party was over.

Balanced on the running gear of her wagon and cracking her whip, she left town "hell bent for leather." Her voice drifted back on the crisp night air, "I'm going home—going home."

But Jennie couldn't face the loneliness of a homestead; she and Henry moved their sawmill to a spot twelve miles north of Custer, near the McDermond Ranch. Once again, Jennie was back in the driver's seat.

There a tiny shack of cull lumber was furnished with the barest necessities. Beds consisted of piles of worn clothing and old blankets. Jennie avoided housework with real determination. She put soiled clothing to soak in a tub, and dumped dirty dishes in with them. Pitch from the pine lumber smeared her denim skirt, and she often boasted, "I stand my clothes in a corner when I go to bed."

ELMER CLIFFORD, an old-timer of the Black Hills, often recalled his first meeting with Jenny. He was leaving the mill with a loaded wagon when he met her on the hill above camp.

"Have a drink, kid," she insisted, holding up a gallon jug. "You ain't ever going to drink with a tougher old hellcat!"

The Prohibition Era offered a new challenge. Jennie made casual inquiries among the moonshiners already engaged in the dubious business of distilling liquor. With a recipe in her possession, she invested in corn and sugar. She set the mash to fermenting in a pair of wooden barrels. From various sources, she collected a copper boiler and coil and the required accessories. Jennie was in business; an exciting business—brewing corn liquor.

The old homestead was an ideal location for illegal brewing. Jennie experimented in the long hours when she tended the still. The boiler heated until the alcoholic vapors arose and dribbled out the coil end. Jennie tasted and wrinkled her nose. She braided strips, cut from wool socks, and suspended the braid from the coil. The alcohol filtered through the length of wool and dripped into a crock. The taste improved somewhat with the removal of impurities and it was reasonably certain that her product wouldn't kill her customers.

Jennie was amused by the label "bootlegger" attached to her name. Federal investigators beat the brush for illegal distilleries in the hills area. Many moonshiners were arrested; first offenders were given fines and light sentences.

The "Feds" raided Jennie's homestead, smashed her still, and seized her moonshine for evidence but Jennie got a kick out of being jailed. She simply paid her fine, replaced the appliances, and resumed operation.

Her trade flourished, even when the depression of the Thirties put men on the bum. A loose dollar had a way of finding a spot inside Jennie's pocket.

After a falling out with Crazy Horse, Jennie became a permanent resident of Newcastle. Although she was arrested numerous times, she continued to bootleg for a living and raised a flock of ducks as a "front" for her activities.

The repeal of prohibition had little effect on Jennie's trade. Men sought her place as a retreat from the rest of the world. Her rules were respected by most, and her lectures burned the ears of any patron who dared neglect his family obligations.

When Jennie died in 1938, the following notice appeared in the Newcastle *News-Letter Journal*:

Jennie Ellis, about sixty, one of the best known women in northeastern Wyoming, died Sunday afternoon at her home here after being ill in bed since January 15th.

Funeral arrangements were completed yesterday and will be held in the Newcastle Mortuary chapel at 11 o'clock this morning. Father McBride of the Catholic Church will officiate, and the interment will be made in the Greenwood Cemetery.

Only little was known of the life of "Jennie" as she was known by her many friends. She has been a resident of the Black Hills for almost two-score years, old-timers report, and has lived in Newcastle the past several years.

The pioneer woman "did not discuss her past or present affairs with anyone" it was said, but many local residents respected her very highly because of her aid to them in time of financial need. Her generosity was of a very distinctive quality and from this quality she gained innumerable friends who will mourn her passing.

A son of Mrs. Ellis, the only relative surviving, arrived last night from Kansas to be present at the obsequies.

There are many people in the Custer vicinity who remember Jennie and one of them tells a story that may explain her peppery and unpredictable personality. When she was hauling lumber to the M. J. Bailey Company at Custer, the owner got to feeling sorry for her having to ride on the rough boards, so he made a pillow for her to sit on.

With a notable show of disdain and a moderate flow of profanity, she declined the present.

"Mr. Bailey," she told him, "I've got enough slivers in my rear now to make a 2x4 sixteen feet long. And I don't need no cushion."

And Jennie Ellis sure didn't.

ARE YOU BALD? or LOSING HAIR

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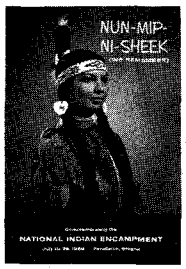

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Nana's People

(Continued from page 21)

"The Chief?" Grandmother murmured.
"Dead. All are dead."
"Mutilated?"
"No."

Next morning they were marched to the railway station to entrain for Mexico City. Grandmother carefully studied the terrain about the city, and also from the coach, so that she might recognize it.

In Mexico City they were auctioned off in another *carcel*. Brothers living on adjoining estates bought them. At a great iron gate she and Siki were taken from the *carreta* and into a maguey field. It was surrounded by high walls, the tops of which were studded with broken glass. At night they were locked in a room back of the big house, with other slaves.

They were provided with clothing like that worn by the others and put to work gathering the juice of the maguey. With machetes they cut the thorny leaves from the base of the plants and scooped out the center. Then they siphoned the sap that collected into skin bags. In a day's time it became *pulque*, which was sold to be drunk in place of water.

Courtesy Smithsonian Institution

Rogers Toklanni

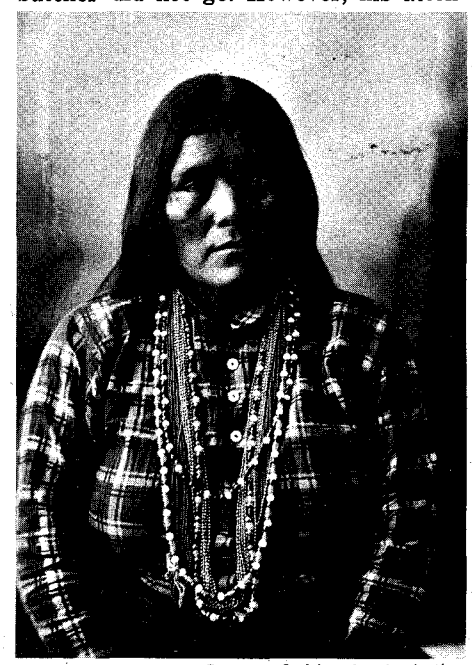
Neither Grandmother nor Siki was permitted to go near the wall. Occasionally they recognized Huera's voice from the adjoining plantation, but could not distinguish the words. The Mexican laborers sang incessantly as they worked; this was annoying to Grandmother until it occurred to her that she could communicate with the other women by song. She warned them not to reply—to listen and await her orders.

There was a tree near the wall on the street, with branches overhanging it. That was to be their means of exit, but not until all preparations were completed. They were to be obedient to their master's orders, to be courteous, to learn Spanish, and to make no attempt at communication. When the time was ripe she would place stones on the wall, with a knotted string to indicate the number of days intervening between the time of warning and escape. They were to watch daily for it.

Every detail must be carefully planned. Grandmother must get the confidence of her owners so that strict surveillance might be relaxed. She must acquire a knife and a blanket. With these an Apache could exist. She must leave when the prickly pears were ripe; in Mexico that was in winter. In Ojo Caliente they were edible in late summer. Consequently, all the way they should find cactus fruit if they left at the harvest season. And the attempt must be made in the dark of the moon, late in the evening.

Trusted servants were permitted to do the daily marketing. Grandmother and one other woman were sent frequently to the *mercado*. She attracted no attention there, for she looked very much like the other women at the food stalls. The market was near the gate of the city, and outside was a church to which many went for evening services.

One day as she was bargaining with the butcher, she heard a cry, "*Ladron*!" People left their stalls to pursue the thief, but to her disappointment, the butcher did not go. However, his attention, as well as that of her companion, was centered upon the chase so she had time to conceal a long, sharp knife under her voluminous skirts. Her purchase was completed without its being missed.



Courtesy Smithsonian Institution

Siki Toklanni

IT WAS five years before Grandmother deemed it wise to attempt escape. As the time approached she could not let Siki know because the girl's excitement might betray them. Three days before the flight she left stones and string on the wall, and the next morning saw that they were gone. How Huera might get out of the compound she left to Huera.

The evening came and when the machetes were being checked in, Grandmother soundly scolded Siki for having left her *rebosa* hanging in the tree. She ordered the girl to get it, and followed her to see that she obeyed. No one suspected.

They climbed into the low tree and dropped to the street outside the wall. Across the way Huera motioned to them, and all started toward the city gate with *rebosas* pulled well over their faces. They went through the gate unchallenged and

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paused momentarily at the entrance to the church.

When they strolled slowly northward no one seemed interested. Grandmother did not permit them to hurry. They walked leisurely along the highway, left it occasionally to permit vehicles and horsemen to pass, and did not stop until nearly dawn.

Then they hid under a low bridge. There they lay all day, without food or water, fearing that a child might stray down and see them, or that a dog might betray their presence.

For five moons they hid by day and walked by night, always toward that star she knew in the North. They paralleled the road in settled communities, but walked upon it when they reached sparsely settled ones. Grandmother had been right about the ripening of the cactus, but for long distances they found none, and subsisted upon any food they could obtain. Three times they caught and killed dogie calves but not once did they risk building a fire, though Grandmother made and carried sticks for the purpose.

Their *huaraches* soon wore out, and they substituted crude moccasins made of the calf skins. Their clothing had become reduced to rags, and they could not approach anyone, not even their own people, until it was replenished. That, Grandmother told them, she could do when they got into New Mexico.

SHE recognized the mountains near Chihuahua and they circled far to the west to avoid the city. From one ridge to another they slipped until they reached the Tres Hermanos. There they rested until the dark of the moon. At night they went to the Floridas, south of the present site of Deming, and there Grandmother found the cave in which Victorio, more than five years before, had cached merchandise taken from a smuggler train.

The rifles and ammunition were gone, as was the food, but to her delight the bales of calico were still there. They had been damaged by mice, but the women retrieved more cloth than was required for making each a dress.

The center thong and fiber of the mescal plant was used as needle and thread. The garments, in the style of their buckskin dresses, had openings through which head and arms were thrust, with seams down the sides. The extra material was carefully wound and carried along for trading.

Then they set out for Monticello, circling far to the east to avoid Fort Cummings. When they reached the Mexican village with which Victorio had established friendly relations, they tried to exchange their fabric for food but there was a new trader at the village, and he thought they had stolen the merchandise.

He telegraphed to Fort Wingate and cavalry came to apprehend them. Villagers vouched for them, and the young officer hired a wagon and started them, with the escort, to their people at Fort Apache. That ended Grandmother's account.

Nana sat alone in silence.

"You did not see the Chief's body?"

"No. I know only what Big Water told me."

"Did you see other scouts with the Mexican cavalry?"

"I saw only Big Water. He said there was one other Lipan with him."

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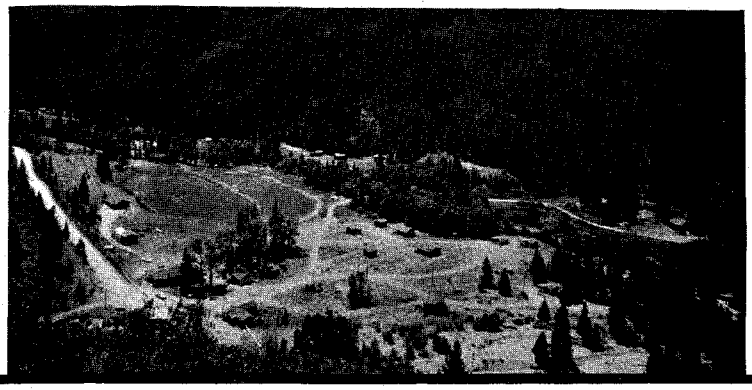

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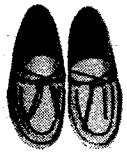

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Some People I Knew at the Crossroads

(Continued from page 33)

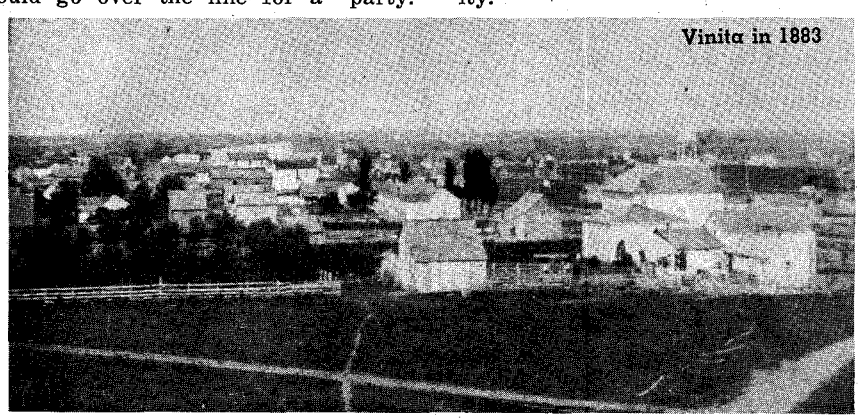
water when you reached a river or spring provided sustenance. The missed meal was far more common than the eaten one.

Besides Sam Ridenhour, there were other officers I remember—Polly Smart who could keep a can rolling along the main street, never hitting it, but shooting just behind it to add to its speed; and Pal Smith who could draw and shoot holes in six milk cans tossed into the air before any of them could hit the ground. They, too, were small men, but only in size.

ANOTHER character the Old West had who is seldom seen today was the dedicated practical joker. Men would spend hours working up a joke on a friend or neighbor. One of the best was played on the editor of our daily newspaper.

Ed liked good liquor—not the early Oklahoma kind made out in the timber with watchers on guard for "revenooers," but the kind that could be purchased only in legitimate bars and stores in Missouri, thirty miles from Vinita.

Ed could do very nicely for two or three months; then when the craving had overpowered him, he would gather up three or four other businessmen (usually well known for their integrity), and they would go over the line for a "party."



Vinita in 1883

Ed owned one of the first cars in Vinita and it was only a two hours' trip to Neosho or Joplin.

This had been going on for many years. But one evening, instead of the "good liquor" they had been getting, something else was "panned off" on them. On the trip home, Ed got deathly sick. Near Vinita, he stopped the car, got out, and almost vomited his insides out. In fact, he did manage to lose his false teeth.

One of his companions, seeing them, picked them up and took them home with him.

The next morning, Ed went to his office and started grinding out copy for the daily. A few minutes later, a man who had been on the party entered. "Ed," he said, apparently solicitious, "you look terrible."

"I feel all right," growled Ed, slurring his words, minus his teeth.

"I don't see how you could," his friend insisted, "not after swallowing your false teeth."

"Doing WHAT!"

"Swallowing your false teeth. You know you did, don't you?"

"No one can swallow his false teeth," the editor protested. "It's impossible!"

"I thought so, too," the friend agreed amiably, "but you sure swallowed yours. We almost beat you to death, trying to help you when you got choked on them, and you just up and swallowed them."

"You're a liar," Ed roared.

A few minutes later, another of the party entered. "Ed, do you feel all right?" he asked.

"Sure, I feel all right."

"You look horrible. I really think you ought to go see a doctor about those teeth. They might poison your system."

"Now, listen here, you—"

"Oh, no, I'm not," the friend interrupted. "You ask George and Bob. They were there, too. They saw you."

It's been said if you lie to a man often enough, he will believe it. After the second member left, Ed started pondering. His stomach did hurt. His head ached, and his throat was raw. But a fellow couldn't—or could he?

The third man arrived with the same story. Later the fourth came in. By the time he left, Ed felt so awful, he decided it wouldn't hurt to see the doctor.

In the meantime, the doctor had been forewarned. When Ed arrived at his office, he glanced up and commented, "Boy, Ed, you must have had a rough night."

"I think I swallowed my false teeth!" Ed said miserably.

"You did what?"

"I swallowed my false teeth."

"No one can do that. What are you trying to tell me? It's a physical impossibility."

"No, it isn't. They're in my stomach right now. Bob, George, Bill, and Leland all saw it. You ask them if you don't believe me."

"I don't need to ask them," the doctor said. "I have a new machine here—an X-ray—and it'll show in a hurry they are just ribbing you. You climb up on that table, lie down, and we'll take a picture of what's inside. There won't be any false teeth. You'll see."

The doctor found it necessary, however, to move Ed around several times to get him in just the right position—and to slip the false teeth into the proper position under him.

When he had developed the film, there they were—right in Ed's stomach.

The doctor gazed at the slide in amazement. "I just can't believe it," he asserted. "Never in the annals of medical history has anyone ever swallowed a set of false teeth! It can't be done! I'll have to write this up and send it to the medical journals. I'll have to send them pictures, too. This is going to make me—"

"But what about me?" weakly demanded the editor.

"Oh," the doctor replied airily, "you won't have any trouble. We'll just open you up and take them out. I imagine you can still use the teeth. Let me see—"

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Once more he held the X-ray film up to the window. "No," he said cautiously, "I don't think they're damaged a bit. In fact—"

"When will you have to operate?"

"Oh, we should do it right away. If you leave them in there, the acid—"

"Couldn't you wait until tomorrow?" pleaded the editor. "I'll have to get the paper out today and arrange for someone else tomorrow."

"Well," said the doctor, "you're the one who's taking the chance. After all, they're your teeth. I just—"

But Ed was gone.

That afternoon's paper, in a box on the front page, carried the story of how Ed had swallowed his teeth—the only person ever known to do so—and that an operation was scheduled for the next day.

It was many, many months after that before Ed returned to Missouri. Somehow, he had lost his appetite for liquor—even good liquor—much to the amusement of everyone in Vinita who, before the paper was three hours old, had been acquainted with the facts by the fastest of all news dispensers in a small town—word of mouth.

The Old West was not all shoot-em-ups and Indian fights, saloons and bars. It had its hilarious moments as well, and its people had time to be interested in the other fellow, to help him with his problems and even to create a few for him—in short, to enjoy the simple art of "just living."

Colorful Horse Thief

(Continued from page 39)

"The rest of the boys gathered around and began to lay down silver dollars. But one man said, 'I don't have a dollar,' and turning to his friend suggested, 'You pay for my supper and I'll pay you when I get some change.'

"'I don't have a dollar. How is this for us two?' and he held up a five-dollar gold piece.

"'Let her go!' So the five-dollar piece paid for the two suppers.

"Well, those fellows called in pretty often. One evening when they were having supper, one of them said, 'Lady, do you know who I am?'

"My mother answered, 'Yes, sir.'

"'Who am I?' he asked.

"'You are Doc Middleton.'

"The men all glanced around the table and went on eating. Pretty soon another said, 'Lady, who am I?'

"And she answered, 'You are Jack Knowlen.'

"They all glanced around again, then a third ventured, 'What is my name?'

"'You go by several names,' my mother told him. They all leaned back and laughed as they saw she knew all of them. But 'mum' was the word those days.

"Doc and his men would put in the whole afternoon oiling their guns and practicing shooting. They always called for prairie dog oil for their guns as it never hardened or got stiff. My father built a large log house, 16 x 24, with an upstairs to accommodate travelers. It was only about eighty feet from the old government trail."

WILL SPINDLER, in his historical novel, *Rim of the Sandhills*, wrote, "The story goes that Doc was traveling through the sandhills on one big black horse and leading another, when he came upon an emigrant and his family in sad circumstances. One of the horses of their team had died, leaving them stranded. The man sat on his wagon tongue with his head in his hands, looking very sad and dejected indeed.

"'Howdy, Pardner,' Doc pulled up and greeted him. 'Havin' trouble?'

"The poor emigrant unloaded the grief and burden that was weighing him down—they were poor folks, nearly broke, running low on grub, and now last night one of the horses had died on them.

"Doc listened a bit and then tossed him the rope on the big black he was leading. 'This black'll take you wherever you're goin',' he said."

Although he is reputed to have been good with a hand gun or rifle, Doc would shrug and walk off rather than use firearms against anyone.

Says the Reverend Peacock, "One day Doc was up on our house scouring the country with field-glasses. Pa said to him, 'Doc, what is going on today?' And Doc said, 'Peacock, you should know. I am to meet a United States marshal here at your place today and I don't intend they shall catch me napping. You take your two boys and go down on the creek. If trouble starts, that marshal could deputize you and your two boys to fight for him and you might get hurt.'

"So my father took the two older boys and got away from the house. Soon Marshal Hazen and a posse came in sight and met Doc's men on the doorstep. They talked awhile and then moved off onto the grass. Doc had one more man than Hazen so there was no lead slinging.

"Hazen had come to meet Doc and see if they could not come to some kind of terms so Doc could give himself up and take a short prison term. But they could come to no terms.

"Hazen and his men started east but, when they got out of sight, they swung around under the brow of the hill and waylaid Doc and his men at the river crossing in the timber five miles west of us. In the shoot-out that followed, both Middleton and Hazen were wounded.

"Prior to this time," continued Reverend Peacock, "Doc had married a young lady just across the river from us by the name of Mary. Mary and her father, Hank, came over and took Doc and hid him in a tent in another canyon.

"Of course, when the news got out that a United States marshal had been shot, the government sent troops right in and they took Doc east and sentenced him to three years in prison. But he was let out in two years and four months for good behavior."

When Doc returned to find his wife had divorced him and married another man, he merely shrugged and took her fourteen-year-old sister to wife.

Again quoting the Reverend Peacock: "When Doc got out, he came by our place and stopped. That night he went and eloped with his first wife's sister, a girl of fourteen. I remember so well. The next morning Hank Richardson came by our place and inquired if we had seen Doc Middleton.

"My father said, 'He was here yesterday afternoon and went west.'

"'Well,' said old Hank heavily, and his smoky eyes seemed to be burning holes in his head, 'He stole my baby girl.'

"They were married over in O'Neil and a little later Doc set up a shooting gallery in Stuart, Nebraska. When their little daughter was old enough,

(Continued on next page)

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Doc taught her how to shoot a revolver. It wasn't long until they lost the child in death and Doc went to preaching and said he was going to show people what God could do for an outlaw."

THE RAILROAD went through Gordon, Nebraska, in 1885. Middleton promptly stopped preaching and began pursuing the elusive dollar by hauling whiskey in barrels to the section workers. He hauled it in a wide-tired government wagon drawn by a yoke of lumbering oxen. The whiskey was sold to the workers at twenty-five cents a drink.

Grant Crieger says, "Him and Jim Rorrick, son of old Senator Rorrick, started up a saloon in a tent in Gordon just north of where the Sheridan Hotel is now. That was Gordon's first saloon.

"The cowboys didn't like old Doc too well and one day they came in, shot his tent full of holes, and dared him to bat an eye. Later he and Jim built a board shack in about the same place and used that for a saloon."

Mrs. Dayse Mills, of Chadron, Nebraska, recalls, "Doc Middleton and his family lived in Chadron from about 1891 until about 1898. He had a nice family. His two boys were well liked, but Doc, himself, was always getting into trouble of one kind or another. He started out to ride in the cowboy race that was run from Chadron to the World's Fair in Chicago but his horse went lame and he didn't get very far.

"I was standing across the street from the starting place that afternoon of June 13, 1893. Doc was still a very handsome man and he really wowed the ladies with his flowing mustaches and big black hat which he was continually doffing with a flourish."

"One time," says Elmer Smith, "Middleton stole 300 horses from the Indians. The Indians were sure mad. The Government paid them for the horses but they were still mad. When the law caught up with him he was camped in a tent in the tall grass. He must have heard them coming and tried to do a sneak, but a Negro saw the grass moving and shot where it moved. Doc reared up yelling and gave himself up. He got ten years for that deal."

After Chadron the trail of Doc Middleton grows dim. His last years were spent in Casper, Wyoming, where he was engaged in the very unglamorous occupation of swamping out blind pigs and speakeasies. He died and was buried in Douglas, November 29, 1913.

Vacation For Gold

(Continued from page 23)

hear again and again the name of the White Pine, not a large mine but apparently a good prospect.

Harold (Snowball) Marshall now living at Avon, west of Helena on the Missoula highway, might be persuaded to give you information regarding the property. He and his father took out about $30,000 worth of ore there in the Thirties as I remember. It seems that two things then happened. The owner raised the royalty on termination of the lease and the ore pinched out. I have often heard it said that the Marshalls still knew where the ore was to be found. When I saw the place, the tunnel was caved in and a miner friend with me said that it would require a year's work by two or three men to get it in shape again. This is likely a good spot for investing excess money if you happen to

Modern gold sluicing in Alder Gulch at Nevada City, Montana.

be in the right tax situation. And there seems to be good chance of excellent return on your money. You can drive to Pony on an oil highway. A pickup or jeep would be best in the local mining country.

About fifty years ago, a doctor from Ohio was traveling through the Gravelly Range country in the Upper Ruby south of Alder and Laurin, Montana. It seems that he made a hobby of collecting rock specimens, without any special view in mind other than to add to his rock garden. One day he chipped a piece of rock off a ledge as he rode along and added it to his collection without further thought.

On his return to Ohio, he showed his latest acquisitions to a friend who thought the particular specimen so unusual that he investigated further. The friend discovered it to be almost pure silver. The doctor was certain that he remembered the ledge from which he had broken the piece and could return easily, but the Gravelly Range is big country with thousands of rock ledges and subsequent thorough search in following years failed to locate the special ledge.

The Twin Bridges high school annual was for years called the Silver Ledge after its namesake in the Gravelly Range. Julian Knight, respected citizen and prominent attorney of Twin Bridges, knew more of the story than anyone else in the area. Julian is gone now but there are many residents of the valley who can furnish information. I believe that Julian entered into some correspondence with the Ohioan regarding the Silver Ledge. The correspondence may still be available if you inquire around and, if so, would certainly give valuable tips.

Here is another vacation possibility—good fishing, wide open spaces, no crowds, accessible by jeep or pickup and, to some extent, by car. There is good elk and deer hunting in the fall. You leave the highway at Alder in famous Alder Gulch just below Virginia City for the Upper Ruby country and the Gravelly Range. Good luck!

SOME ESTIMATES SAY that $200,000,000 worth of gold was taken from Alder Gulch during the gold rush days. Stories of gold taken from miners by the notorious Plummer Gang during the days of the big strikes are part of

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the lore of Alder Gulch. The road agents were caught and hanged in a short period of time. I have heard many claims that much of the gold they got could not possibly have been taken out of the country and is still hidden there. The stories strike me as true to quite an extent. I suspect that some of the gold has been found and passed off as newly mined. A finder would not be likely to broadcast the news.

Maybe historical research and a little deduction would uncover the loot of the bandits so swiftly brought to frontier justice. Again, there may be no such loot in any sizable quantity. A good oil highway, The Vigilante Trail, takes you right to Virginia City. A look around in any direction would not involve any great hardship.

Some years ago two men living in Laurin, Montana, a few miles down the gulch from Virginia City, took a course in pocket mining—apparently the California system—for which they paid $600. The course had to do with locating small pockets of gold-bearing gravel. The men got an outfit together, including a pack horse, and started out while the town viewed the venture with amusement. About a year later I was visiting friends in Laurin. The men doing the pocket mining were neighbors of my friends. That week they had found $1,200 in gold and the previous week, $1,500.

One nugget worth about $100 was attached to a piece of white quartz. The men had saved it as the whole formed an almost perfect replica of an altar. There is undoubtedly more gold in pockets all through the same section—enough to make you rich, and simple to take out, if you can find it.

In Virginia City, an old hotel burned down several years back. The floorboards of many saloons in early times were separated by wide cracks. This was true of the saloon in the old hotel. Drunken and exuberant miners with pokes of gold celebrated in the place. Thinking of this, a couple of enterprising young men panned the ashes of the building under the old saloon floor location and recovered about $1,000 in gold.

I know the approximate location of another old saloon which has long since disappeared. I don't know whether similar conditions existed there or not. I rather think the present owner of the land might object to your trying your luck. Maybe not. If you care to look into it, ask around Townsend, Montana, about the old Bedford Saloon. It shouldn't take long to determine the possibilities. A little work with a shovel and pan, once the location is definitely established, would constitute the necessary investment. Gold, if there, would probably be concentrated in a narrow strip near the bar location.

A MINER in the Confederate Gulch diggings near Townsend, where the famous Diamond City flourished, kept his gold in a coffee can. This was apparently a well-known fact. He came to town one night and died without returning to his cabin. The story is emphatic that the coffee can was full of gold. I never could find out whether it was a one or two-pound can. Either would represent a nice sum of money.

Diamond City is gone. The last cabin burned about two years ago. Natives say that the site of the gold is not in the dredged area so it may still be waiting for some lucky finder. Inquiry around Townsend will reveal the approximate whereabouts of the treasure. Reputable people attest the facts. The location can be reached by driving out on the highway north and east of Townsend about twenty miles and then about three miles up a reasonably good gravel road to old Diamond City.

There is a gold mine, the Miller Mine, which operates sporadically near the area and you may find a dredge in operation at the mouth of the canyon. I can't recommend the fishing in case you don't find gold. The area is interesting historically and includes a crumbling Boot Hill but is not especially beautiful unless you follow the road on up a few miles. In summer months, you can drive by car over the top of the Belts and to White Sulphur Springs.

In the hills near Clancy, Montana, a few miles out of Helena, was an old mining town called Elkhorn. I have never been there but I understand it is a little difficult to reach, though it's not far in miles. It, too, has a story of treasure. It seems that a mine owner paid off his men in gold. At pay time, he would ask the men to wait while he went after their money. He would return in a short time, never over fifteen minutes, and pay the men in gold. The man passed on without revealing the hiding place of the gold and apparently no one has ever found it.

The location of his cabin was well known and the area (within a possible fifteen-minute walk) has been thoroughly searched without finding a trace of treasure. There is also supposed to be a cache of currency, a large cache, in the vicinity. It was the loot of a robbery as I remember. I was much interested until I was informed, "Most of it is Confederate bills." The area was settled to a large extent by Southerners just following the Civil War.

Almost any section of the West abounds with treasure—not the legendary lost mines of fabulous wealth so widely publicized but smaller fortunes waiting for patient and intelligent searchers. Most would not interest mining com-

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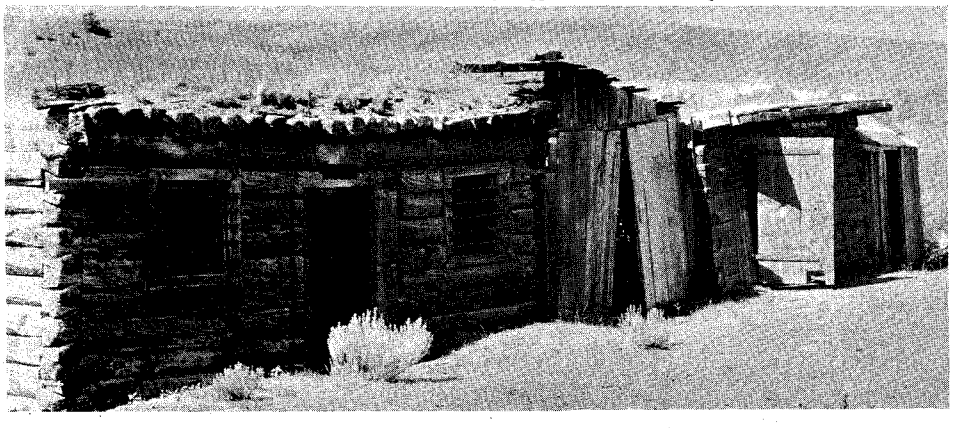

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panies which look for mountainous quantities rather than extremely rich deposits of smaller size—that would suit and enrich an individual. At least you could have a different kind of vacation and the cost need not be large.

I have told you about a section I know well. You could undoubtedly find sources of information in any mining section. One of the best of these for Montana is the Montana School of Mines at Butte. If it is still in print, you may be able to get a copy of *Placer Mining Possibilities in Montana* published in the depression years. There is another publication of similar nature reviewing the history of virtually every gold mine and mining section in the state, with approximate output of each. This is also a School of Mines publication. Each would cost in the neighborhood of $1.50 and is well worth many times the cost.

The State Historical Library on the capital grounds in Helena is a storehouse of information. A word about the state—you may not like it at first, but if you make your third trip there, you will be going to stay.

You are welcome to any information I have given here. I would like to hear that one of my gold country mysteries was solved. You might drop me a card if you try and are lucky. One man said that he found the fabled mother lode of the Highlands in the Silver Star country. "I got there a million years too late," he declared. "There was only ninety cents left."

Wild Old Days!

(Continued from page 37)

pectors that threatened to surpass even the gold rush!

They swarmed like an army over the hills, rooted through old diggings and broke into every building belonging to the vast holdings of the bonanza-king. So brazen had the searchers grown that finally the managers and some of the mine foremen sought out the owner and complained.

"Those bootleggers have turned the place into a shambles. There isn't a warehouse, shed or building that they haven't ransacked. They've even turned the outhouses inside-out in their search."

One of the foremen, somewhat hot under the collar, spoke up next. "Hell, they've even worked their way down into some of the mines."

"Not only that," said another. "They've got some of our men to work with them from the inside. I tell you, there's no end to it. We need an army to look after things."

And that is just what happened. Conditions became so troublesome that Penrose finally resorted to posting a heavy guard about his mining properties.

This discouraged the fly-by-nighters, but not the diehards. Within the week a meeting was called by a group of Colorado's most distinguished bootleggers. Hours later and after some heated discussions, they agreed to pool their resources and form a mining syndicate.

"What's a better way to hijack the million-dollar-whiskey lode," they proposed, "than to buy out Penrose's adjoining worked-out mine, then simply drift through into the diggings where the stuff is supposed to be hidden?"

They hired a lawyer, incorporated, and started proceedings toward the purchase, only to find Penrose reluctant to sell. For weeks they wrangled until finally the syndicate agreed to the price Penrose affixed to the property.

Immediately, the syndicate hired a force of miners. and worked through to the adjoining mine. They found nothing.

Months later, they learned that all that time the whiskey had been stored in a warehouse at the nearby town of Colorado Springs. Naturally, this was one for the record, since it was the first time in history that a mine had been "salted" with whiskey.

DO YOU KNOW YOUR WEST?

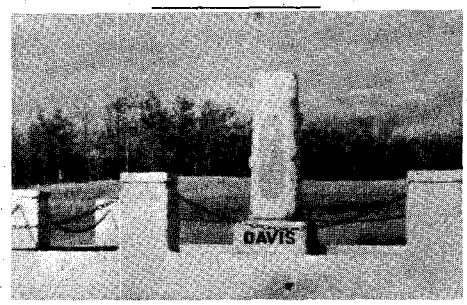
By Carl W. Breihan

Below are fifteen questions of general interest about the Old West. If you're a regular reader of FRONTIER TIMES and TRUE WEST you'll probably breeze through the whole batch without any trouble. Ten correct is good, twelve excellent and fourteen out of fifteen qualifies you as an expert's expert. (If you miss more than ten you'd better order some back issues.)

1. Where was Charlie Russell, famous western artist, born?
2. Under what name was the city of San Antonio, Texas, listed on maps before the Texas-Mexican War?
3. Who was the one survivor of the Alamo?
4. Where did the Dalton family reside while in Indian Territory?
5. What Indiana-born outlaw who died in 1895 after being wounded by peace officers was really named Nelson Ellsworth Wyatt?
6. Who killed Mike Killeen?
7. Who was responsible for the killing of thirteen men in June, 1875, and displaying their bodies in the plaza at Brownsville, Texas?
8. For what is the town of Columbus, New Mexico, most famous?
9. What was the name of Cynthia Ann Parker's husband, the father of Quanah?
10. How did the Comanche, Iron Shirt, get his name?
11. When were the Texas Rangers first organized?
12. Who carried the first official report of the discovery of gold in California to the East?
13. With whom is George W. Coe usually associated?
14. Lieutenant William Tattenbaum, son of Countess Telfin, attached to the court of the Czar of Russia, died in the West at the end of a rope. By what name was he better known?
15. Who is the publisher of TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES?

Answers

1. St. Louis, Missouri, March 19, 1864.
2. San Antonio de Bexar.
3. Mrs. A. M. Dickinson.
4. Kingfisher.
5. Dick Yeager.
6. Buckskin Frank Leslie.
7. Texas Ranger Captain L. H. McNelly. The dead men were members of Juan Cortina's army of bandits killed by McNelly and his men near Laguna Madre. The bodies were placed on exhibit as a warning to other members of the outlaw band.
8. A band of Mexican irregulars reputedly led by Pancho Villa raided it in 1916 (according to some reports, including that of Texas Ranger Captain Fox, the raid was actually led by a former Villa officer, Antonio Lopez, who was later captured by Villa and executed).
9. Peta Nocona.
10. Somehow he acquired an old Spanish steel cuirass, which he wore to protect him against bullets and arrows. He was finally killed when a Texas Ranger placed a bullet in his brain.
11. In 1835.
12. Edward F. Beale.
13. Coe was the last participant of the Lincoln County War. He rode with Billy the Kid during the fighting and sided with the McSween faction. He passed away in Roswell, New Mexico, November 13, 1941, at the age of eighty-five.
14. Russian Bill.
15. Tsk! Tsk! Mustn't use that kind of language!



TWELVE FOOT DAVIS

By Art Fee

THE NORTHERN banks of the Peace River rise 900 feet above the city. From this point can be viewed the wedding of the waters, where the Smoky and the Peace Rivers flow together in a scene of grandeur unequalled anywhere in North America. This is, without a doubt, the most beautiful spot in the great Peace River district. At this point lies one lonely grave—the final resting place of Peace River's most colorful figure, "Twelve Foot Davis." His grave is twelve feet square; just the width of his claim, and the headstone is a shaft of Vermont marble from his native state.

Davis was born in Vermont, in 1820. He migrated to Canada as a young man and was lured to the Yukon by gold in 1898. He arrived late and all the claims were staked but a narrow strip twelve feet wide between two other claims. Davis filed on this strip and it proved to be one of the richest strikes in the Yukon. In the words of the prospectors, "It was rich from the grass roots down." From this time on Davis was a rich man and a hero bearing the title of Twelve Foot Davis.

From the Yukon he moved to the Peace River District. Here game was plentiful and he became a noted hunter and a successful trapper. He set up a trading post and was known by red and white men alike for his fair dealing. He panned for gold in many streams, but his greatest wealth was his host of friends. He looked for the best in others, and gave them the best he had.

He made his closest friend, Colonel James Cornwall, promise that if he should die first, he would bury him at this point where the rivers meet. Colonel Cornwall was true to his word, and Davis was buried according to his wish. Inscribed on his headstone are these words:

P. H. Davis
Born in
Vermont
1820
Died at
Slave Lake
1893
Pathfinder
Pioneer
Miner, Trader

He was every man's friend and
Never locked his cabin door.

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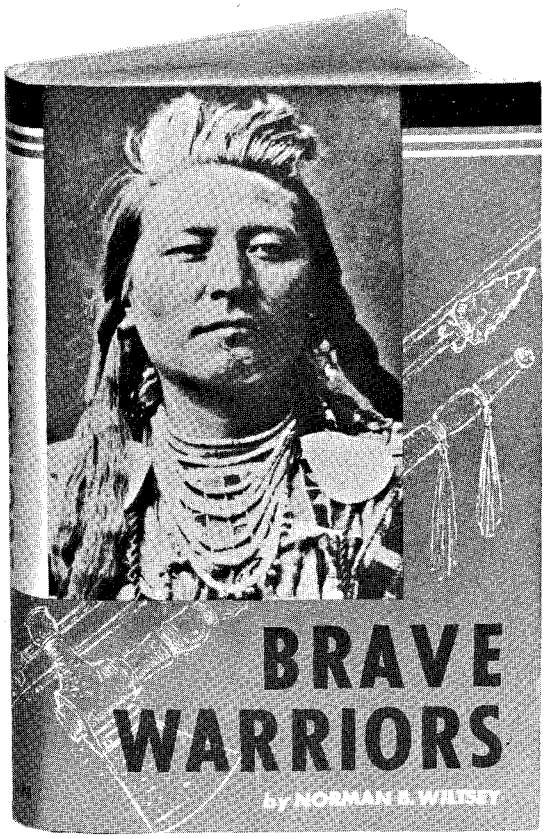

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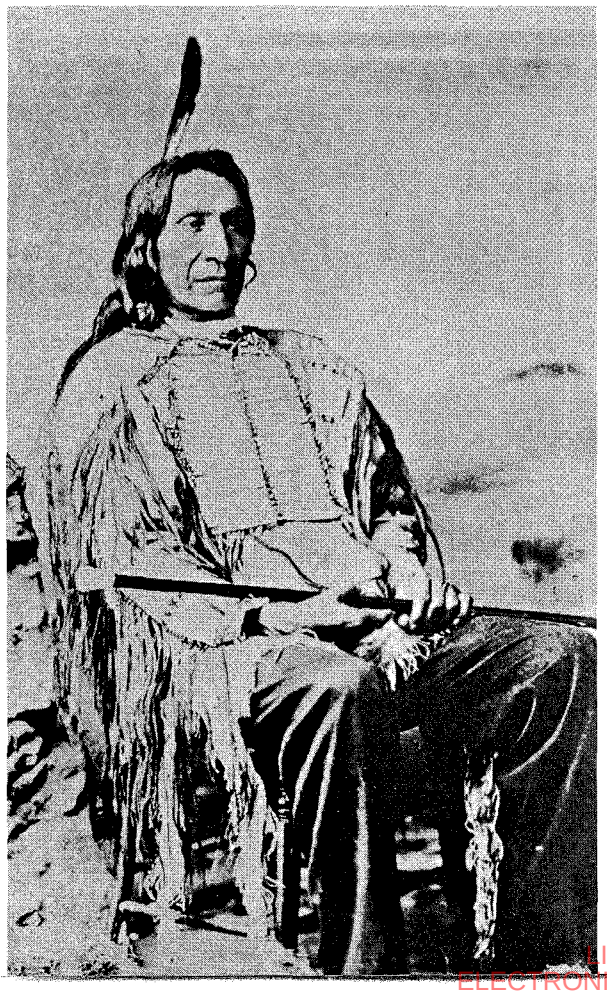

Red Cloud, noted Sioux War Chief, in 1875.

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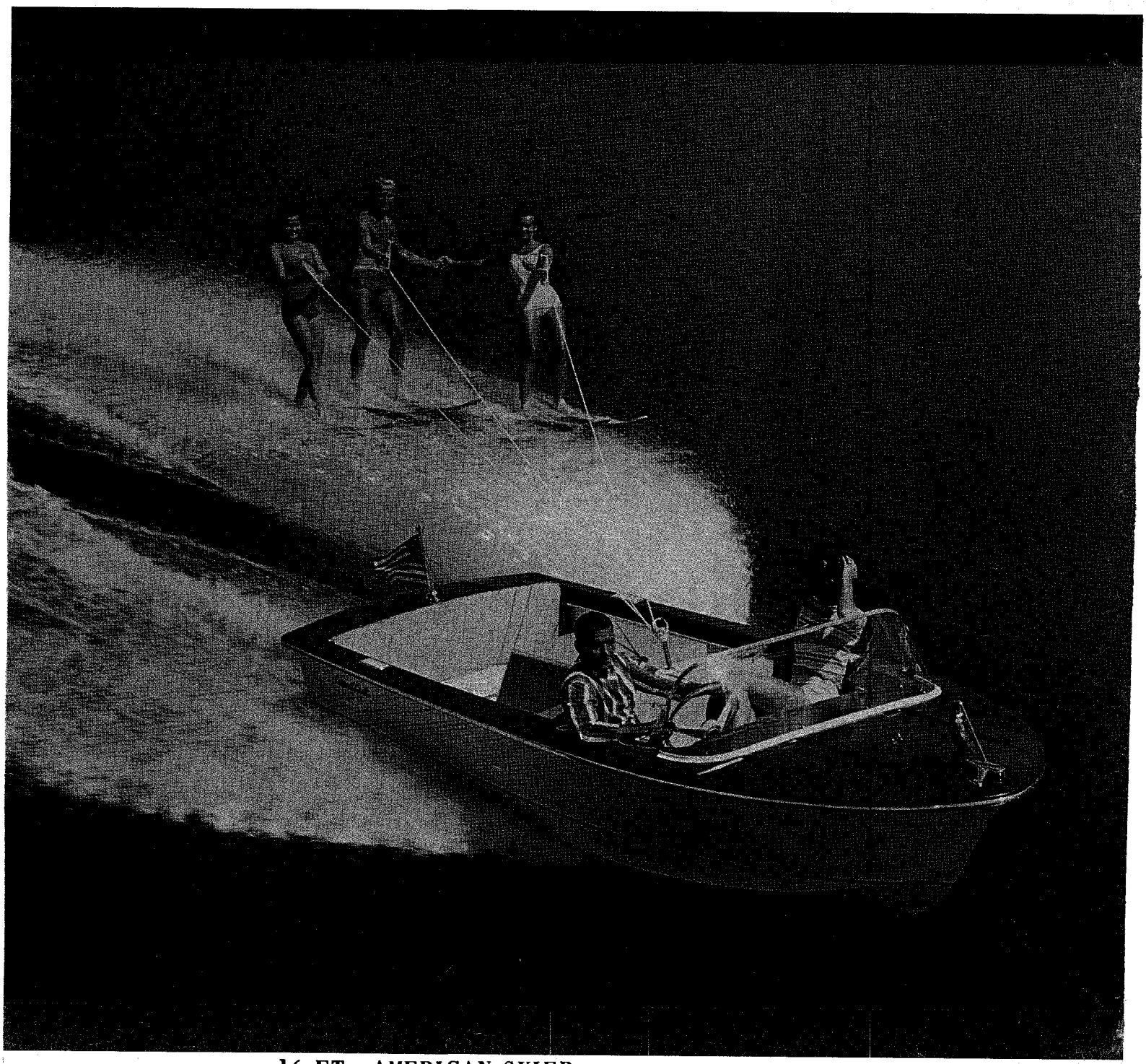

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